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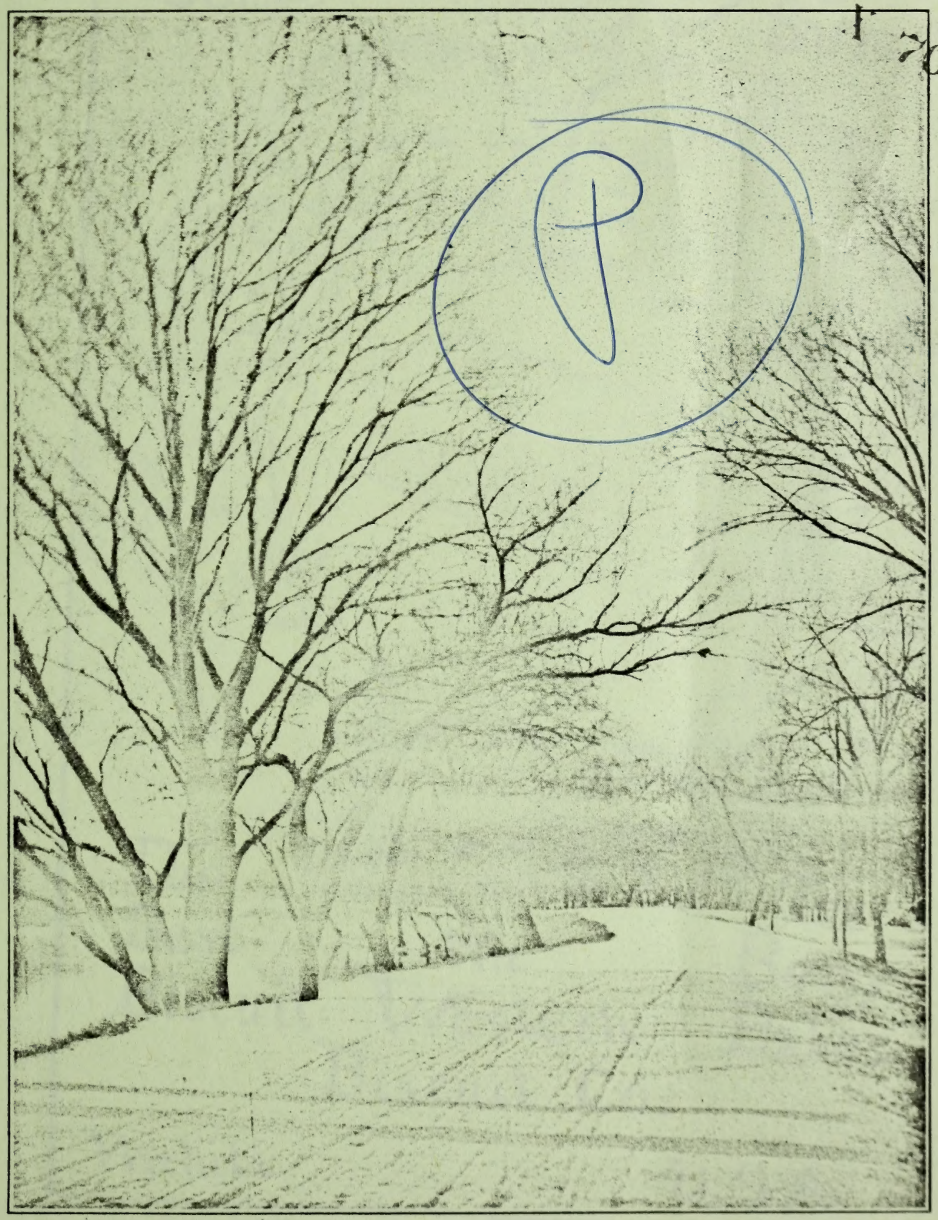
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January-May

1910

KANSAS MAGAZINE



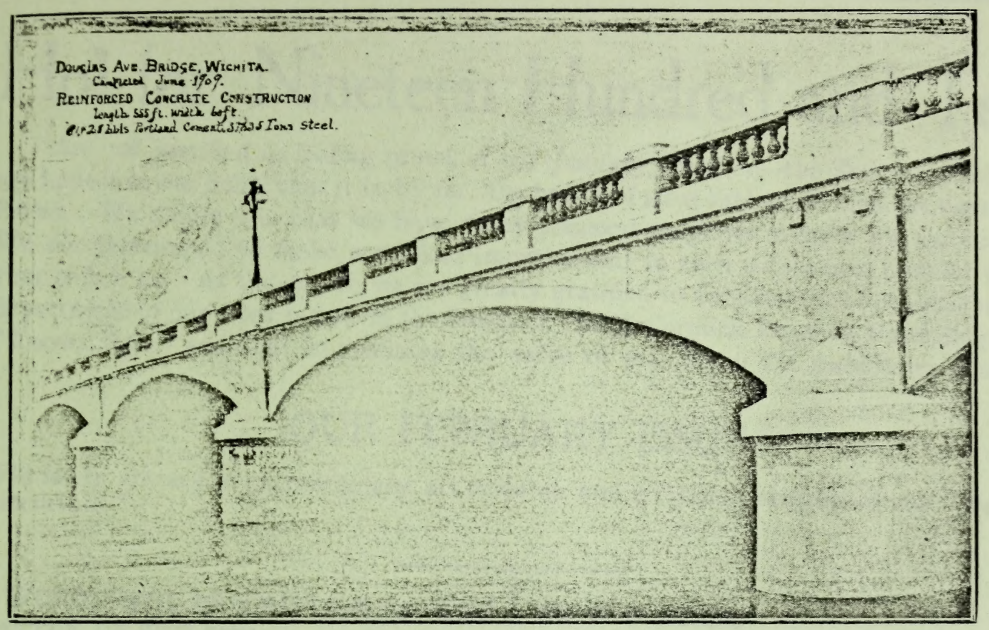
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JANUARY, 1910


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Mill at Humboldt, Kansas **Wichita Sales Office, 105 W. First Street**

Ho! for Nineteen Hundred and Ten!

Are we justified in feeling proud of our January Number--the first of 1910? We are honest in our belief that it is, by far, the best and most attractive issue we have published. We assure you that we have many pleasant surprises in store for our readers. We are determined to make a marked improvement in each succeeding number of the year before us. At the outset, we are greatly gratified to announce that the mechanical department of our work is now in the hands of The McCormick Press—a Print Shop that "Knows How" and that appreciates the value of real art in the publishing business.

OUR FEBRUARY ISSUE

Will fairly abound in extraordinary art features, and splendid examples of true "Kansas Literature."

A WONDERFUL DESCRIPTION OF "THE BATTLE OF SHILOH"

WM. P. HACKNEY will give his own personal reminiscence of that terrific battle. This splendid narrative, as given by Colonel Hackney, is one of the most vivid descriptions ever written concerning a battle of the Civil War.

A SERIAL STORY

Our February Issue will contain the first installment of "Wessie Livers," a serial story by Judge J. E. Torrance. This story is a refreshing romance of the pioneer days of old Illinois. Unlike the majority of modern pieces of fiction, it is not burdened with a moral. Its charm is in its realism. It takes the reader into the depths of the forest and makes him acquainted with many unique and interesting characters of that early day. President Lincoln is introduced in the narrative with a deftness that evinces the genius of the Author.

MR. O. P. BYERS

will continue his able discussion of Freight Rates. These articles are attracting the attention of Jobbers and Shippers all over the West. While they are conservative they are absolutely correct in every premise.

A KANSAN'S VISIT TO THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.

GEORGE T. MCDERMOTT, one of the most brilliant young attorneys of our state, will tell how he recently gained admission to the House of Commons in order that he might hear the debate that was taking place for and against the Budget. His definition of the position of both the Lords and Liberals is remarkably clear and well told. A more thorough article upon this particular subject has not been published in our own country.

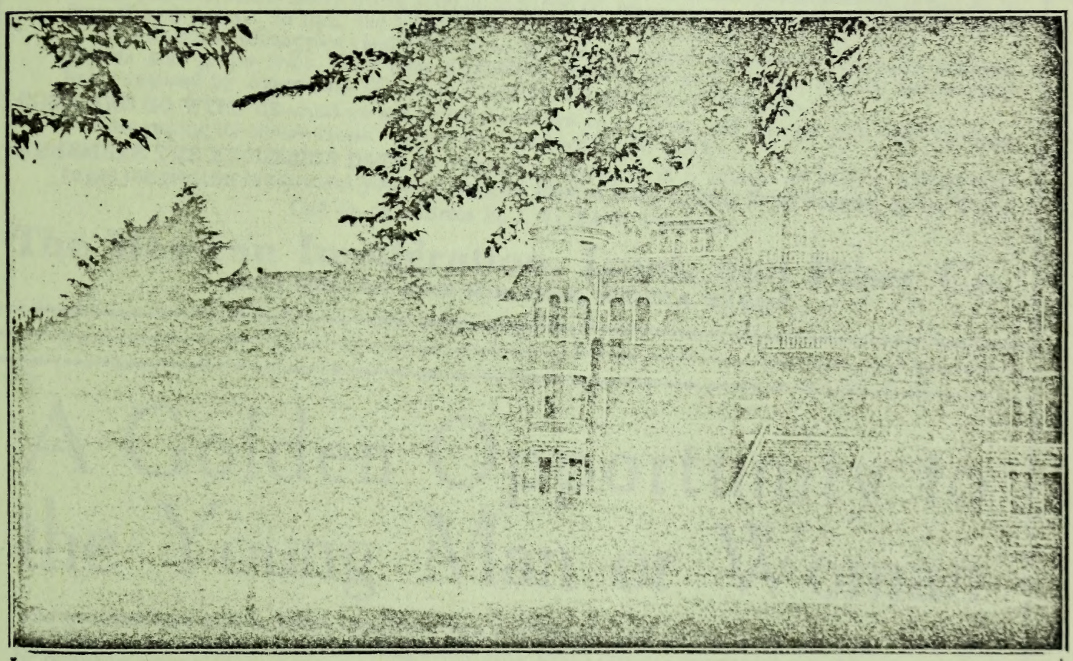
MANY OTHER SHORT SKETCHES, Poems, and Art Features Will Grace our FEBRUARY NUMBER. SEND YOUR FRIENDS A COPY OF OUR FIRST ISSUE OF THE NEW YEAR.

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¶ By means of a large force of instructors, St. John's is able to meet the needs of every pupil with individual care and attention, giving the fullest opportunity for advancement.

¶ School begins, after Christmas, on January 6th.

¶ For Catalogue address the Headmaster.

REV. Wm. N. COLTON, Salina, Kansas



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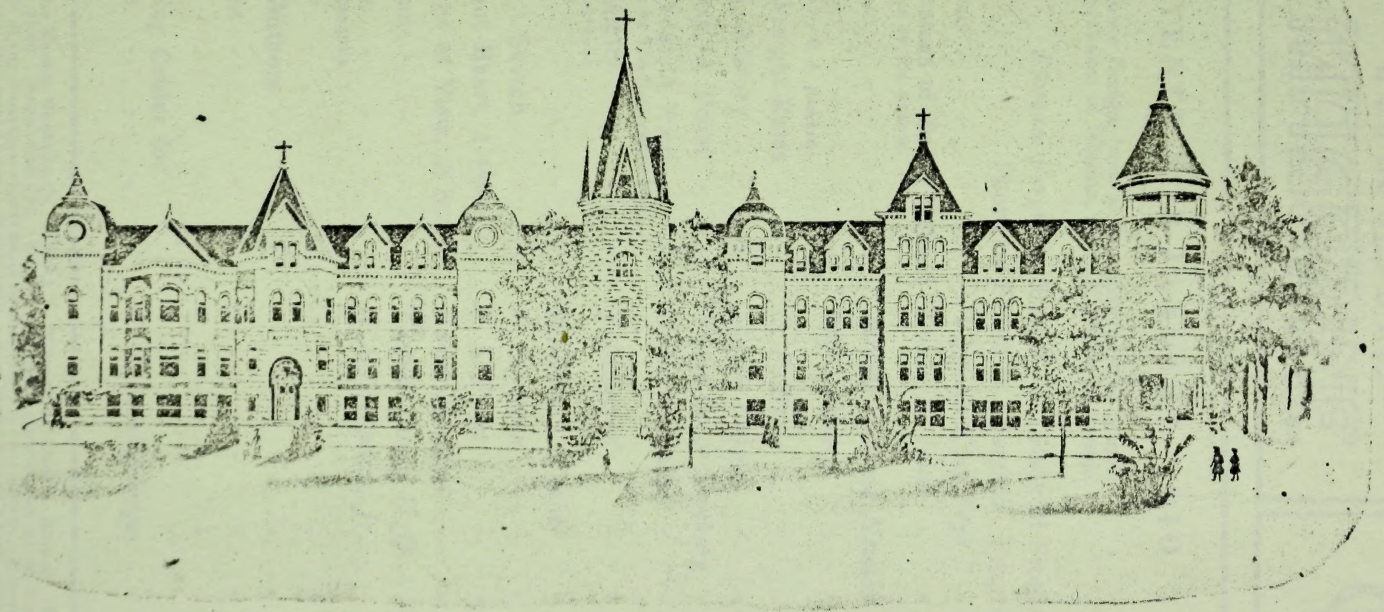
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for Supper--and from
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KANSAS MAGAZINE

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KANSAS MAGAZINE

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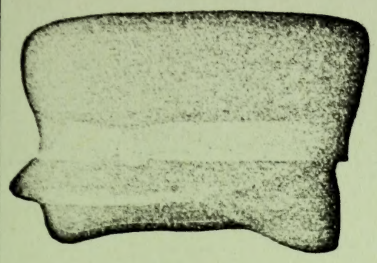
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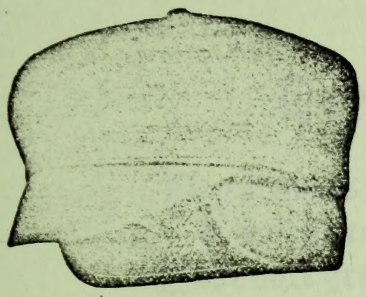
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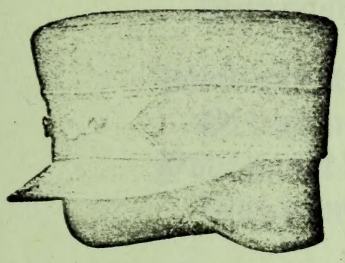
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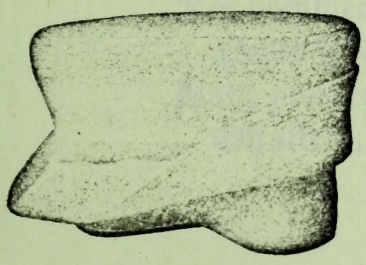
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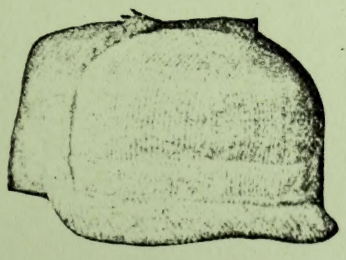
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Trees in Winter

Dry grasses lift their frowsy heads
Through cold drifts at your feet.
Your once green leaves lie sere and dead
With snow for winding-sheet.

Wind-swept and chill, against the gray
Of leaden skies you stand;
Your gaunt bare limbs each seems to plead
With trembling outstreched hand

For summer's warmth and song-bird's glee
Nests hidden 'mongst the leaves,
Have you regrets too, same as we,
Oh silent, barren trees?

—Florence Ferguson Branch.



Both Kansans

Kansas Magazine

VOL. III JANUARY, 1910 NO. 1

"O. K."---Of Kansas

By VIRGINIA KING FRYE

"Take the bright shell from its home on the lea,
Wherever it goes it will sing of the sea;
So take the true Kansan, oh, Fate, where ye will,
Where'er he may dwell, he is of KANSAS still."

PRECISE and proper Massachusetts has started a very spirited discussion lately, concerning the exact and authentic origin and significance of "O. K."

They are willing to admit that it has come to stand for "All Correct," "Just Right," or the "Best Ever," so to speak, but they want to know who stood it there, and why, and when, and where.

The popular notion has long been that "Old Hickory" Jackson, our previous redoubtable President with the big stick and the original ideas of spelling (Ahem! who said "History repeats itself"), used to sign these initials to his official papers as an abbreviation of "Ol Korrect," a clear case of phonetic orthography on the brain.

But erudite Massachusetts, as represented by the Springfield Republican, ups and asserts with praiseworthy temerity, that it dates only from the civil war, being then applied to a favorite brand of hard-tack bearing those initials O. K., and standing for O. Kennedy, the contractor who furnished them. The boys in blue, doubtless to show their heartfelt appreciation of one really honest food contractor in war times, dubbed these favorite morsels "O. K.," which gradually became known throughout the ranks as the stamp of excellence and by popular usage was extended, as the years rolled by, to its present significance.

No sooner was this interesting explanation scattered broadcast by the courageous Springfield sheet, than the usual crowd of critics and file-searchers arose in their might and slaughtered such a preposterous idea, citing convincing (to them,) evidence that the really, truly origin of "O. K." was far otherwise.

One lady confidently asserted that the phrase started in the days of President Van Buren's candidacy, and was then used by that leader to express tersely that he was "Off to Kinderhook," the name of his home place. This explanation, however, strikes one as being a little "off" somewhere, itself, for surely it would seem a doubtful compliment to the ambitious Martin to imply that his absence was "O. K." or all right—in other words desirable, unless indeed, it was his enemies that originated it.

(Such was the case, it being used in derision, I found later.)

Another positive writer as boldly insists that "O. K." primarily stood for Old Keokuk, a famous Indian chief, whose word was as good as his bond—perhaps the only and original perfectly good Indian who was not a dead one.

And so the flood of "O. K." explanations continues to immerse that rash Massachusetts editor, while the world moves calmly on, content to recognize and utilize this curt and expressive little phrase as a label pure and simple, a stamp of satisfaction, a hall-mark of goodness.

Holding then in its significance, the proud standard of proved excellence prominently displayed, it must soon become clear to every discerning observer of our glorious nation and its real centre, that this little "O. K." was primarily discovered and prophetically designed ultimately to stand for OF KANSAS, her push, her people, and her products, her quality, her quaintness, and her queenliness (and, mark you, how well she minds her "P's and Q's").

Kansas, bear in mind, is the true and exact geographical centre of the United States, and, naturally, the centre of attraction as well, drawing all eyes first to her own achievements and possibilities —the advance agent, as it were, of the grandest, and most enterprising and successful country on the terrestial globe to-day, the United States of America.

It was genial Tom McNeal who dubbed Kansas "the lynch-pin of the universe" in an interview with a Washington reporter, about the time the Populists were performing in the three-ringed show of the then political arena; adding with the fervid zeal of a true Kansan abroad:

"You can tell the jays that like to poke fun at Kansas, that she is just built to attract attention and invite contention—the insignificant, commonplace things of this world do neither. The fact that half the world is usually engaged in either abusing or defending her, but shows her importance.

"Kansas is the only state that can mix in the commerce of every clime and where a hot wind will affect the markets of all Christendom. She is the only state that ever grew enough wheat in one season to furnish bread for more than a week to every man, woman and child on the face of the globe, from the Orient to the Occident.

"Kansas, in the last few years alone, has raised sufficient corn to fatten enough cattle to drink up the waters of Lake Superior, and enough hogs to furnish ham gravy sufficient to float the United States navy. She has enough natural gas to supply all the furnaces of civilization and enough salt to make pickling brine out of all the fresh waters of the globe.

"Kansas is the only state that within twenty-four hours can furnish a climate suited to the taste of the Ice man from Iceland, the Pole from Poland, the Hol from Holland, or the tropical savage from Borneo in his untrammelled suit of sunshine.

"Keep your eye on Kansas, son, and you won't be disappointed. She only profits by her mistakes and keeps right on developing along the lines that nature intended."

"Keep your eye on Kansas" is good advice, indeed, though in a measure superfluous if you follow your copy-book platitudes and "Look ahead"—for Kansas is always in the front row, whether at the ballot or the ballet. It is her unfailing ability to keep ahead of the band wagon in the procession of time and events, under any and all circumstances, while she toots her own horn to let the world know something's coming; her success as an all-around advertiser—a two-column displayer—that challenges the admiration of even her enemies.

If "Smoky Water" ever was an appropriate name for her, it must have been a very long time ago, for she emerged from the haze of obscurity into the bright sunlight of notoriety beyond the memory of the oldest inhabitant and utilized her mists for steam to make the wheels of progress turn.

Still Kansas is not proud—except of her results. She is not in the plutocrat class with the glassy stare and the frozen mitt, in spite of her wealth and advantages. Her latch string is always out and you'll be glad you staid for dinner. She was, is, and always will be generous

and hospitable, the Mecca of the oppressed, the home of the free.

But the stranger who enters her ever open door and "settles down" must expect, like the Chicago porker, to be fed in alive and come out a finished Kansas product—nothing left of his past but the squeal.

As her own William Allen White proudly puts it: "Here is a youthful community of a little more than a million souls, receiving citizens from all over the world—from every kindred, every tribe, and digesting them, assimilating them, making them—not Ohioans, not Hoosiers, not Southerners nor Yankees, not Irish nor Dutch, nor Swedes nor Jews, but KANSANS, and proud of it.

"The Kansas man lowers his flag to none. He accepts no imported traditions. In the bright lexicon of Kansas there is no other word so good as "Kansas."

"The Kansas brand is set and sealed even upon the aspects of nature; the Kansas breeze, the Kansas flood, the Kansas drought.

"Kansas has jingle-bobbed the frolicsome cyclone of the prairies, and today, wherever it appears the twister is heralded to the world as the Kansas cyclone. She has labelled the grasshopper, and henceforth and forever the grasshopper must be the Kansas grasshopper.

"Perhaps this tendency of Kansas to claim regency over the earth, the air above and the waters beneath, has been exemplified in too gay a light. For the truth is, this Kansas tendency must command the thoughtful man's respect. The wise must see in this grappling power an indication of the people's strength. The Kansas spirit is full of vigor. The motor one meets in the works of Kansas has virility behind it. It abounds in courage; its exuberance is manifest in the land; its potency for good has quickened the American nation time and again."

That's the way a real dyed-in-the-wool Kansan talks whenever he gets on the subject of his own state. He may not be blessed with the silver tongue or agile pen of Brother White, but "them's his sentiments" wherever you find him —whether hunting the North pole with Evelyn Baldwin or measuring the equator; whether firing the first big gun in the Spanish war with Ensign Rorchschar or aiming to fire the "big gun" of Congress from the Speaker's chair, like our present Victor Murdock, who has to live up to the suggestion of his given name or die trying.

Whatever the sons and daughters of Kansas may be, they are very much so, and they are pretty sure to be loyal, original, and never simply commonplace or mediocre. They have unbounded confidence in themselves, as part of the products of Kansas, and they generally do things when they start.

It was a Kansas girl who when asked in company if she could play the piano, replied naively "I've never tried." That voices the spirit of Kansas. There is nothing she owns to not being able to do, but there are a few things she admits she has not tried—yet.

And, incidently, that girl started trying, and is now a fine musician, a leading club woman and the wife of one of the legal lights of the state. Of course she was pretty and good and attractive, but that is the kind of girls Kansas raises.

Why, when Brann's Iconoclast advertised to pay $500.00 for the privilege of gazing just five minutes at the most beautiful girl in the world every Kansas editor responded with a cordial invitation to Mr. Brann to come over any time and take a look.

"She lives right here, Brother Brann," was the slogan from every town in the state. And so she did, and still does, as can testify the great army of "drummers," those much-traveled and sophisticated critics, who have chosen, and are still choosing, their wives from the blooming maidens of the "Sunflower State."

One observing and appreciative Kansas man even drew up a bill for the Legislature which proposed that every Kansas bachelor under 22 be taxed, and every one over 30 be sent either to the penitentiary, the insane asylum or the school for the blind.

So much for beauty!—and as for brains—well, the unkind critics of Kansas call her scatter-brained, but the good Lord must have scattered them broad-

cast with a liberal hand, for they struck not only the high places but lighted upon the lowly as well, and are constantly cropping up in the most unique and unexpected ways.

It was a Kansas Republican County Committee that first decided to purchase graphophones, load them up with their candidate's pet speeches and place them in accessible public places for the voters to hear. Canned candidate on tap, as it were.

And the opposition slyly suggested that the records might include the Congressional Record, in which some of the aspirants figured somewhat dubiously.

It was a Kansas capitalist who came the nearest to perfecting a scheme for perpetual motion, according to ex-congressman Dick Blue. This far-sighted genius organized a company to stock a large Kansas farm with 1000 black cats and 5000 rats. He estimated that the cats would increase at the rate of 10,000 a year and the rats five times as fast. Black cat skins would bring $1 each and the cats would eat the rats, while the rats would eat the skinned cats—as true reciprocity as Sockless Jerry Simpson himself ever advocated.

It was Kansas that offered to send to the Omaha Trans-Mississippi Exposition a car load of cancelled mortgages as its most striking exhibit of what she could raise, besides crops and the dust.

It was a Kansas Legislature that licensed all ex-Union soldiers and sailors, holding honorable discharges, to engage in business, or sell, vend, or peddle their own wares anywhere within the state, free of charge.

It was a Kansas merchant who when he received a carload of new goods sent C. O. D., with the bill in the shape of a draft, found he could not raise the money for a few days and not wishing to impugn his credit with the wholesalers by that delay, he wrote a memorandum slip "Error in invoice. Please correct." and pinning it to the draft, mailed both to the firm. By the time the reply came asking him to specify error, he had raised the money and sent the invoice back to the firm, with another memorandum: "Find I was mistaken about error. Invoice O. K., check inclosed."

It was a Kansas farmer, who finding his children had to go too far to school, moved over into the next township, where, strange to say, there were no children of school age, and according to the state statutes which provide for a means of education for every child, of school age, the authorities had to run a school for his sole benefit.

It was Kansas "schoolmarms" who rose in their dignity and announced that pupils who had feasted on onions would be sent home for the day, especially those needing special and individual help from the teacher.

It was in a Kansas congregation that the woman all agreed to attend church without hats, until the styles should contract.

It was a Kansas clergyman who, tired of simply wondering and hearing aimless discussions on the subject of why the present-day men do not attend church, as did their forefathers, sat down and wrote to a number of representative citizens asking for their own reasons and opinions and any suggestions they might like to offer concerning the matter. The replies he got were various and interesting, and will doubtless prove helpful as well.

One thrifty Kansas couple (formerly Germans,) proudly boast that they have raised, upon *just six acres* of good old Kansas soil, not only a healthy family of four buxom girls and boys, but everything necessary for a comfortable living besides, including chicory coffee and sorghum sugar.

It was an old Kansas negro (and they are not oppressively numerous—mostly the sifted product from Texas and Missouri,) who gave a prize definition of love, as follows: "Yung Massa John ain' no 'count 'tall, dis-a-yeah" grumbled old Uncle Toby. "He suah is in love."

"Why, what are the signs of love, Uncle?" he was asked.

"Love? Why chile, love is dizziness, unizziness, an' disattention to bizziness."

It was the Kansas Board of Railroad Commissioners that grappled at last with the baggage smashers and "trun 'em down" as hard as they have long "trun" down the trunks of a long-suffering public. The Board of Commis-

sions gave due and positive notice to the railroad companies traversing the state of Kansas, that within that territory, travelers' baggage must be handled with the same care as filled egg cases, or the railroad companies would be held legally responsible for all damage in transit.

A Kansas Governor it was who pardoned a "lifer" who had served fifteen years, because he, the Governor, admired an original poem the prisoner sent to him. (Hard-hearted editors who have long yearned to incarcerate importunate poets will please take notice of this new application of the Golden Rule in literature.)

It was not, however, the literary quality so much as the "human interest" appeal that moved the Governor to mercy. The poem was called "Man to Man" and began thus:

"I cannot fawningly implore, as feeble, false hearts can,
But in humility, before the power that bars my prison door,
I plead as man to man.

"The ancient 'eye for eye' decree God hath Himself destroyed,
Still speaks that voice from Calvary: shall Shylocks with their ghoulish glee
Make His commandments void?

"Aye, 'Blessed are the merciful.' O! Christian heart relent,
For sins of folly, faults of will, I kneel at Mercy's tribunal,
A contrite penitent.

"For whom is love, for liberty, to toil as free men can,
O Hand of Fate that bars to me the gates of opportunity,
I plead as man to man."

Kansas boasts the youngest college professor in the United States, if not in the world. Herbert Drake, of Bethel, Kansas, brought up in a country town and taught in Kansas schools, is at 19 years of age Professor of Latin and Greek at the Kansas City University.

But why endeavor to recount more instances of the exemplifications of the Kansas brand of brains. Again, to quote Wm. Allen White:

"A true essence of the sway that Kansas has in the world may not be gathered into statistics; it eludes the pursuer with his avoirdupois scales; but it shines forth in the high percentage of literacy and the consequent deep, wholesome morality of the people.

"They are approaching—even if from afar off—that ideal of conduct that was always before the fathers that 'crossed the sea.'

"Kansas has erected to her god a little white shrine in every township. The high-priestess thereof is the 'schoolma'am' and when she is in her holy temple—well may the nations tremble.

"Kansas, by reason of the high standard of intelligence which her people have reached, has become the nation's barometer. The minds of Kansans are responsive to psychological currents.

"The state's brain seems sensitive to economic progresses and social evolutions. Only a people of much culture can register the approach of thought, can see the shadow of a coming event. Yet, Kansas has this faculty.

"Kansas, among the vestal of virgins is the oracle—the prophetess. And Kansas bids you hope. She knows not why—maybe her reason is a woman's reason.

"Kansas, that put on her old brown alpaca dress and led the world into the valley of the commercial shadow some years ago—to-day is wearing a $40 hat and a $50 smile, while she holds up her overskirt to show her new silk petticoat and goes switching out along the trail that leads through the land of milk and honey.

"So, do not puzzle yourself to account for Kansas. Accept her for what she is—and thank God she wasn't born twins. For she will win—because light conquers darkness. God said 'Let there be light!' *and there was Kansas.*"

And Kansas is still there, and still on the job—with the State Board of Agriculture behind her—and behind, and within, and above it Secretary Foster Dwight Coburn, ever busy and ever "business" where Kansas is concerned; Secretary Coburn, the best known and most appreciated man in the state, who spends his days studying statistics and drawing conclusions, investigating failures and finding remedies and between times manages to find occasion to

send forth unremittingly his well-known "Red Line Series" of Practical Successes on Kansas Soil—agricultural authorities which have proved a real inspiration and Beacon Light to so many "Busted-by-Gum" farmers who were ready to start for "God's country" but who found they were already there, and now own the State.

Who then shall deny that, judging from the fit, "O. K." might have been made ultimately to stand for OF KANSAS, whoever made it first and borrowed it awhile:

Of Kansas, who has successfully wrestled with the untried soil and the grasshoppers, the drouths and the cyclones, the Populists and the cranks and now wears with becoming pride her laurel wreaths of victory.

Of Kansas, whose bank account in 1908 showed deposits of $162,934,857 most of which belongs to the farmer and was created entirely from the soil, and whose crops this season will undoubtedly place her at the head of the column of states in the matter of "per capita" wealth, where now she stands second.

Of Kansas, the Prairie Queen, who lifts her sun-crowned head even to the stars (ad astra per aspera) and glories in her success because of her sons, who are big in brawn and brain and breadth of vision; and strong in that indomitable integrity that above all makes the man.

Then, let "O. K." be ever the label of established excellence—the stamp of exactness and reliability—so much the better will it stand for OF KANSAS—so much the more will it define his quality when placed after a Kansan's name.

And that it may never prove a misnomer when individually applied, loyal sons and daughters of the Sunflower State, let us whittle our lives to fit it.

NOTE—This article was designed and written some time before my attention was called to the splendid article "Lifting the Curse from Kansas," by G. W. Ogden, in the September Hampton's.

So I really have not plagairized from Mr. Ogden, though had I "seen him first" I should certainly have quoted him liberally as he has said much that I wanted to say and said it so much better.

Every Kansan should read that article, though I advise the merchants to lay in a good stock of larger-sized hats if they do, and as for Secretary Coburn, he will have to borrow his wife's hat after he reads it—I am sure THAT ought to fit even him, if Mrs. Coburn wears the latest styles, and of course she does, being "O. K."—Of Kansas. V. K. F.



Getting Robbed Instead of Being Robbed

By Guido D. Janes

"DON'T blow in your five thousand dollars in that scheme," remarked Asa Plover with at least four sighs. "You will live to see the time when you will ask me to kick you."

"No, I won't" returned Artie Choke," "that wealthy Eastern corporation will buy up all the clam shells in the Smoky and Solomon rivers and secure a monopoly on all the collar and pearl buttons in America; also all the trousers buttons. You can't change my mind; and if you endeavor to any more, I will after the monopoly has been formed, deprive you of trousers buttons. Then you will come to me in the merest sack cloth and apologize for your ill timed advice. Good day." And putting on his hat he strolled out of the house and sauntered toward the business section of Ducktown. In his pocket he carried the $5000.

The minute Artie went out the front

door, Asa wandered out at the back. Enroute he procured some stove-polish for disguising purposes and a rifle. Instead though of journeying toward town in the street, he journeyed in an alley, and in this way got ahead of Artie. This being accomplished he hid near a culvert and waited.

Five minutes city time passed after which the proprietor of the $5000 came into view.

"Kindly throw your hands up," said Asa in disguise.

"I will not do it."

"But I insist." Whereupon raising a rifle to his shoulders he threatened bloodshed. "Now hand over your coin."

"All right. Here it is."

"Thanks," laughed Asa taking the money. ' I'll remember you in my will."

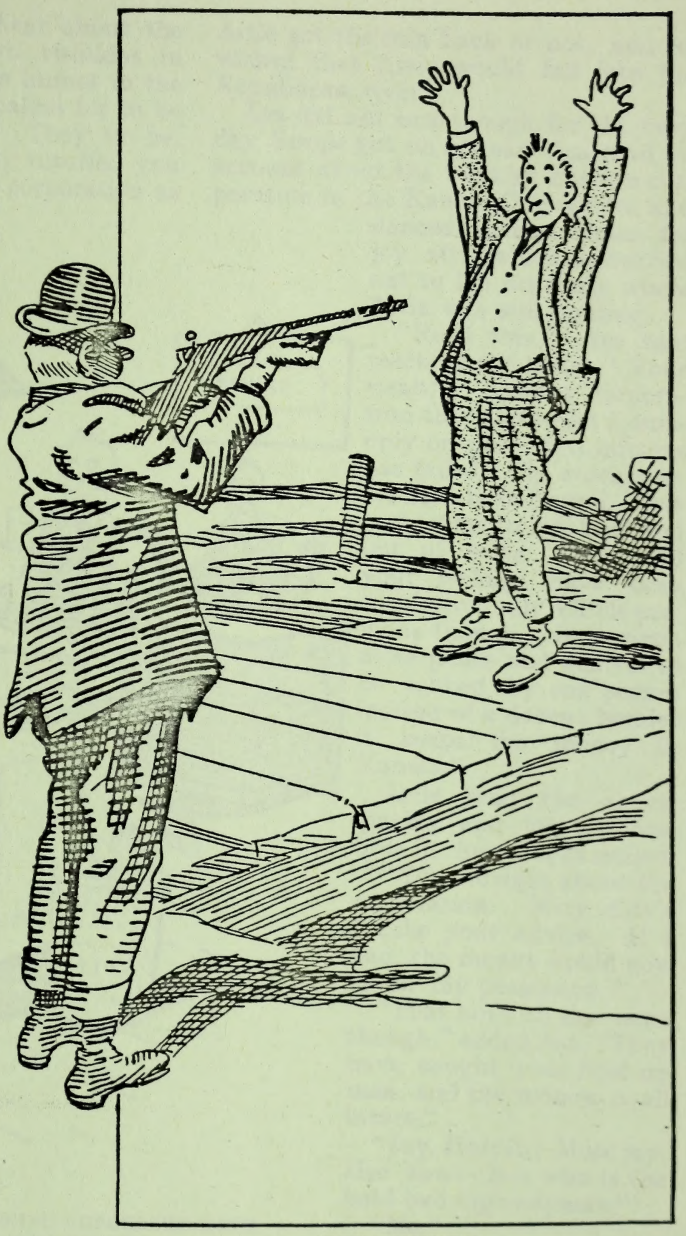
Without wasting further words, the alleged highwayman left the locality, and wiping off the disguise with a span clean hankerchief, he hurried down toward the business vicinity of town.

Reaching there he dropped into the office of B. F. Outwick, the real estate dealer, and after some maneuvering purchased with the $5000 a fine farm over in Cowley county. With a smile then he left, and dropped in at Reed's to get a drink of soda water. Drinks were ten cents though, and he cut out his desire for a thirst quencher and walked back to his residence.

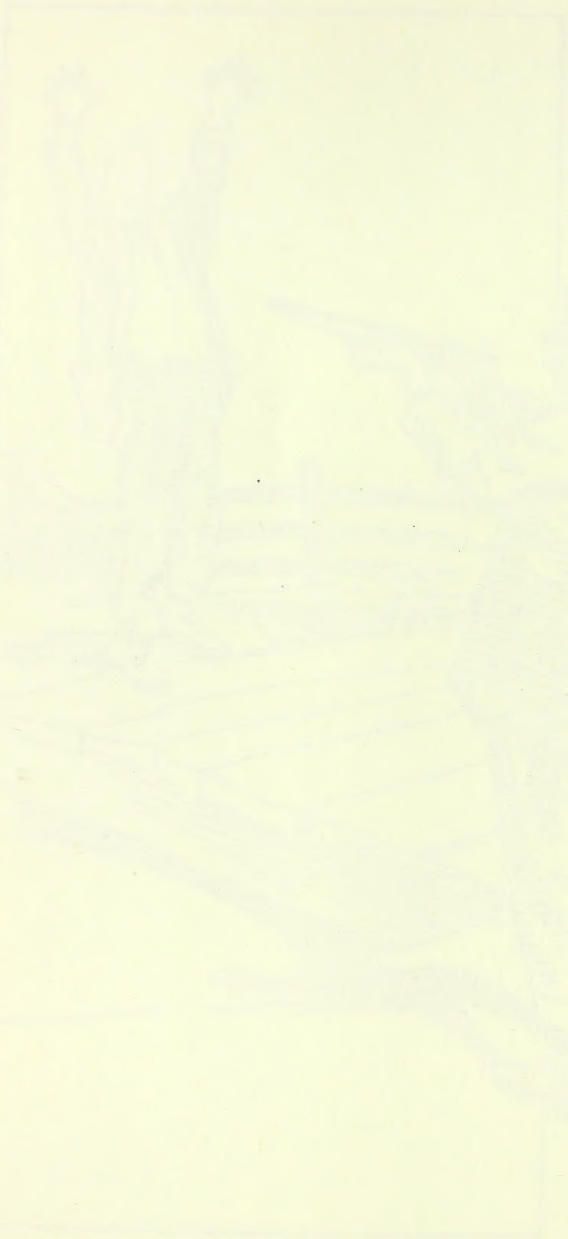
When he reached there he found it to be full of sobs and wails. Being an individual with much sympathy he inquired who was the owner of the sorrow, and whether or not he could alleviate any anguish.

The dispenser of these sobs of course was Artie, and he narrated to Asa between sorrows how he had been robbed by a hold-up man and relieved of his coin.

"I've told the officers of law about it," he added, and have offered a reward of ten dollars and fifty cents for his apprehension. With no money on my person, I'll get poor quick while the wealthy Eastern corporation will get rich quick."

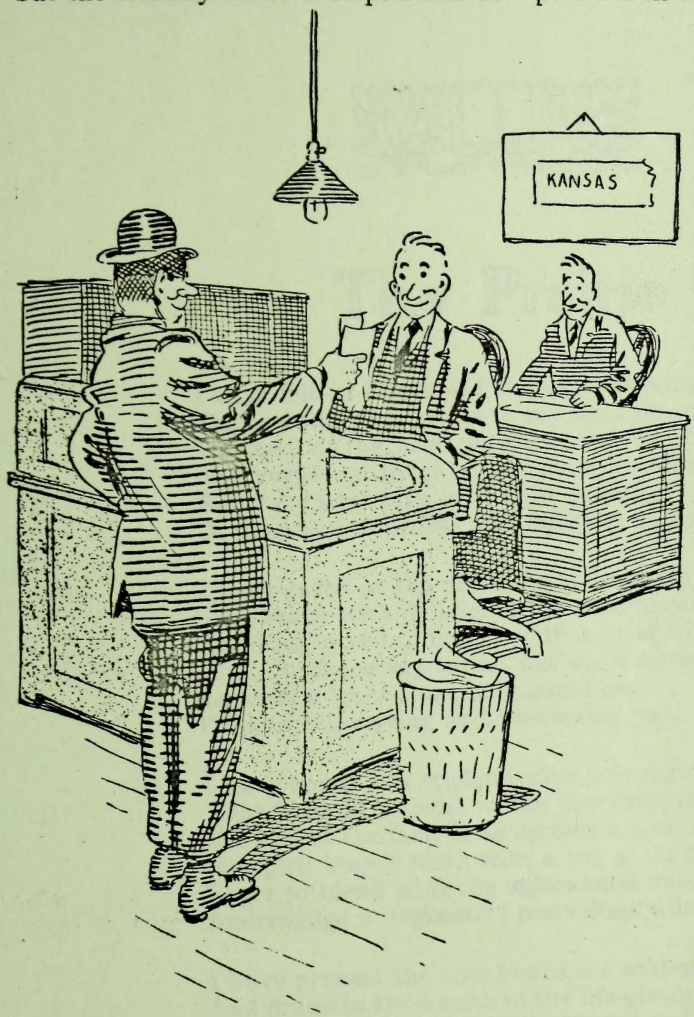


"BUT I INSIST."



"I am sure sorry to hear about the affair," said Asa with two twinkles in one eye, and considerable humor in the other. "It was very uncalled for to be deprived of the money. They or he, by the deed has not only insulted you but the wealthy Eastern corporation as well. I'll go and have a talk with the police."

He did so, but in a joking sort of style, and in a few moments after reaching the police station, put the blue coats onto some clues. Yes; he put them on clues, and kept them there for awhile. He kept them on the job for several weeks or until officer Swope gave up in disgust and said he didn't care a cuss whether Artie got the coin back or not, and he wished that Artie would fall into the Republican river.



"AFTER SOME MANEUVERING PURCHASED WITH THE $5000 A FINE FARM"

Asa did not care though for the very day Swope got on his ear, Asa read an account about the wealthy Eastern corporation in the Kansas City papers, and danced several times for joy, after which he hurried out to his residence where Artie was still pouting.

"Read this," Asa said reaching the house. Your wealthy Eastern corporation that was to get a monoply on clam shell buttons has failed. The stockholders have been fleeced. Now is the time to feel blue and out of sorts. You and your feelings have been consistent; only a little previous though. It is much more polite and genteel to be robbed by one person instead of a dozen; besides it keeps the money in Kansas."

Artie read the article quickly and for the first time in three weeks smiled.

"You are right about the corporation. Why didn't I take your advice. If I had, the money would now be in my possession."

"That ain't all the news though," added Asa. "They have caught your hold-up man, and the money is all intact."

"Joy, Hurrah! More joy. Hee haw! But who is the bold bad highwayman?"

"Me."

"Honest?"

"Yes. I held you up at the culvert. I knew is to be the only way to save you from financial ruin. Don't you think I did right?"

"I should say yes. But where is the money?"

"I invested it in a Cowley county farm. Even now it is worth ten dollars more an acre."

"Well you are the first and best robber that I have ever met up with. Your

hand. But the reward I offered of ten dollars and a half goes to you for your apprehension. How do you want it in paper or silver?"

"I don't want a reward. I want your love."

"Very well then; but you can have both just as well as not."

"I don't want both. Here is the deed to your farm."

"Thanks. Let's go and get a glass of soda water."

"Good idea."

The Prairie

I have felt as I tramped through the whispering grass
That sprang with caress to my light fai.ing feet,
The spell of the wind with its witch'ry of touch
And vagabond freightage of damp meadow-sweet,
Enter my soul with an infinite grace
Of passion and prairie and mystical space.

I have gazed at the dim hills a-journeying on
That reach with delight to the uttermost sky,
And caught in my breath with a little wild sob
That burdened my throat like an ecstatic sigh—
Loverwise leaned to the emerald sea
Of prairie a-waving and welcoming me.

I have heard as I trudged with a freshening heart
That bent all a-thrist to the dew-dripping plain,
The call of the field in so certain a note
My spirit leaped forth with a tug at its chain
Eager to blend with the unbounded miles
And voyage a vagrant of marvelous wiles.

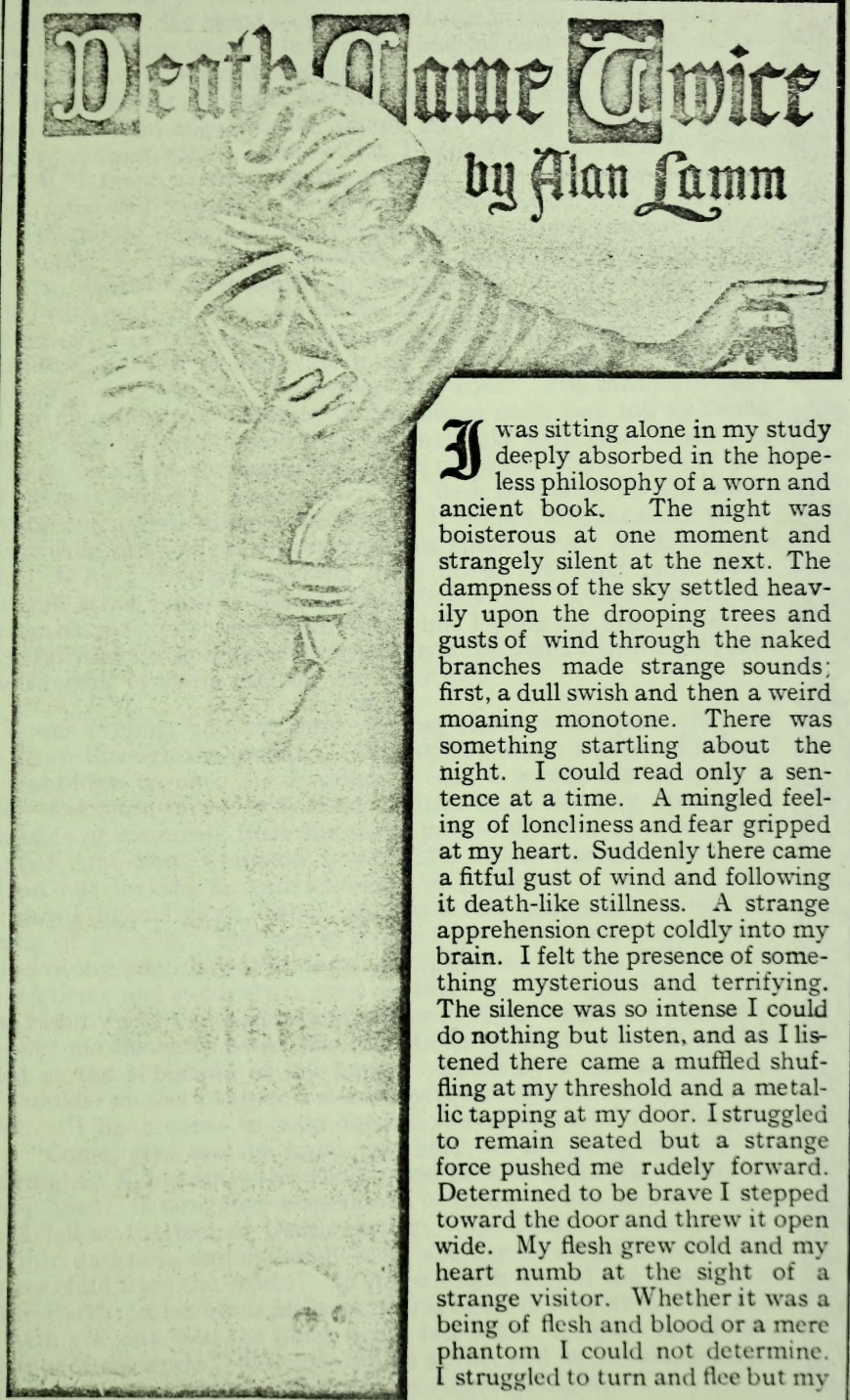
I have pressed the cool bed of the wild-springing thing
And drank in the breath of the life-giving earth;
I have caught to my breast the glory of green
That gypsied, a-Maying, of sun-gotten birth,
Stirring my blood with an exquisite thrill
Of freedom and prairie and undulant hill.

I have known as I swung toward the radiant dawn
The same airy aim of the far-winging bird;
Have lifted my hands to the banners of blue
With longing too wistful for mere spoken word—
Hark'ning the voice of the widening plain
Have answered and followed with rapturous pain.

MAUDE DEVERSE NEWTON.

Death Came Twice

by Alan Lamm



I was sitting alone in my study deeply absorbed in the hopeless philosophy of a worn and ancient book. The night was boisterous at one moment and strangely silent at the next. The dampness of the sky settled heavily upon the drooping trees and gusts of wind through the naked branches made strange sounds; first, a dull swish and then a weird moaning monotone. There was something startling about the night. I could read only a sentence at a time. A mingled feeling of loncliness and fear gripped at my heart. Suddenly there came a fitful gust of wind and following it death-like stillness. A strange apprehension crept coldly into my brain. I felt the presence of something mysterious and terrifying. The silence was so intense I could do nothing but listen, and as I listened there came a muffled shuffling at my threshold and a metallic tapping at my door. I struggled to remain seated but a strange force pushed me rudely forward. Determined to be brave I stepped toward the door and threw it open wide. My flesh grew cold and my heart numb at the sight of a strange visitor. Whether it was a being of flesh and blood or a mere phantom I could not determine. I struggled to turn and flee but my

body became heavy, cold marble as I stood face to face with my grewsome guest. He stood so near that I felt his icy breath upon my forehead. His form was woefully gaunt and his face was coldly pallid. His eyes, deep-set, beamed half kindly. At his girth, almost concealed by his black robe, gleamed the keen blade of a sharp cycle, and as I glanced at its cold edge I could almost feel its cruel sharpness pierce my flesh. At last, with a heroic effort, I beckoned feebly and he spoke to me: ¶ "I must hasten," he began, "for there are many homes at which I must call tonight. From every home I take the tribute of a soul. This house must pay toll tonight. Come! Come you with me;—I am Death!" These words finished, he grasped my trembling right arm. An awful fear loosened my tongue and in my desperation I pleaded with him: "If you be Death, hold; let me reason with you. I must not go; I cannot go with you out into this black night. O, take me not from light, from home; from the World. I began a task today and it is not yet finished. My work! My work! The world will have need of me tomorrow. Come; if this house must pay toll to Death tonight I have a tribute here that you may take with you. Look you in this adjoining room; here sleeps a bit of human flesh. A soul perhaps there is within; I know not. The flesh breathes; its lips smile; but yet it is a useless thing in the world. It cannot toil; it cannot serve. Take it with you tonight I pray you, but spare me yet a while to the world." ¶ As I finished speaking these words my heart grew warm again and a hot blush of shame stole into my face. Death himself hid his countenance for shame of me, and while I hung my head he turned sorrowfully away; and as he vanished into the night I heard him call: "I will return to claim the toll you offer me."

II

IT was evening and we were walking alone in the path that led down through the orchard. The world seemed a place of infinite happiness to me. As I walked I held a warm, tender hand in mine,—the hand of my own child. There came flooding upon me a multitude of memories from the silent past;—shadows of dead Hope, blighted Ambition, wounded Love. The future vanished from my horizon but looking far out beyond the boundary of my own life I was sure I beheld glory, honor, greatness and goodness awaiting the coming of my son. The vision warmed my heart and healed every wound of my life. It was a vision of resplendent beauty. ¶ We turned toward home and suddenly it grew darker. As the light of day vanished rapidly and the shadow and silence of Night came on I felt creeping over me the same awful fear that froze my heart when Death had called at the threshold of my home. Suddenly I felt a hand upon my shoulder and as I turned I stood face to face again with my phantom guest. "I have come to claim the toll you offered me," he said quietly. "Come, give me the hand you hold; we are going out into the dark night." ¶ Instantly the whole world became a burden of grief upon my head. I struggled desperately to throw it off, and as I struggled I fell at the feet of Death crying: "O, Death! Transform my soul into darkness, and make my body a refuge for all grief, but O, take not my child from the world! In his strength are all the possibilities of the Earth; in his life is all hope; in his heart is Perfect Love. Take me with you out into the black night but spare, O, spare my child to the light of the world!" ¶ Death smiled at me, and as he vanished upon the night he was transformed into an Angel of Light.

Kansas Magazine Prize Scenery Contest



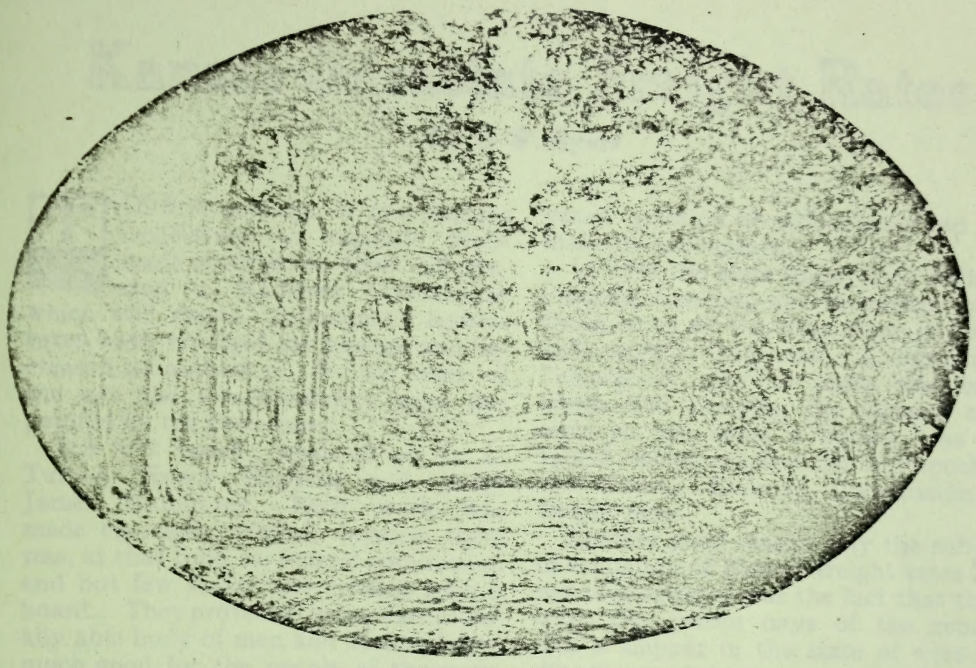
On the Little Arkansas River, a Mile North-west of Wichita. Photo by J. N. Chapman, Winner First Prize



"HAPPY MOMENTS"

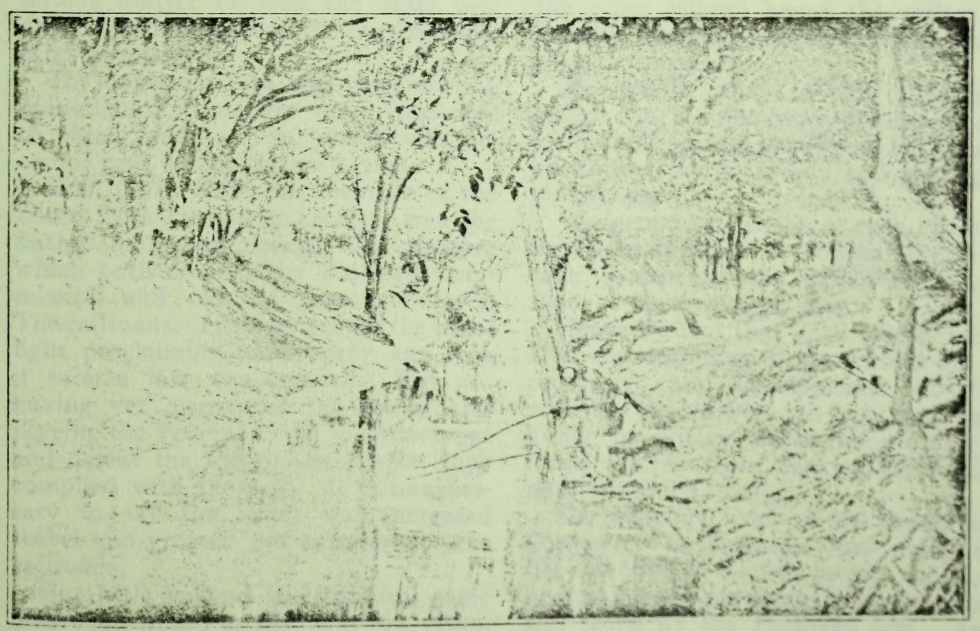
On the Little Arkansas River, near Halstead, Kansas. Photo by Ed. Walter, Haven, Kansas. Winner Second Prize.

Kansas Magazine Prize Scenery Contest



"AT THE FOOT OF THE BIG HILL"

Two Miles North of Baldwin, Kansas. Photo by Arthur Bridwell, Baldwin, Kansas.
Winner Third Prize.



'WAITING FOR A BITE"

On White Rock Creek, near Republican, Kansas. Photo by Jesse Thomas.
Winner Fourth Prize.

Kansas Intrastate Freight Rates

By O P. Byers

THE first attempt of the Kansas Legislature to regulate Railroads occurred in 1883. It created a Railroad Commission which still exists. Subsequent legislatures have enlarged its powers and increased its authority. By the terms of the act the Commissioners were appointed by the Governor.

The first board consisted of L. L. Turner, Henry Hopkins and Judge James Humphrey. Their work was made especially difficult because there was, at that time, no federal commission and but few states had created such a board. They proved to be an exceptionally able body of men and accomplished much good for the people of the state.

The idea of a federal tribunal to regulate commerce between the states had not then crystallized in the public mind. Such regulation had not become a serious matter because the state produced but little beyond the requirements of its own people.

The dominant idea was therefore the reduction of passenger rates from five to three cents a mile, which was accomplished by legislative action.

Hon. C. B. Hoffman, member of the house, from Dickinson County, was the author and champion of the measure which both created the Railroad Commission and reduced passenger fares. The railroads, of course, put up the usual fight proclaiming bankruptcy and ruin if such a law was enacted. But not having yet discovered the art of employing the Federal court to circumvent and defeat the will of the people, they complied with the law. It is unnecessary to say the result was increased travel and greater net earnings for the railroads.

But little beyond the ordinary came before the Board in the next six years. For five years following the creation of the Commission there were no jobbing interests in Kansas; hence the much vexed question of jobber rates had not made its appearance.

In 1889 the state found itself with an immense corn crop and no market for it. Grain rates at the time were probably 15% higher than now. A temporary "emergency rate" to move this corn, which was bringing the farmers only eight or ten cents a bushel, was obtained; which marked the first epoch of the Kansas Railroad Commission in freight rates.

Another good reason why the subject of reduction of Kansas freight rates had not been agitated was the fact that these were the golden days of the rebate. Not a shipper in the state of even ordinary consequence was without a rebate from the railroads in some form. This situation, of course, no shipper wanted disturbed because each supposed he was getting a little larger rebate than the other fellow; hence the railroads, broadly speaking, had made their peace with the shippers.

He was a sorry looking politician indeed who did not carry an annual pass for himself besides getting all the passes he wanted for his family and generally his friends.

The general attorney of each railroad kept a "pass clerk" at Topeka all during each session of the legislature. And these clerks were busy men.

Hence we find that until considerably after the beginning of the present era of prosperity and development of the state the people were too busy making a living to bother much about freight rates. In fact from 1890 to 1896 we did not have much to ship.

The effective work of the Interstate Commerce Commission had attracted the attention of Kansas people, especially after it had been given increased power and scope by the Hepburn law. Agitation began for revision of Kansas freight rates, which was feebly responded to by the legislature passing a ridiculous

maximum freight rate law on oil and a trifling reduction in maximum grain rates. It also made an agreement with the railroads to put in a two cent passenger fare, pending the outcome of litigation on a similar law in Nebraska, we to abide by the result of the Nebraska case instead of passing a maximum two cent law.

Action had been begun before the Interstate Commerce Commission by Kansas interests for reduction of grain rates to the Gulf Ports, in which the Kansas Commission intervened. Theoretically, these rates were constructed through the Missouri River based upon visionary water rates beyond, and this sum of locals charged for the direct haul from the Kansas grain producing points to the Gulf Ports, although the distance was much less. The result was an order materially reducing rates via the direct route.

The Commission had prepared a schedule of interstate distance rates which worked an actual reduction and would have been of value. After due hearing at which it was shown the general basis was about the same as prevailing Wisconsinintrastate rates the Commission ordered them adopted. The railroads promptly turned to their old friend, the Federal Court, with the usual result.

The last legislature, and while this case was pending, conceived the idea of establishing, by legislative action, "maximum freight rates in Kansas." The Kansas Railroad Commission, through its secretary, has lately attempted to heroize itself by publishing, through the newspapers, and, of course, all railroad journals, a table of comparisons, as the result of this act by which it attempts to show Kansas now has more favorable intrastate freight rates than any western state. That this table is purposely misleading and intended to deceive is obvious. As published by the board it is as follows:

WHEAT

	50 Miles	100 Miles	200 Miles
Kansas	7	9	12¾
Colorado	16	26	30
Missouri	7½	10	14¾
Oklahoma	7	9	13

The fine hand of a railroad man is at once apparent in bringing into comparison rates in a mountain and an agricultural state. One illustration will suffice. The car load rate on flour from Topeka to Denver—572 miles—is 30 cents. From Denver to Leadville—151 miles—40 cents. Nothing more is necessary to show Colorado rates have no place in comparison with Kansas rates.

Instead, substitute Minnesota, the second largest wheat producing state, which for volume of business, cost of operation and general characteristics, more nearly resembles Kansas than any other state and we find the following comparison:

WHEAT

	50 Miles	100 Miles	200 Miles
Kansas	7	9	12¾
Minnesota	5.7	7.8	9.6

Thus it will be seen this legislative reduction is trivial and we are still paying a higher freight rate than the second state in wheat production. A similar condition will be found in comparison of corn rates as between Kansas and Iowa.

As to Oklahoma comparison, volume of traffic, as between twenty million bushels of wheat produced this year in that state and eighty-five million in Kansas, is alone sufficient reason why Kansas rates should be slightly less.

Distance tariff rates in Missouri, until two years ago, had probably not been revised since the war. The legislature attempted to reduce them, but one, Judge McPherson, of the Federal court, who valued his own opinion more highly than that of the Governor and legislature, set the law aside, hence the secretary compares Kansas revised rates with Missouri ante-bellum rates and discovers Kansas rates are very slightly lower.

The other commodities compared by him, as to old and new rates in this state, are not worth while for the reason that each commodity named is covered by specific tariff wherever there is movement of the commodity and in scarcely any instance is distance tariff paid. In live stock rates, for example, pasturage, feeding in transit and specific rates between points of general movement all provide lower than distance tariff rates.

The secretary states it was not the intention to carry the ratio of reduction in grain rates to distances that would equal the distance from producing points to Kansas City—in other words reduce Kansas City rates—for fear the railroads would refuse to put them in and for the further reason that all Kansas grain moves to the Gulf Ports and such reduction would afford no benefit to the farmer. A most remarkable statement indeed when every one knows 60% of Kansas grain passes through Kansas City and the benefit of such reduction would be measured only by the amount of the reduction.

Again we find the fine hand of the railroad man in the schedule, by reason of it being confined to commodities only. Glass rates were very adroitly omitted. As a matter of fact 90% of Kansas intrastate traffic moves under what is known in railroad parlance as "figure and lettered" classes, hence the haste of the railroads to agree to accept and abide by this maximum rate law. They knew it would work but a very trivial reduction in their earnings. In fact it is safe to say it was their own creation to forestall actual reduction which was otherwise bound to come.

While Kansas interstate rates have undergone constant revision the intrastate rates that are actually used have not been revised or reduced in twenty years. The original railroad law of 1883 provides rates may not be increased except by consent of the Commission and as all specific commodity rates are lower than distance tariff rates the former apply, hence the commodity rates of both old and new distance rates are, and have been obsolete.

Our senators and representatives who were met by brass bands when they returned home might explain this feature to their constituents. They might also tell them where this remarkable schedule of maximum freight rates originated while a schedule worthy the name was pending in court.

This same legislature passed a resolution instructing the State Railroad Commission to investigate and make comparisons of construction of jobbing rates through Kansas distributing points as against Missouri River combinations to same points. In other words to read the tariffs on file in their office and ascertain if Kansas interests are being discriminated against. This resolution, one of the most remarkable ever passed by any legislature, deserves a prominent place in the State Historical Society. The men of Kansas in commercial life in fifty years from now will look upon it with amazement.

The state, at an expense to itself of fully fifteen thousand dollars a year, maintains a board which has to be told by the legislature to ascertain what it already should have known. In compliance with this resolution, and at an extra expense to the state by reason of employing an "expert," the board discovers the combination through the Missouri River gives its jobbers an advantage over Kansas jobbers of fully 15%. It now proclaims loudly it will bring an action before the Interstate Commerce Commission. And yet this condition, with a long history of complaints and suits before various tribunals, has existed since the inception of jobbing interests in Kansas.

The intrigue of the railroads and the cunning of politicians will not always prevail.

Some day Kansas will awaken to its freight rate situation and in Kansas style get what it goes after.

John Brown's Soul

A Story of the War on the Wakarusa

By Muriel Culp

"John Brown's body lies mouldering in the grave,
But his soul goes marching on."

THE shadow grew long on the brown grass. A faint chill stole through the air. Another Indian Summer day was giving place to a crisp, clear night.

Davie's mother came to the door of the cabin and called him in to his supper. From his perch on the gate of the snake fence which circled the cabin yard, he answered her impatiently. He was looking at a tiny dust cloud on the horizon. His mother hurried down to stand beside him and together they watched a team and wagon emerge from the dust.

The woman became very anxious as the outfit approached. In days of trouble strangers are oftener enemies than friends. The horses plodded wearily. The men, who were all standing, supported themselves by rifles. Their belts glittered with weapons. At each corner of the wagon a bayonet was fixed. Surely no peaceful errand drew these people across the prairie.

In their midst stood a man, perhaps fifty-five years old. Tall, slender, angular; his face clean-shaven, sombre, strongly lined; his blue-grey eyes honest and kindly but filled with a strange light—he leaned more lightly on his weapon than his younger companions and appeared to be less jaded.

"Can you tell us how many miles we are from Lawrence, ma'am?" he asked, as the horses came to a stop.

Before she could speak Davie answered for her with a child's fearless confidence.

"Goin' on twenty mile but it's hill road mostly," in excellent imitation of his father's manner with strangers

The leader smiled.

"Is your husband at home?" he inquired of the woman.

This was the question she had been dreading, for she and Davie were alone.

"He rode into Lawrence early this morning," she replied timidly, "He was coming back this evening. Did you want to see him?"

The man divined her face.

"We come as friends," he assured her instantly. "If we make our evening camp here may we water the horses at the trough yonder?"

Half an hour later when Davie crept from the cabin, where he had bolted his bread and milk, he found a fire near the gate. The younger men had disappeared with the horses, but, as the boy drew near, the leader approached with an armful of dry brush which he threw upon the blaze. As he straightened up, he turned his face toward the glory of the flaming clouds in the west and with his head thrown back and arms hanging at his sides, stood motionless. In his eyes was a divine light, the far-seeing gaze of the spirit.

"The chariot of the Lord of Hosts," he proclaimed in deep triumphant tones, as one who announces a great presence. " 'God is in His holy temple, let all the earth keep silence before Him.' "

One of the younger men came toward him out of the dusk.

"Let's have a bite of supper, father," he suggested.

The other seemed not to hear. It was as though, in listening for a greater voice, he missed the human one.

His son went silently about the simple preparations for the meal. He took a frying pan from the wagon and

set it over some embers, raked from the fire. Into the pan he put slices of bacon. The child at the gate sniffed longingly, though his wondering eyes never left the tall, silent figure of the watcher.

Presently the young man drew the pan from the coals. Seizing a pail he started for the well. Davie, unaccountably shy, crouched in the shadow of the gate until the man had passed him. Then he arose and stealthily retreated toward the cabin.

Not until the last glow had faded from the sky did the sentry turn. The four younger men had gathered about the fire, and, having partially satisfied their appetites, began a low-toned discussion. At length the end of a remark caught the father's attention. One of them wondered whether "the quarrel would lead to a big fight."

Instantly the stern lines in the old man's face deepened. Anger flashed in his eyes.

"This is no quarrel," he exclaimed, "but the Lord's battle. We are enlisted in His army. His will be done."

During the abashed silence which followed, he took his place in the circle and ate inattentively what the others gave him. After the meal was finished, the dishes stowed away, and the fire mended, he broke the quiet. His sons had lighted their pipes and made themselves comfortable about the camp-fire. Above them the sky sparkled with stars. The night was mute, as though hushed in waiting for a message. Rising, the gray, old man paced slowly back and forth, in and out of the fire light. His face lifted toward the stars, seemed softened with an infinite peace; the light of power gleamed in his eyes. His hands clasped at his back, held a small, worn Bible. When he spoke his voice deepened into harmony with the night.

"'I cannot hold my peace, because thou hast heard, O my soul, the sound of the trumpet, the alarm of war. Destruction upon destruction, is cried; for the whole land is spoiled. * * * For thus hath the Lord said, the whole land shall be desolate * * * '"

The men about the fire looked at him in awe. He turned on them with sudden violence.

"And why should we not suffer? Why should one of us escape? All over the land black Rachels are mourning their children. Every day human beings are bought and sold, whipped and goaded, at our very doors. Is our mere disapproval enough to justify us in the sight of God? No! We must rise and wipe out this stain with blood."

Into the light of the campfire limped a small figure. It was Davie, escaped from the cabin where his mother was already asleep. Fascinated by something in this strange old man that he could only feel, and in no way account for, he had been drawn down to the camp. Stumbling along in the dark his bare foot had picked up a great thorn. Now he sat and viewed it anxiously, nerving himself to pull it out.

The man pacing near him dropped his eyes suddenly, and took in the trouble at a glance. A moment later he was on his knees with Davie's foot in his hands,—strong gentle hands that deftly extracted the thorn. Gathering the boy in his arms and wrapping him in a blanket which he picked up near the fire, he continued his walk in and out of the shadows. Presently his voice rose again, this time in song. It rose and soared triumphantly through the still air. Reminded, perhaps, of his sonship with God by the child in his arms, he sang:

"Jesus, lover of my soul,
Let me to thy bosom fly,
While the billows round me roll,
While the tempest still is high."

Abruptly he changed to a plaintive melody of the "The Slave Father Mourning for His Children."

"Ye're gone from me my gentle ones,
With all your shouts of mirth.
A silence is within my walls.
A darkness round my hearth."

The voice quivered with pity. The listeners about the fire stirred uneasily. Davie buried his face against his friend's shoulder with a sob. At that, the song changed quickly to, "Blow Ye, the Trumpet Blow." Back and forth walked the singer until Davie's head dropped heavily against his arm. The child's eyes smiled into his before the lids fell.

"I like you," he murmured, and went off to sleep.

Later the man laid him in his mother's arms at the cabin door. As he was turning away she stopped him.

"Who are you?" she asked simply, and quite as simply he answered, "My name is John Brown. I'm on my way to Lawrence, with my sons, to fight for God's own cause, the abolition of slavery."

In the morning when Davie ran down to the gate he found a heap of ashes and blackened wood. The horizon presented itself, speckless to his gaze. A thrill of loneliness shook him and he turned slowly back to the cabin.

During breakfast Davie's mother was quiet and troubled. She had gained enough from John Brown's speech to be certain that there was fighting in Lawrence, whither her husband had gone on business, the day before. While she ate her corn-pone and bacon she came to a decision. Rising, she made the kitchen tidy. Then she went to the barn and harnessed the farm mules to the covered wagon which had carried her, with her husband and Davie, across the plains from Ohio. She drove this quaint turnout to the gate. Hurrying into her bonnet and shawl, she bundled the wondering Davie and a few hastily gathered comforts into the wagon and started for Lawrence.

All day they wound in and out of the hills, stopping here and there at a squatter's cabin to inquire about the road. Just as the sun dropped below the western line of trees, she saw the smoke of many supper fires rising from the southern bank of the broad, placid Kaw and drifting against the quiet evening sky. Thus did Davie and his mother come to Lawrence in time to witness an incident famous in history.

The 7th of December, 1855, was a cloudless Indian Summer day. Save for the ever-deepening haze which flung its banners over the leafless trees on the river bank, there was no portent of winter.

Lawrence was astir early even for those days of feverish excitement. Groups of fully armed men paraded the streets or stood talking loudly. Pickets just relieved and on their way to breakfast were stopped and questioned. A report that Governor Shannon was on his way to Lawrence was rapidly gaining credence. Was he coming, as some asserted, to demand the surrender of their Sharp's rifles? Did he mean to try to negotiate a treaty between the irate townsmen and the sullen mob of Pro-slavery men encamped against them? Indignation mounted to blood heat. Not a few of the radicals coupled the governor's name with muttered threats of lynching.

The Free-State Hotel, where the soldiers bivouacked, was the objective point of the malcontents. Early in the day a dense crowd packed the street in front of it calling for Robinson and Lane. Robinson answered them with a speech, imploring them not to depart from their policy of simple defense. In the end his counsel prevailed. When Governor Shannon rode into town, accompanied by several prominent Pro-slavery leaders, he was allowed to proceed to the hotel without demonstration. If he was not welcomed, neither was he openly insulted.

He appeared preoccupied and harassed. His body-guard were armed to the teeth and cast threatening glances from under their broad-brimmed slouch hats, at the silently waiting crowd. Robinson and Lane received the executive in behalf of the people of Lawrence. They invited him into the hotel—an invitation which he accepted after a hasty glance at the rows of silent men packing the street before him. He signaled to one of his aides to follow him. The rest drew their horses around the door and sat glaring at the townspeople. The latter returned their baleful glances with interest.

Foremost of the defenders stood John Brown, rifle in hand, his sons just behind him. He had listened to all the vengeful cries with satisfaction. To him they were so many manifestations of the Spirit of God urging men to battle. For his own part, he had said nothing and he now stood gazing earnestly at the windows above him.

Five, ten, fifteen minutes passed. Someone in the waiting throng moved restlessly with an oath. The tension snapped. Men began to whisper to-

gether. Ten more minutes. The whispers had become low-voiced comments. Five minutes more. A bolder spirit cried, "We want Shannon!" Instantly the crowd surged forward, to be met by the revolvers of the governor's body-guard.

At this juncture the window which had held John Brown's attention opened and Doctor Robinson appeared. He raised his hand for silence and when the noise subsided to a murmur, spoke. He advocated a peaceful termination of difficulties. So far the people of Lawrence had been in the right in defending their homes from unwarranted invasion. If they went a step farther, refusing to accept the treaty offered them, they would precipitate civil war with all its horrors.

When he saw that his words had produced the effect which he desired for them, he added that he and Mr, Lane would accompany Governor Shannon to Franklin, a village some eight miles from Lawrence, to complete a treaty by which the citizens of Lawrence would be allowed to retain their Sharp's rifles and all Missourians would be asked to leave the state.

The message was received with cheers.

Robinson then asked the crowd to disperse and allow the governor to ride away. A few sober-blooded citizens complied. Others drew aside to give him a pathway. John Brown, alone, received Doctor Robinson's words in silence. When those about him broke into cheers and even his sons fell back to make way for the governor, he only grasped his rifle more firmly and turned toward the horsemen a face so full of contempt and hatred that Shannon involuntarily drew his mount aside, leaving the old man undisturbed.

The temper of the mob had changed completely. Men who had been willing, an hour ago, to lynch a governor, now shook hands, congratulating each other on the return of peace. No one doubted the issue of the coming conference.

The farther edge of the crowd was fringed with women, among them Davie's mother. At her side stood her husband with Davie on his shoulder for safe-keeping. The child's eyes were filled with wonder at what he had just seen and but half understood. As the multitude swayed back, Davie recognized John Brown. He leaned down to gain his mother's attention and together they watched his friend.

For several minutes Brown stood looking after the riders. When he turned he glanced quickly on all sides. The object of his search, a position from which to address the crowd, presented itself in a packing box which had been left on the edge of the sidewalk. He ran and jumped up on it.

"Men," he shouted, "you have been duped,—cheated by these vipers you are allowing to escape. They promise peace and you believe them. Fools! Fools! Fools!"

His voice rose with each exclamation to a terrifying pitch. He shook his clenched fists above his head in an agony of rage!' The people appeared frozen with astonishment. He was allowed to proceed.

"There is no peace for Kansas now. We are on the verge of a great conflict. Our national sin must be wiped out in blood,—your blood and mine, and that of our wives and children. The awful stain of slavery is upon us. We are accursed of God."

A shudder swept the crowd. Several people groaned. One or two men stepped forward threateningly but the fury of the speaker cowed them.

Suddenly Davie's father started as though he were waking from an unpleasant dream.

"This must be stopped!" he exclaimed.

He swung Davie to the ground and rushed into the heart of the throng, crying, "We want no treasonable speech today. Pull him down!"

"Pull him down," echoed a dozen voices.

In a moment Brown was hustled off the box and out to the edge of the mob. He struck out wildly at his assailants. Blows might have led to worse if his sons had not jumped to his rescue.

"Father!" exclaimed one of them, "You are forgetting yourself."

They led him away, down the street. His head sank forward, his hands hung limp at his sides. He seemed to be praying. Fifteen minutes later Law-

rence had forgotten him. After all, he was only an incident of an eventful day.

Forgotten? No, not quite. Little Davie had followed him. Unnoticed, he had slipped between the groups of older people and, running as fast as he could, had kept the Brown family in sight.

After a while the old man shook off his sons' detaining hands.

"Let me go on alone," he said. "I want to be alone with God."

They fell back uncertainly and he plunged ahead to the open country.

"After all," said one of them, "he is happiest alone—with God."

At first he walked rapidly and Davie was just able to keep him in sight. Gradually, however, his pace slackened. He came out on a grassy bluff overlooking the river. He paused, held for a time, by the beauty of the scene. Sinking to the ground he drew in deep breaths of peace. The afternoon shadows crept toward him. Across the Kaw the haze deepened from blue to purple. Slowly the hot anger died in his heart, leaving it spent and hopeless as a charred stick. From his soul went up the old, old cry, "Father, why hast Thou forsaken me?"

Thus, a little later, Davie found him. The boy was almost exhausted by his long walk, but he had struggled on, borne up by a longing which was no child's whim.

As for the man when he saw the child and knew him, his breast, which had felt dead, gave a great leap. In a moment Davie was in his arms. He realized the love and trust in the child's soul and tears rolled down his cheeks. He bowed his head and prayed.

"Father, I thank Thee for this messenger. I sowed in anger and have reaped the whirlwind. Now, I pray Thee, create in me a new heart like unto this child's that I, too, may enter the kingdom of Heaven."

Hours later, when the first stars gleamed through the dusk and the new moon sank in the west, John Brown rose with the sleeping boy in his arms. As always his face was raised and his eyes dwelt on visions while he walked swiftly toward Lawrence.

The Man of To-day

My passion is doing, my treasure is time.
I care not for dreamers and delicate rime.
The subtle conceit and the cadence of song
Are lost in the din of the passing throng.

But I thrill at the stroke of the daring hand,
And my heart beats brave for the day's demand,
For heavenly wrath, or human wrong,
The glare of the pit, and the pathway long.

VICTOR OSCAR FREEBURG.

Hymn to the Old Year

SLEEP on forever, thou cold, dead, dead year,
Wrapped in thy shroud of eternity.
Clasp in thy withered hand pale
Immortelles. Thy late vassal seasons
Have wreathed for thee thy funeral bier
And sympathetic nature sighs her own
Eloquent requiem.
For this hath Spring brought some treasured
Mementoes: Ivies wild with bloom and foliage
The remembered fragrance of violets
And primroses sweet; Summer, the bright trophies
Of a later reign. Autumn, golden glories
Of a golden harvest, and Winter, hath for thee
Frosted leaves and a winding sheet of snow.
Now thy late attendant months for thee shall be
Pallbearers, and thy late subject days
In solemn procession pass mournfully
Along. Yet it is but a day since thou wast King!
Once this same glad world awoke to hail thy coming;
Oh, infant scion of thy sire Time!
Then thou wast rocked in the profuse cradle
Of glad, budding, balmy Spring, and lulled
To thy dreams 'mid gushes of April melody,
Thy royal raiment, the pomp, the purple
Of plumed lilacs and regal lilies.
Then thy meat was the fragrance of roses,
Thy ambrosial drink the nectar of dew.

Thus passed thy infant and childhood days.
And rosy, lambent youth came with the early
Summer,
And thy strong rejoicing manhood with its later
glow.
Then were golden fields bright with waving grain,
Already brown and bearded for the summer harvest,
With stalwart strength thou marched afield,
And did'st cast thy sickle in to gather,
Anon golden sheaves to the full garner
Of the Lord of the harvest.
With stern majesty of mien thou passed
Into the fairest, most sacred realm of man's
ambitious
Hopes. In his home, at his altar, with unrelenting
Fervor, thou pliedst thy sickle keen, leveling
In stately prime, or tender immaturity or withered
age
The gifted and the great, the loving and the beloved—

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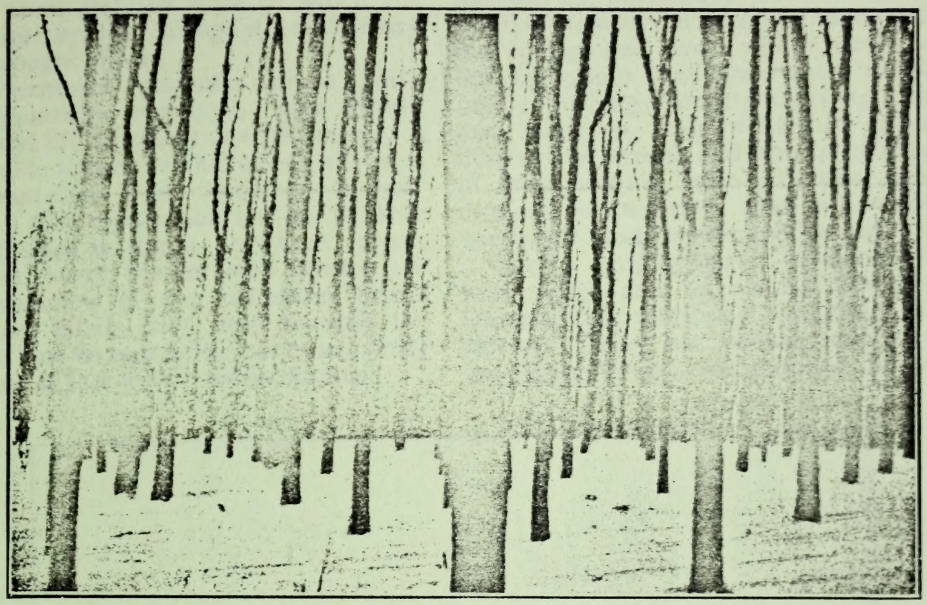
Statesman, poet, orator and honored parent, gentle friend.
These with many fairer blossoms—infant buds
Not yet matured for earth, but ever fit for heaven—
Bound with these goodly bundles are some foul tares
To be by the Lord of the harvest cast out,
In His wise judgment fewer, than we think.

These the sheaves thou sendest to the garner of time—
These with many which the world terms lesser bundles,
But each great in its native acre.
Thou hast set up many newly decorated monuments
To mask thy prouder trophies, but He who keeps
Machpelah's sacred trust--that lone grave which
No man's son digged, or filled, in view of Gilead
In Moab's lonely valley, in sight of sacred Pisgah—
Will not forget these, His children, though of
Humbler mould.

BUT an Autumn morn found thee fettered
By a malady thou couldst not shake;
Thy stalwart manhood spent, thy feeble frame
All shrunken by decay; thy raven locks
All bleached by disease; thy strong arms
Palsied by the infirmities of age;
While thy sightless eyes looked out at
"Darkened windows." The ashy pallor
Of dissolution shrouds thy wan cheeks;
And there is one word traced by specter
Fingers upon thy cold and wrinkled brow
And that one word is Death!
* * * * * * * * *
At yon dark abyss unfathomable, waiting the
Awful signal of Divinity, the bolted doors of
Eternity unbar! simultaneous, and grand beyond
Human thought is borne by God's own chosen angels,
The newly born pageant of this sublunary
Sphere, invested with all the grandeur of
An endless infinity. Hail! all hail!
Thou infant New Year! Away, gaunt shadow
Of a hallow'd past, away! go mingle
With kindred years beyond the flood.

Man with sordid soul
Sleeps these holy hours away, so fraught with
Awful sublimity. Angels but feebly
Comprehend, and an Omnipotent
Creator knows only the awful significance
Of these words, Past and Present.

—Nellie W. Cates



HARDY CATALPA SCENE PLANTED ON POOR SOIL NEAR GREENFIELD, IND., 6x6 FEET APART. THE TREES ARE TALL, STRAIGHT AND VERY VALUABLE.

An Impending Calamity

By J. Moncrief

THE calamities and the panics, resulting from the shortage of some commodity, which have faced the world in the past, have, as a rule, broken unexpectedly upon the general public. Some few thinkers and practical business men have, however, invariably seen far enough into the future to profit by the misfortune and the necessity of the masses, and to make good their own fortunes in one coup. In fact, the great fortunes of the past century have come not so much through hard work and close application, as through the inner knowledge and far-seeing of some individual.

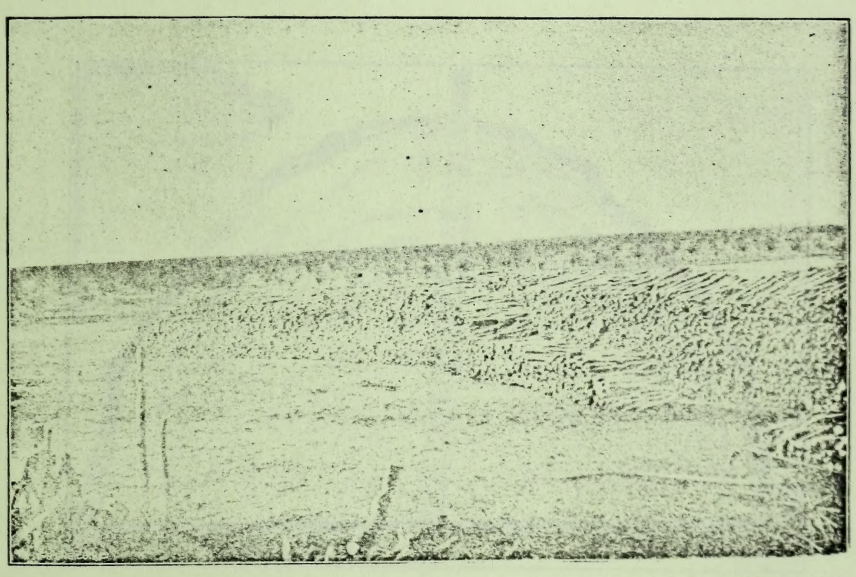
There is, however, a calamity facing the people of the United States today, which is so appalling and so far-reaching in its menace, that deep thinkers and keen sighted business men are not awaiting its coming with the idea of bettering their own condition; but are earnestly endeavoring to warn people concerning it, and to teach them the means of their own preservation; for the calamity which threatens us at present is not one over which a handful of men can hold the reins of control; but one which the shrewdest and bravest of men regard with much apprehension.

Just how far we are justified in regarding, as a calamity, the timber famine which now threatens—indeed, we may say which is coming upon us as certainly and as inevitably as Fate itself—can be realized only by a careful study of the reports of our government on its investigation of this subject; and by observing the condition of older nations



than ours, and the state to which the practice, or the disregard, of forestry has brought them.

Government statistics prove, with mathematical certainty, that within the next fifteen years our entire supply of available timber will have been all used, and that there is no other source to draw from. The data which has led to these conclusions is ample for their proof; indeed, every further step toward the investigation of our condition brings to our minds only more forcibly the fact: *that the next fifteen years will bring us face to face with a timber famine.*



YAGGY FOREST CATALPA POSTS PILED FOR SHIPMENT, TWO TIERS 8 FEET HIGH AND 175 FEET LONG.

That we will then be without a commodity which is absolutely essential to our well-being and to our progress, and for which there is no substitute, is proven conclusively by the fact that our various industries are now consuming annually twice as much wood as they consumed twenty years ago; and this despite the fact that every known substitute, such as steel, concrete, and stone, are now taking the place of wood where ever practicable.

Serious as this condition would be, the depletion of our forests means still more to us; without going into the causes and the reasons of such things, except to state that they are positive and natural, and proven over and over again; the depletion of our forests means: that our springs and rivers will at times be dry beds, and that again they will be madly rushing torrents carrying ruin and waste in their wake. It means destructive winds, and erratic changes of temperature; also drouths, and erosions to an extent that will render our fertile lands sterile and barren.

China's geographical location, her topography, and her natural resources are such that she should rank high as a nation. Today her teeming millions of population swarm over desolate, barren wastes, eking out the barest existence by methods and ways which the average man could not apply. Without a heart to break, without an ambition to strive for, perhaps the Chinaman's case is the most hopeless and pathetic of any, in this world. Compared to him, the savage inhabitant of the jungle enjoys paradise.

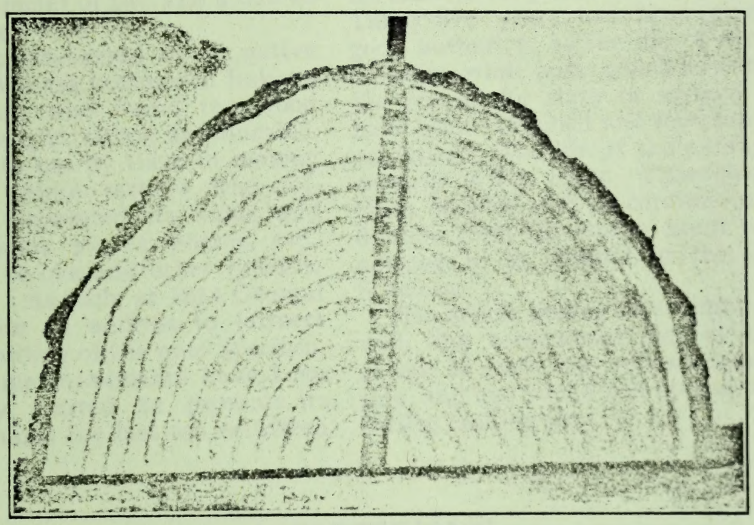
Ages ago, China's forests were depleted, even to the extent of grubbing out the bushes and shrubs; and today, only a few ornamental trees, and some few cedars and poplars, which sentiment and superstition have protected, remain.

Beside the benighted and poverty-striken China lies Japan, a nation whose

history is as old as her neighbors; whose population is as dense, whose people sprang from the same race, and whose natural advantages were not originally what China's were. Yet today, Japan is recognized as a leader among nations. Her name is the symbol of sunshine, prosperity, and achievement. Two thousand years ago—the earliest of any nation—Japan began the planting of trees and the conservation of her natural forests.

This is indeed an issue before the American people of today.

One man cannot meet it; a thousand men cannot repair the havoc wrought by millions; nor can they stay the tide of disaster which a million ruthless hands have rolled upon us; but a million patriotic Americans can, and will, meet this crisis as they have others in the past.



SECTION 16-YEAR-OLD CATALPA, DIAMETER, 22 INCHES.

THE REMEDY

That the people of the United States have brought themselves to this pass is due, no doubt, to the haste with which they have pushed onward in the march of progress; and, also, to their tendency to make the most of the present, leaving it to the next fellow to cope with whatever situation the future may bring. However, the time has come when we of the present generation occupy the position of the "next fellow," and it is up to us to cope with the situation.

The spirit of haste which has for a century been tending toward our undoing must now become the key-note of our salvation. What we must do, and do with all haste, is to plant trees until we have got something like one-fourth of our acres back into forest. This is about the acreage which government experts figure will be necessary to supply the needs of the future.

That we are bound for the next few years to suffer a part of the penalty which timber shortage entails, there is no escaping; but proper efforts can yet turn what appears a calamity into an ultimate benefit; inasmuch, as government experiments have proven that one acre can be made to grow as much commercial timber as grew on twenty acres of our original forests.

Nearly a century ago, such men as William Henry Harrison and John G. Whittier began advocating the planting of trees. The day has come however when we can no longer consult our choice in this matter, but when we must plant trees, and plant them in great numbers, or witness our nation's decline; and no true American will regard the latter as an alternative.

Naturally, the next question to concern us is: what tree is best suited to our needs?

The tree which solves the problem must of necessity embody several characteristics; such as rapid growth, utility, durability, reproduction, et cetera.

The one tree which seems best to answer every requirement, and on which we have never seen an adverse report, is the Catalpa Speciosa. This tree, however, must not be confounded with the different varieties of the soft catalpa, which are usualy of a low, irregular growth and of little commercial value.

The true Speciosa Catalpa is a straight upright grower of few branches, attaining a height of from seventy to one hundred feet, and a diameter of two and a half to three and a half feet.

It was first discovered in its native home in the Wabash bottoms of Indiana by the Indians who found the wood hardy, light weight, strong and durable, and first put to use by them in making canoes. The white settlers who followed them discovered its value and used it for posts, staves, boards, etc., in preference to oak and other valuable timber there. As early as 1814 General Harrison made an address to farmers urging the planting of the pure Speciosa. Since that time movements have been spasmodically started to promote its culture, but until the last ten or fifteen years, have been feeble. During the last-named era, however, the impending timber famine has caused the forestry question to be agitated widespread throughout the land. So to-day, in the lull before the threatening storm, the value of the true Speciosa is rapidly being discovered, and it is being planted by the thousands of acres from one coast to the other.

The rapidity of growth of the Catalpa Speciosa is remarkable often producing logs of from twelve to twenty inches in a dozen years. Its utility covers an immense range; in fact, it may be used for nearly everything from wagon timber to the finest of cabinet, or inside finishing work. As to its durability, there seems no limit to its power of resisting decay. Thirty-five years has been given, on good authority, as the life of a catalpa cross-tie; while posts which have been in the ground for sixty or seventy years, have been examined and found in sound condition. The life of the average oak cross-tie is five years. These characteristics, coupled with its continuous reproduction from the stump, seem to leave nothing to be desired in the Catalpa Speciosa.

This article makes no attempt to deal with the commercial side of forestry, except to state that it has a commercial side, and one which will appeal to every thrifty land-owner.

Reverie

Reverie is the Twilight Queen,
She reigns o'er Evening Fancies' dream,
Weaves misty veil of purest gold
From thread of Memories long grown old,
While dreams of Future's glory bright,
Give color to the fading light.

WILLIAM S. WASHER.

My Black Chum

By A. Southern

THE simple stories of George Washington and his little hatchet and "Abe" Lincoln splitting rails in the backwoods, have repeatedly gone the rounds of all classes of literature, and kindled the flames of ambition in the bosoms of "young America." The subject of the following narrative developed into one of the leading lights among the colored race of the South. Black? Well, George had a perfect charcoal complexion, and the hair kinked so tight on the top of his head that he couldn't bat his eyes; his nose was so flat that he had to put tar on his fingers in order to "git hold of it."

In the memorable year of 1860, my father's family moved from Georgia to Tennessee and lived temporarily in the "big house" with grandfather, George's "old mastah." The question of social equality had not entered my youthful mind. At the age of seven, George was an adventurer—one after my own heart—and this is why we became chums, after the manner of David and Jonathan. Aunt Fannie, the mother of George, gave me a voluminous history of her "dark-complected Chile" while taking me through a vigorous renovating process in the bath-room upon our arrival. My first demand was, a change from town togs to a home-made flax gown with a "drag string" instead of a necktie. After the consent of my mother, Aunt Fannie was equal to the occasion and I was soon made ready for the "Simple Life."

"Lis'n heah, George; she cautioned her ebony charge; Little Mastah aint usen to no big ribbahs, sliden off'n hay stacks, climb'n on de tops ob de bawns, swingin to de cows tails an' fight'n yallah jackets lack youse been doin, so lessen you keeps out'n all dat foolishness sumpins gwintah hap'n. Heah me?"

"Yethim", meekly answered George.

An uncontrollable tendency to partake of forbidden fruit has cursed the human race from Adam down to Carrie Nation. The representatives of the two races move in the regular line of succession.

Innocently and humbly we disappeared from Aunt Fannie's prayerful presence and were soon among the branches of the "striped apple-tree" eating luscious fruit and planning for future exploits.

"De big niggahs am mowin' down on de medder, whah da dun left de bum'l bees neses. Les make lack were gwine to wah, same lack de white folks gwintah do wid de Yankees up Nawth." This timely suggestion met with my hearty approval. Great men had gone and were still going into bloody battles without counting the cost. They were our examples, why not imitate them. Armed with crude weapons we were soon on the battle-field where the enemy's barracks were marked with bunches of timothy and clover. With the view of possessing a feeling of security, we selected a barricaded army of bumble-bees, situated near the "big Niggahs" who were hay-making. Our first blunder was a display of very poor military tactics. The enemy had been recently disturbed by the too near approach of the laborers,—the mowers, and hence they were restless, angry and ready to fight. We charged upon the enemy and they filled the air like swarms of cow-birds. Flax frocks were flying, arms and sticks were dangling through the raging ranks of the enemy. Z-z-z-zip, zip, came the fiery darts of mad bumble bees. We were mowing down the enemy but to our horror, the wounded ones were climbing our legs with spikes in their climbers. Finally George, under the fiery pressure of the heated attack from the enemy, went across the meadow, like a crow's shadow crossing a cornfield, howling "good Lord" at every jump. It looked as if the climbers had spikes to burn. From his heels to the small of his back, the

big bumble-bees were striking fast and furious with their sharp and poisoned-pointed bayonets. The retreating warrior made straight for the river and plunged into the water.

The enemy, still pursuing, buzzed in a circle over the water and when for want of breath, George's head appeared above the surface, zip, zip, the cruel demons shot him.

A solid head served him well, and soon the enemy withdrew and George came forth from his hiding place with "solemn tread"—one eye swollen shut—the inner underlip turned down and great welts on his person from base to summit. My poor little chum tried to smile but no facial expression of that smile appeared, for the cuticle on his face was swollen as tight as a drum-head.

"What fur dem bub'l bees leff you and stuck to me, little mastah? Kase I's a niggah and had de smell on me?"

The scene at the cabin upon the return of the defeated army was beyond description. George was laid up for repairs, while I devoted myself for the next few days, to the careful study of Military Tactics.

A Song for the Stout Heart

Whate'er betide, whate'er befall in this great world about
Come sun, come rain, come joy, come pain--
Let me not falter, nor like a coward soul cry out.
Let me not make moan, let me not complain,
Let still my heart be stout!

Whate'er befall, whate'er betide, let my strong courage alter not;
Whether I lose or whether I win, 'tis the same in the end:
But whatever my fate and whatever my lot,
Let me go dauntless and fearless to the road's last bend,
Let still my heart be stout!

F. L. Pinet.

Miss Jessie's Change of View

By Homer Montfort

THE little town of Barryville seemed very peaceable indeed as it lay like some great animal, sprawling in the June sunshine. The "Courier" office was no exceptional part. In the composing room the printer dreamily gazed alternately at his "copy" for the "greatest corn cure on earth," and the usual compliment of loungers on the public square. The "devil" stopped in his performance of roller washing to give chase to a large fly, the buzzing of which bid fair to soothe the entire composing room to sleep. In the sanctum, Miss Jessie, the editor, reporter, and business manager of the Courier, was making slow headway with an article on "The Evil of Spending Money Out of Our Own Town." She had just completed several strong points against the "foreign job printing evil," and was preparing to land a knock-out blow upon the circus, which "sweepeth down like a bird of prey, siezes the people's money in its great, greedy talons and soars away again," when there appeared in the doorway a handsome, well dressed young man, who upon perceiving the sex of the incumbent of the sanctum bowed profusely.

"Pardon me," said the man, "but I wish to see the editor."

"I am the editor," replied Miss Jessie, with a tinge of pride showing in her voice. "May I ask what you wish?"

"Certainly," replied the stranger, bowing a second time. "Bert Wells is my name, I am representing W— & W—'s Circus. I wish to arrange for advertising space in your paper."

Miss Jessie was not prepared for this announcement and it confused her. It is true she had been in command of the Courier only since her brother's election as County Clerk, and she had never before been in such close contactwith a real show man. This refined young man contrasted strangely with the half finished word picture, which lay on the desk, concerning the' 'Greedy Bird of Prey," and she began to wonder if after all she had not drawn a little too strongly upon her inflamed imagination for her article.

"How much space do you wish to occupy?" she said, quickly placing the manuscript in a drawer.

"About as much as I can secure," replied the showman. "We met with quite a misfortune. Our paper car has gone astray leaving us without anything with which to bill the towns. I understand your paper is issued on Friday. This will give the county folks an opportunity to read our ad in time to come to the show on Monday following. In the mean time I will run up the road a way and try to get some news of the derelict car, returning on show day."

Miss Jessie was in a quandary. Here was the "Greedy bird of prey," against which she had harbored such great enmity completely in her power. Surely providence had decreed it so. The Courier was the only paper that would answer the purpose, and if she refused to allow its columns for advertising it, the show must be a failure. A brilliant idea struck her. She would not refuse to carry the advertisement, but would make a price so high that it would be prohibitive.

"I would like a price on the entire front page, for one issue," added the agent.

After a moment's make-believe figuring Miss Jessie announced sternly that the entire front page of the Courier for one issue would cost the show $100.00, then she began searching in one of the desk drawers to hide her embarrassment; but straightened up startled when the agent quickly accepted her offer and at the same time placed a roll of bills to that amount upon the desk with the copy for the advertisement and abruptly bade her good-day.

The printer coming in after more copy saw the roll of bills and retreated to the composing room in a state of great excitement. The unfinished reform article remained unfinished in the drawer. Miss Jessie explained that there would not be room for it in the paper with the page ad.

Show day came and with it came people from every direction. They began to arrive with the rise of the sun. Long before time for the parade, the hitching posts on the square were crowded with all sorts of vehicles, and many were hitching in the outskirts of the town. The vender of the toy baloon was already making his presence known in a loud voice. "Buy an airship! You'll have to hurry! They'll soon be gone!" The red lemonade man seemed to be paying particular attention to business. Well filled lunch baskets, through the lids of which one could imagine that he saw large quantities of fried chicken, were deposited at various stores. Young swains in their "Sunday best" congregated together casting bashful glances at similar groups of the fairer sex. The farm wives, some with babies in arms, talked together in the stores, while the men discussed affairs of interest to their kind over cigars very awkwardly held. There was a prevading spirit of restlessness which grew more pronounced as the minutes passed. The Courier said the parade would start at 11 o'clock sharp; what could be the cause of the delay?

Miss Jessie watched with pride from the open window of the office, the living proof of the value of advertising space in the Courier. The printer and the devil, unable to pursue their labors, pocketed the complimentaries given them and melted into the gala crowd. Miss Jessie had decided not to attend the circus, and thus by her example, show the people that although the Courier did accept advertising from one, it did not sanction them.

A bugle call announced the approach of the great parade. There was a lively scurrying and crowding for places of vantage to view the spectacle.

First came the bugler in red tights and gold braid, mounted on a large white horse, followed by a pair of beautiful black stallions drawing a brilliant trap. Miss Jessie glanced at the occupants of the rig and to her surprise and confusion her eyes met those of the agent. It was only for an instant, but it made her feel very strange. She knew that she was blushing. Her brother came in to ask her to go to the circus with him, just as the band struck up a lively air. She gave way to the temptation and consented to go, quieting her conscience with the idea that it would give her an opportunity to get points for her unfinished article, Of course she had no desire to see that showman again. How ridiculous; yet, she was strangely lighthearted. It was just the spirit of the occasion, nothing more.

"By the way, Jessie," said her brother, "I very unexpectedly met an old college friend to-day. He is a fine fellow and I know you would like him. I invited him to take supper with us this evening and he is coming. You may be surprised when you learn his present occupation, but it's only a lark with him. He comes of a good family and is well fixed."

After the parade had passed and the last dying echo of the calliope had fled, the lunch baskets were brought forth and their sumptuous contents arranged upon white cloths on the grass of the court house lawn, and food was devoured hastily, that none of the features of the day be missed.

Miss Jessie returned to her work on the unfinished article, but if progress had been slow before, it now seemed effectively blocked. The handsome face and honest eyes of the genteel showman kept passing between her and her writing, and, somehow, she seemed to have changed her views on some things. The article seemed badly over drawn, and after all, the people seemed to look upon circus day as a big event, rather than a calamity, and why should the Courier stand out against that which met with public favor. She rolled the manuscript, placed it in a pigeon-hole and left the office.

Miss Jessie took great pride in her ability at self control on state occasions and it annoyed her to notice that her heart beat a little faster that evening upon the arrival to dinner of her

brother's friend, in the person of whom she recognized the handsome showman. She did not betray it. She was secretly glad that he was not an ordinary showman, and felt sure that she would have k n o w n as much without her brother having told her.

After dinner the little party adjourned to the circus grounds. Miss Jessie and Wells brought up the rear as they strolled through the menagerie. Suddenly there was a shout of warning, and Wells turned just in time to see one of the elephants, maddened by the pranks of some boys, snap his chains and make for the crowd.

Miss Jessie stood directly in front of him. Wells recognized the peril of the situation and instantly threw himself between her and the beast. The next instant he felt the great trunk wrap about him and he was lifted into the air and dashed to the ground.

When Wells regained consciousness he was lying in bed in a cool, cheerful room. His head ached, and when he attempted to move sharp pains caused him to moan piteously. In answer to this appeal the door opened and Miss Jessie entered, bearing a tray and tureen steaming with broth.

"I anticipated your waking," she said, "and prepared some toast and broth for you. You certainly had a very narrow escape from death last night, Mr. Wells. The doctor says you must remain quiet for at least two weeks. It was, indeed, noble of you to risk your life for me. I will endeavor partially to repay you by being your nurse at least a part of the time."

She looked so bewitching in her simple morning gown that Wells thought he would gladly risk his life every day for the pleasure of having such a nurse. She read to him and put in all of the time she could spare from her "editorial duties" in patiently seeing to his needs. The days passed swiftly by for Wells.

One evening after he was able to go about on crutches, Wells hobbled to the summer house where he found Miss Jessie arranging flowers. Seating himself near, he watched her eagerly. After she had placed a few fresh rose buds in an old-fashioned vase she sat down beside him, merely to view her work from his point of view—as she explained—and to get his opinion as to her artistic ability. Wells was not thinking so much of the roses. His mind was dwelling heavily upon, as he thought, a more important subject. He began abruptly but earnestly: "Miss Jessie I have concluded to quit the show business. I have been talking it over with your brother and have decided to buy the Courier and endeavor to make a success by devoting my life to newspaper work."

"And so," said Miss Jessie, looking up sharply, "I am to be sold out of my editorship without a yea or nay in the matter."

"No, No, far from that, returned Wells. "Jessie!" and his voice was a trifle husky with emotion. "I love you. I have learned to know you as the dearest, truest and most worthy woman in the world. I want you for my partner in business, and for life."

The last rays of the setting sun glinted her auburn hair as her head rested upon his shoulder.

"'Scuse me, Marse Bert," said old John, the gardener, grinning, "Heah's yo'ah cretches. I found 'em in de summah house, sah. Yas sah."

Municipal Patriotism

By Thomas Parry, D. D.

TO a great extent, the American cities of today are controlled by selfish and dishonest men. Self-rule has been denied to most of our cities by jealous legislatures. We cannot boast of being a free people when self-government is denied to the cities. When new conditions or emergencies occur, it becomes necessary to appeal to the legislature for extension of power. But that grant of power is often given grudgingly, restricted or peremptorily refused.

Some of our western states give cities home rule, but east of the Mississippi, Michigan is the only state that has that privilege. A city such as Chicago is often humiliated by base and ignorant legislators. We boast of our liberty, but we are almost a nation of undemocratic slaves. Our cities in many instances are managed by political demagogues and grafters.

The reason of this debasement in city government is due to the criminal negligence of our voters. It is a strange freak of our citizenship that the average voter considers city government beneath his or her notice. In national politics, as a rule, we assert our personal sovereignty and private judgment. We also give some attention to the machine politics of our state affairs, but to our disgrace, we will have very little to do with the government of our cities. The voter, as a voter, seems insanely indifferent to prevent the grossest abuses that are often inflicted on his home and city.

Sometimes a city council will spend weeks in a deadlock over the appointment of two or three policemen. There will be counter deals and diplomatic ingenuity enough to run the government of a nation, but not with profit enough to pay for the control of a kindergarten. What maneuvers are executed in respect to the fire department, the board of health, or of education and of the public works! Time and money are consumed in discords and factional newspaper wrangling—each man playing for personal advantage at the expense of the public. The taxes go to provide a livelihood for incompetent officials whose service is shamefully inefficient, the putrescence of ignorance and selfishness.

Why should not voters demand men who can reason and think and have an intelligent opinion on the affairs of social science and city customs. Are not the interests of the city fundamental to that of the nation? Is the control of our homes and society less worthy of watchfulness than that of state legislature? But here is our national curse; a defective municipal conscience and a people irresponsible in respect for city government. When men do undertake to battle against the abuses of city government, they are looked upon by their friends as odd people, people with "wheels in their heads," who are hated by the officers in power. They are denied the cordial sympathy of their fellow citizens. If they make a mistake, they are laughed at, and when they succeed, they are received with incredulity. As a rule, we are municipal traitors. In great emergencies or calamity, we doubtless will sacrifice the dearest things we have in the interest of our cities, but rarely do we think that we should daily live for its prosperity. If it is "noble to die for one's country," it is certainly noble to defend our homes and society from the pestilence of thieves and misdeeds of ignorant men.

As the guardians of public interests and the purity of national life, we can do no better service than training the people in municipal patriotism. A republic will not long endure ruled by political bosses, or a political oligarchy. Sovereignty is the heritage of a free people, and if they fail to exercise it, they will sink into the vortex of anarchy.

THE IMPORTANCE OF THE CITY

The ancient Jews were enthusiastic lovers of their cities. Jeremiah told the Jews to "seek the peace of the city whither I have caused you to be carried away captive, and pray unto Jehovah for it." In its peace they would have contentment. But these very captives said, "If I forget thee, O Jerusalem, let my right hand forget her skill. Let my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth, if I remember not thee; if I prefer not Jerusalem above my chief joy."

The cities controlled the nations. Babylon dominated the whole eastern country, and in the city built on the Tiber the Romans centered their affections and pride. The people of Attica made Athens "the eye of Greece, the mother of art and of eloquence." That city was the center of Greek civilization, its culture, its learning and influence. As a rule, the city gives birth to great thinkers. The age of Pericles and Phidias was the glory of the nation, while Petrarch and Raphael stimulated Italian commerce. City wealth raised Venice from the bosom of the deep and converted the unhealthy swamps of Holland into homes of literature, science and art.

In early history, the cities first received Christianity; the villages were pagan and the country heathen. In the Netherlands, it was the large towns that caught first the sixteenth century revival, and so, Europe got its liberty through the cities. Municipal patriotism is the father of our own Independence. The town meetings, such as those of Boston, aroused the people of America to be free. So also, the cities of Athens, of Florence, of Ghent, of Burges, of Layden, of Amsterdam, of Antwerp and Geneva kindled the intellectual life of the past centuries, and gave law its supremacy and emancipated the commerce of the nations.

The chief interest of America is gold, and we are so eager in getting it that we do not watch the thieves who pick our pockets. When an American sees anything that is grand, his first question is, "How much did it cost? "It is not so among Europeans. The Venetian merchant has his first pride in the Cathedral of St. Mark and the palaces on the Grand Canal. The Florentine grows eloquent over the bell-tower of Gitto and the portals of the Baptistry; the Persian extols his new capital; and the Scotchman cries, "All hail Edina, Scotia's Darling Seat." He is proud of his Glasgow as the best governed city in Europe.

We, in respect to city government, have fallen from grace. What is our idea of a city? A place where men congregate, build houses and workshops—a place of magnificent temples and a board of trade, the one to feed pride and the other for business. Our idea of a city is a place where ware-rooms line dirty streets, and the poor people crowded together in garrets with stench and dim light, amidst the very breeding places of disease. The rich live in beautiful mansions on broad squares near vast slaughter-houses and extended slums where the air they must breathe is tarnished with foulness. This is our idea of a city and its government we commit to rascally grafters.

The latin word "Civitas" and the Greek word "Polis" have a noble meaning, a thought replete with the elements of character. The city was intended as a place where the virtues of the fatherland were to be nursed, where the heart and the conscience were to be supreme, where patriotism was evoked and social improvement with liberty were nourished. But in the government of our cities, we take no pride, and their officers, as a rule, we detest.

Our national patriotism is a Goliath, terrible in strength, but it sucks dry the breast of our municipal responsibility. We brag about our cities as centers of thriving business, but their government is in the hands of boodlers who are more notorious than Robin Hood, or the Robber Barons or the pirates of the Middle Ages.

POLITICAL FEUDALISM

That our cities are corrupt and degenerate is due to feudalism in politics. The henchmen of government sell their conscience and liberty to the political boss. He is selfish and irresponsible and demands immoral obedience from his servants. This feudal system was

introduced into England by William the Conqueror, who gave his knights the richest spoils of Europe, and they in turn placed their hands in his, swearing to do his will if given the spoils of victory. From this was born military service, socage, lords-paramount, vassals, liegemen, the great barons, special privileges, hereditary aristocracy, and above all the loss of the people's liberty. This system was in power until the conscience of Europe was enlightened by the great reformation, and was overthrown by Cromwell at Marston Moor and Nasby. In this country, it grew until Washington crushed it at Yorktown.

But now this feudalism is supreme in our cities. We have our lords paramount, political bosses, and to our shame, they are the lords of corporations, distilleries, breweries, and saloons. Behind them is the "ward heeler" with an army of thugs, bartenders and the overseers of lewd houses.

In many of our political conventions, the majority composing them are from the cities appointed by political bosses, and all hoping to win favor from their liege lords. Such an assembly is an instrument of tyranny and rascality, but they all talk in the name of the people, while planning to burglarize and take from the people every coin that can be extracted and every shred of liberty they possess.

In a recent convention, three states were represented by one man each; all the delegates had no opinions, but were minions of their lord. In a certain state convention, the boss owned the majority of the delegates--he had elected them, paid their expenses and his autocratic authority defeated the will of the people. In another convention, a man of noble brain power and character, was in the lead on the first two ballots, but the third ballot, the political boss two hundred miles away telegraphed to his friends, "I think you better go to Smith on this ballot," and the whole delegation obeyed and Smith was elected. In another case the boss saw that he was about to be defeated when instantly he called out the name of an unknown man and ordered his servants to nominate him. He was elected. Oh what fools are we to think that we are freemen!

With such servility, come bribes, theft and murder. In New York City, the police captain, in the criminal districts, paid Tammany leaders $18,000 for each appointment and received $25,000 a year thereafter from protected criminals. A city boss sent a letter to a legislature, which read thus: "I do not want you to vote for that bill, or any other bill on that subject." In another state, an office was stolen and resulted in robbery and murder. From a great corporation, a bill was presented to the legislature. The political leader sent back word that the bill could be passed by the House getting $40,000, the Senate $40,000 and $20,000 for the men near the governor. Here is a very wealthy man who wants to be a Senator. His unclean record is known to the legislators. He had deserted his wife and family, was a thief, had changed his name and had married again. He went to the Senate and to the penitentiary, and when he came out of his confinement, his henchmen determined to send him back to the Senate. What hope is there for righteousness under such conditions?

Men often become politicians after failing in all other occupations. A young woman said: "Father has been a great shame to us, but as soon as he comes out of the work-house, we have a good political position for him where he won't have to do anything." He was in city politics and that is a fair example of a city councilman. The bosses keep them out of the jail that they may feed on the people. What chance is there for an honest man in city politics? The man with the longest check rules. In a prominent city, 27,000 fraudulent votes were cast, and only two obscure men were punished; the leading criminals went free. Sixty officers were elected thus by fraud. This city feudalism is an awful calamity. As one man said, "A single corrupt vote may strike down a free government."

The country is pouring into the city and the city is becoming the Maelstrom in whose vortex the moral strength of the nation is swirling. Under corrupt police force and grafting councilmen, humanity is festering. In the cities

are the rookeries filled with political scavengers who defend drunkenness, thieves, and the mutilation of human souls. From them come the riots which sweep the marts of commerce and pull down the temple of civilization to the dust. In San Francisco, the earthquake was not so great a scourge as the moral corruption of the city government. As from a crater of a volcano, a whiff of smoke often tells us the hidden powers of evil working under the surface of society. In great cities we have seen the whiff, years before the streams of hot lava flow over the state. Often we have seen the incubators of gamblers shielded by selfish politicians, and the saloon and immorality fortified by the servants of the people, who are turned into man-eating sharks, and the city government becoming a catering house for cannibals. Councilmen let contracts for city works and over their own work select their own inspectors. How often have such men, as legislators, defeated the progress and prosperity of a city! How can commerce become a science and business a fine art? How can a man who is not devoted to commerce and labor create laws to govern our industries? As Richard Cobden said, "The temptations in business are so great that it demands the highest type of conscience, the clearest brain and the most genuine manhood that can be enlisted.

REDEMPTION OF THE CITIES

There is a remedy in city government by commission. When the whole city votes for each officer, it is fair to believe that the best men will be elected. You can hit a lion easier than you can hit a rat. A mayor and the chief commissioners are more conspicuous than a ward heeler, or the sneak thief that works in the dark. It is easier to watch one giant than a brood of pigmies. A mayor and five or six commissioners are under the eye of the whole city, not so with the ward councilman. Let the city choose righteous commissioners and the barnacles of fawning servility will be sloughed off. Thus, while you cannot legislate brains into men's heads, you can, by electing trustworthy prominent men, curb the special privileges of the selfish herd from putting their hands into your pockets.

But to carry out this commission government, we need Municipal Patriotism. As in the interest of the nation, we need to arouse the sturdy courage of the people to have like interest in city life. Men and women are guilty of being indifferent respecting city government. In this they have fallen into decrepid, moral degeneracy, and need to have municipal patriotism to be re-engrafted into their personal character. In city life, we have handed our crosses for others to bear, but we have seen to our disgrace that cross-bearing by proxy never wins a crown. To get in earnest, after election will never save the city. The foolishness of yesterday's carelessness will not cure the regrets of to-day. Neglect patriotic earnestness at the polls and you are lost. Men who talk of being willing to die for their country are too lazy to vote. After election, when they are lying on beds of thorns, they whine and moan about the wickedness of the city.

RIGHT THEORY AND FOUL PRACTICE

Our theory is correct, but we are sinners in practice. The people go to the polls at the primary elections and choose their delegates or city candidates; those delegates meet and by ballot, decide upon the nomination, and then the nominees of all the parties are voted upon by the people. This is ideal; the final nomination is the result of unrestrained wisdom and the conscience of the people. But having this instrument, we act like ingrates—the voters that should go to the polls stay at home. We growl and clamor against mayor and alderman, but when it is in our power to screen ourselves against maladministration, we do not lift a hand. We let the blood of the poor be coined into fortunes and the city is cursed at the door of society through indifferent morbid negligence.

In our cities, we have civic federations, commercial clubs, citizen's leagues and not a few city missionaries who make a vigorous fight against filth, depravity and the lecherous who feed on virtue. But the average Christian is not at the post of his duty. On election days, our

leading women crowd amusement clubs, and let the women of shady character and scroundrels go to the polls to elect officers in whose hands are our property and much of the virtue of our homes. Our men trifle with sacred trusts, and as a train dispatcher, sometimes forget our city government switches off on the wrong track and into destruction. What shame and criminality in this shirking of duty.

The scramble for riches, the shouts of greed stun the conscience and scheming dishonesty clogs righteousness. We need a fearless John the Baptist to call men out of their selfishness and scotch the suckers of city government. We are inviting decay into our heritage. One day canvassing for voters against an open saloon, I was appalled by the indifference of our citizens. Our depravity was clearly in evidence. Laws cannot execute themselves; men and women must show their sovereign power. Keep off bacteria and you will not invite consumption. Years ago, De Tocquiville warned us that through the political corruption of our cities, our freedom will ever be in danger. We are today witnessing his predictions.

GOOD MEN THE DEFENSE OF NATIONS

When Elisha was fallen sick, King Joash went to him and wept over him and said, "O my father, the chariot of Irsael and the horsemen thereof." Here we see the personal worth of a righteous man. He was worth thousands of average citizens. We have good laws, but we need good men to execute them. What the Christian Legion was to the Roman army, the Batavian, the Huguenots and the Puritan in their armies, so is the righteous statesman to the people or the United States. His character is a fortress to a city and state.

Without virtue, what are armies? What are treasures? What are laws? When statesmen were vicious, what could the throne of Augustus do? What could the laws of Solomon do? What could the arts and literature of Greece do? What could the intellect of Elizabeth's reign do? Nothing but a righteous character can withstand the inroads of falsehood, bribery, fraud, and treachery. Who saved Israel? The prophet. Who saved Jerusalem? Nehemiah. Who saved the United States Congress in its greatest peril? John Quincy Adams. Who saved the unity of this nation? Lincoln. We must get righteous politicians, or rottenness will eat up our cities.

Rome was more despotic as a republic than as a monarchy, because of corrupt politicians. What is the use of trial by jury, if Jeffreys is judge? What is the ballot worth, if officials are the tools of bosses? If our laws were as chaste as Caesar's wife, they would be worthless, if Nero is to execute them. Reason, eternal truth and the conscience of the people call for righteousness in government. Self-interested men will sell our prosperity to corporations, and if rebuked, will defy us, saying as has been said, "The people be damned;" "Let the people eat straw." Men without trust in God cannot be trusted. Men who get their wages from the devil will not be good servants of saints. The spoil system has itchy fingers, and feeds at the public crib.

We need a quickening of patriotic love for our cities. When Dante, the Florentine patriot was in exile, he loved his Arno, the city of lily loveliness. He mourned its fierce factions, which panther-like were destroying its progress and filling it with sorrow.

EDUCATED OFFICERS

Every American should be in politics, not in office, but on guard. Political duty should be taught in the public schools and from the pulpit. We should teach the children to stand against impurity in city office, as we teach them against throwing filth and garbage into the street.

We need to establish civil service with permanent tenure and assured promotion with faithful work. As it is now, with every change of government, thousands of experienced men are dismissed without cause and are stranded. England trains her men for public office. In her Colonial office are twenty-four men, every one a graduate of Oxford or Cambridge. They are retained in office at good salaries until superanuated, and they handle correctly the business of the empire. With us, how

different! Our public men rise for a moment and then disappear. Great embassies and missions are bestowed as the spoil of victory, and often on men who are too small and weak to bear the honor. There is one exception—our embassador to England must be the most eminent man the republic can secure. And in New York, when that state seeks men to represent the state, it selects men of character and of intellectual strength, such as the governors Odel and Hughes. They understand practical politics, are able administrators, have honest manhood, stand fearlessly against dictation and often put to flight political bosses. But the disgrace of the city administration is fearful. The dead conscience with greed has ruled. So also our national government is quite free from corruption, because our executive powers are in the hands of responsible men.

When Cromwell was Protector of England, he directed the professors of the Universities to mark the men of talent that they might be commended for public stations. He found out the men of merit and rewarded them. His descendants founded Yale College that the youth of the land might be instructed in the arts and sciences and through the blessing of Almighty God, might be fitted for public employment in church and civil state. Thus we have examples that we ought to imitate.

NEED OF AN AWAKENED CONSCIENCE IN CITY GOVERNMENT

If we are to put out of business the sneak liquor seller, the alderman or councilman who tramples on law, who uses his office to feed his greed; if we are to put cheating, short weights, short counts and inferior qualities and the rogues who reduce prevarication to a system, in our stores and shops, the sovereignty of the people must be aroused to seek honest executives who will do justice to the people. Why need we murmur over nuisances and dishonesty, when it is in our power to pluck them out by the root. In our city life, we are not to flirt with the scullions of rascality.

When righteousness is once aroused, the feelings of a city are quickly stirred. We are not a herd moving with the stupid instincts of an animal, but are a sensitive mass, quick to respond to patriotic thought and action. Every man and woman is an unit in this nervous body. Every one has influence, can shine to give justice light, or by an evil intention thicken the darkness. Virtue is power, morbid indifference is a signal of danger. We need a revival of the old Greek spirit which compelled the servants of the people to be honest. We need municipal pride to work out noble examples for the coming generations. If we are to be a power for good we must establish righteous civilization, open up the realms of noble thoughts, quicken the aesthetic nature, build the arts and science, unfold the genius of the beautiful and strengthen moral and religious life. If we are to foster self-preservation, we must put misery, grief, dissappointment, shame, suspicion and hate with duplicity in trade, to the minimum of their influence. We must be guards for the innocent, quench ignorance and set up honesty in our city government and in trade to be recognized as a business asset.

There is something of God in every business of life. There is no menial task. The righteous legislator ministers happiness to his constituents; the guardian of pure food nourishes healthy manhood, his office is as sacred as he who writes soul-strengthening books, or delivers sermons to create a sturdy character, or paints spiritual pictures to fill the mind with grand thoughts. There is reciprocity between the physical and the spiritual. We change our neighbors and children by the environment of good government, by trustworthy men in city offices, by intelligence and devotion giving safety to the weak and thoughtless. As guardians and voters we are in a very sacred business.

Greece achieved imperishable glory in art, literature and war while her cities were dear to the heart of her statesmen, but when they forgot the honor of their cities, then fell Sparta and Athens, and their glory trailed in the dust. Lucius told imperial Rome that true manhood was her chief jewel, but Rome succumed to luxury and vice and the Pretorian Guard took to itself her

authority and degenerated politicians sold her possessions to the highest bidder. But to a great extent the integrity of England bred righteous men, established liberty on three continents and made her children jealous of a pure strong government.

There is no burden too great for America when her citizens are on guard. When her people exercise their prerogatives, they are a sovereign power, able to control the boss and give the people good government. Therefore, let us watch our candidates; be at the primaries; vote honestly; put down the malefactor in office; vote for character and pure environments and that regardless of party lines.

BRAIN AND CHARACTER ENHANCE OUR CITIES

When you travel, why do you go to the Hague? Because there are the works of Rembrant, of Gerard Dou, of Paul Potter and other masters of the Netherlands. You go to Amsterdam because of its magnificent museum, bewildering and enchanting, glorified by the thoughts of genius. You go to St. Petersburg, because there is the storehouse of the highest treasures of thought, and then you hurry to Dresden, for there you expect the inspiration of lovliness, and the thought which the ages gathered to captivate your soul. Why do Americans from the Pacific to the Atlantic seek the British Museum, the national Gallery and the Louvre of Paris? Why do they go to see the house of Sir Walter Scott and Shakespeare, or the treasures of Raphael, Corregio, Millet, and Preton? They go to see the powers of brains inspired of God in the past and to feel the possibilities of the future. Brains with God in them make cities worth seeing. A poet standing within the walls of a Norman Cathedral sang:

"I look around on the windows, the pride of France,
Each the bright gift of some mechanic guild,
Who loved their city and thought gold well spent,
To make her beautiful with piety."

RIGHTEOUSNESS EXALTETH A NATION

We may be rich in the arts and sciences, but unless manhood is regenerated into the spirit of righteousness, it will collapse. Art did not save Greece, nor did her great literature. Philosophers and physical strength did not save Rome. Stalwartness of brain power without morality is like a gold ring in the snout of a sow. External and mental culture is a beautiful millinery decoration to the outward man, but without Christ-thoughts ruling the consicence, there is nothing for us to hope but deterioration.

How inconsistent we are? People are very zealous for having individual communion cup in the sacrament of the church, but these very people will drink at the town pump from the public cup. Parents love their children and guard them against the contaminations of the vulgar poor, then at home teach them things that will turn them to be Christless and gamblers. Yea, these dear parents will stay at home on election day and allow the immoral to elect the sneak thief and the lecherous, to be the public guardians of their city and to breed in secret places villiany and the obscene.

We send missionaries to the heathen and to country districts, and right at our door, in the same block with us, are more heathen than we can find in the radius of twenty miles. Country girls come to our cities and are soon morally stranded, and boys are in a few days stripped of all their moral and religious training. As churches, we are too much playing at religion. We are too much swallowed up with selfishness and pleasures. As Beecher said, "What is the use to pray cream and live skim milk." Our uncaptivated opportunities are many. God's orchards are loaded with the Rambo, Northern Spy, and Jonathan and Wine-Sap, but right under these very trees, we are living on moral crab-apples. When the inhabitants of a street are very bad, the church commits that street to the police and detectives. The Vatican at Rome has three billions worth of property, but outside in its vicinity is the most abject poverty and misery. The majestic Cathedral of Cologne is the pride of the people, but around it is gaunt ignorance and depravity. Victor Hugo has described Notre Dame in Paris in all its glory, but gives us a clue into the infamous sunken depravity of

the people. This is not alone the crime of Cathedrals, but almost all of our churches. We need to convert our luxuries into usefulness. Cromwell had the true idea. When he came to power, he ordered the twelve silver apostles in one of the Cathedrals to be taken down, melted, and coined, that they might become missionaries. In the shadow of our sky scrapers, squalor and wretchedness breed like scum on a dead pool. More unselfish missionary spirit is needed. Our President has well said, "The law of worthy life is mentally the law of strife. It is only through labor and painful effort, by grim energy and resolute courage that we move on to better things." Macaulay in his essay on Machiavelle was inspired to say that Florence and Cologne would be aroused and resume the cry, "The people! The People! And death to the tyrant." If we believe in the justice of God, that day will come into our cities. The making of people will be greater than the making of fortunes.

Ye citizens of America, how are we to make sure this republic? How are we to redeem the people from a life of immorality, filth and ignorance? How can we be delivered from selfish political bosses? How are we to be free from bribery, corruption, brutality, violence and fawning servility of vassal conventions? We are to study our city problems, get a sublime passion in Municipal Patriotism and get a high chivalrous sense of justice to speak out plainly and act for the interests of the people. Our sloven thoughts regarding the interests of our cities have invited the snares which shackled our progress. Eternal vigilance is the price, not only of liberty, but of business and of character. If we could have an enlightened conscience on this subject, men and women would become responsible. They would be at the polls on election day and cast an honest vote for honest men and corruption in office would cease. It is with the people to elect public servants capable of doing public business.

If we could be courageous enough to exercise the right of sufferage, business men would not fear the political leader, or the boycott of intriguers; the press would be fearless in exposing public wrongs; the newspaper would arouse faithfulness in citizens; the bankers would know what was being done and money would be forthcoming to foster industries, and cosmic consciousness would be enthused in every noble enterprise. Our delegates and officials would understand that they are the representatives and not the masters of the people.

Today, the people are snubbed, cajoled and trifled with because voters are too lazy and indifferent to exercise their sovereignty. "The fault, dear Brutus, is not in our stars, but in ourselves that we are underlings." The people are not counted because their votes are not registered. If they could once become alive to their responsibility they would stifle any machine bent on corruption. We must sacrifice our selfishness. "No flower can bloom in Paradise which is not transplanted from Gethsemane." Put selfishness on the altar and manhood will grow. If we would strike off our political fetters and pluck out of the official heart the hope of graft, we will stand on economic reasons and bring forth the American character to be the genius of activity, energetic in enterprises and its heart will glow with the love of mankind. Bragging about our liberty will not take our feet from the shackles.

For the American people, there are greater victories than were won at Marston Moor or Yorktown. Yea, our victories will excel the "Fifteen Great Battles of the World." Ours is the victory of personal liberty, of righteousness in city government, of taking the sucking power from political leaches, of purging society from drunkenness and leachery, of making domestic life secure and happy, of bringing peace among the nations, of setting example of noble morality in respect to law and order, of enobling humanity by the gospel of Christ and of being an ensign to the world as a mighty nation walking in the paths of justice and peace.

America is fitted to be God's embassador to the world. Let Municipal Patriotism be a torchlight before your conscience. Let our earnestness become white heat, and our interest in our fellow men be a burning sincerity. As in the athlete, muscles lying inactive

will soon shrink and shrivel. If traitors are made to stand before the law, there will be no successful villainy. To overcome evil, goodness must have a brawny arm, and must be patient with fools and stupidity. A languid low tone in Christian life never masters anything. The blood and iron of truth must be in our veins.

To be victorious in the noblest sense, our conscience must face the mirror of God's law; we must have convictions of His sovereignty; we must unfurl the banner of righteousness to the breeze and wield the arm of prayer as the sword of the Spirit. Oh, let the gleaming blade of personal responsibility flash lightning before the stupid conscience of nerveless Christians. Hail to the day of Municipal Patriotism!

The Flowers You Loved

Now the fields are russet and gold, sweetheart,
And the leaves are yellow, and red,
And the pretty flowers you loved, sweetheart,
Are withered, and faded and dead.

A few sun-flowers remain, dear,
By love-vines' tendrils tied,
And the golden rod is watching,
On the hill where the lily died:

But the mignonette, and the violet,
And the sweet for-get-me-not,
And the blue-bell and the hair-bell,
That smiled when the sun was hot;

And the moon-flower, and the may-flower,
And laughing marguerite,
And the saucy butter-cup, dear,
That I gathered at your feet;

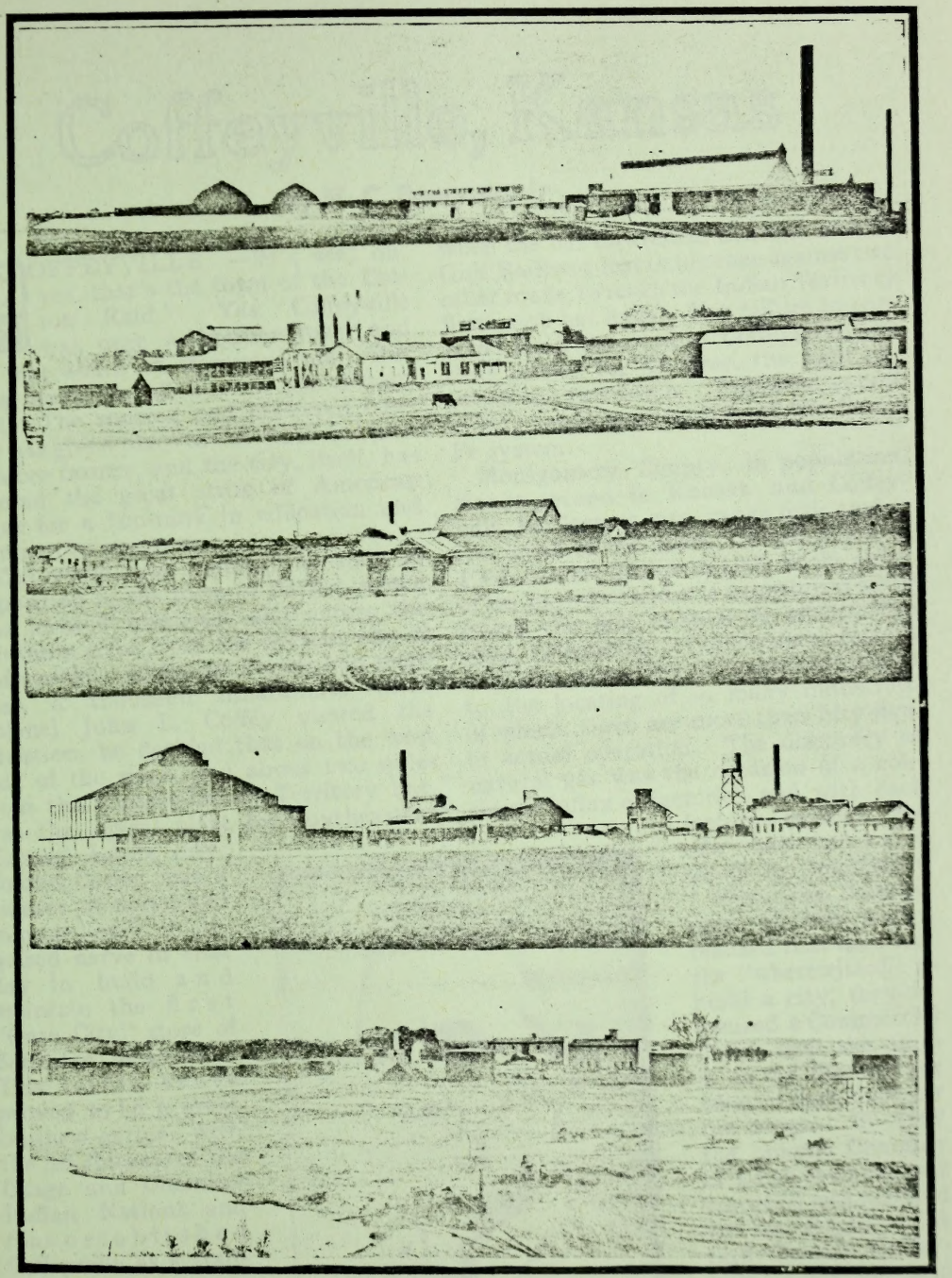
All these are withered, and gone, dear,
The flowers you loved, last June!
Just their hardy companions are lingering, here,
And they will follow soon;

For the fields are russet and gold, sweetheart,
And the leaves are yellow, and red,
And the pretty flowers you loved, sweetheart,
Are withered, and faded and dead.

Copyright applied for.

ED. W. WINN.





COFFEYVILLE INDUSTRIES

Reading downward: Mason Fruit Jar Factory; Ozark Zinc Smelter;
Shale Brick Co.; North Star Strawboard Mfg. Co.;
National Oil Refinery.

Coffeyville, Kansas

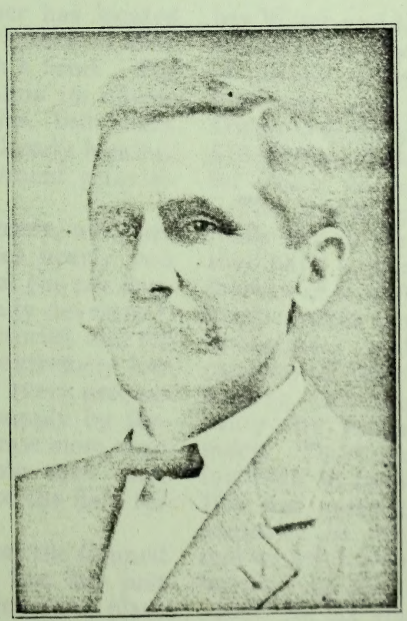
By H. C. Bergman, Jr.

COFFEYVILLE, —let's see; oh, yes, that's the town of the Dalton Raid." Yes, Coffeyville was once a frontier town and had her share of strenuous life. But those days are all now in the distant past. The spurred and holstered cowboy has given place to the quiet and progressive farmer, and the city, itself, has entered the great strife of American cities for a top-rank in education and commercial progress.

Coffeyville was founded in 1869 in opposition to the town of Parker, which was located southeast and across the Verdigris river from the present site of Coffeyville. Although Parker had more than a thousand inhabitants when Colonel John L. Coffey viewed the situation, he decided that on the west side of the river, and about two miles from the Kansas-Indian Territory line, was the logical place for Southeastern Kansas' future city. Colonel Coffey was a pioneer of nerve and courage, and it required nerve in that day to build and maintain the first "Gate City" store of Southern Kansas. This little store proved to be a great business-getter with the inhabitants of the Osage and Cherokee Indian Nations and thus established Coffeyville as a trading and jobbing center. Even to-day these people look upon Coffeyville as their "City."

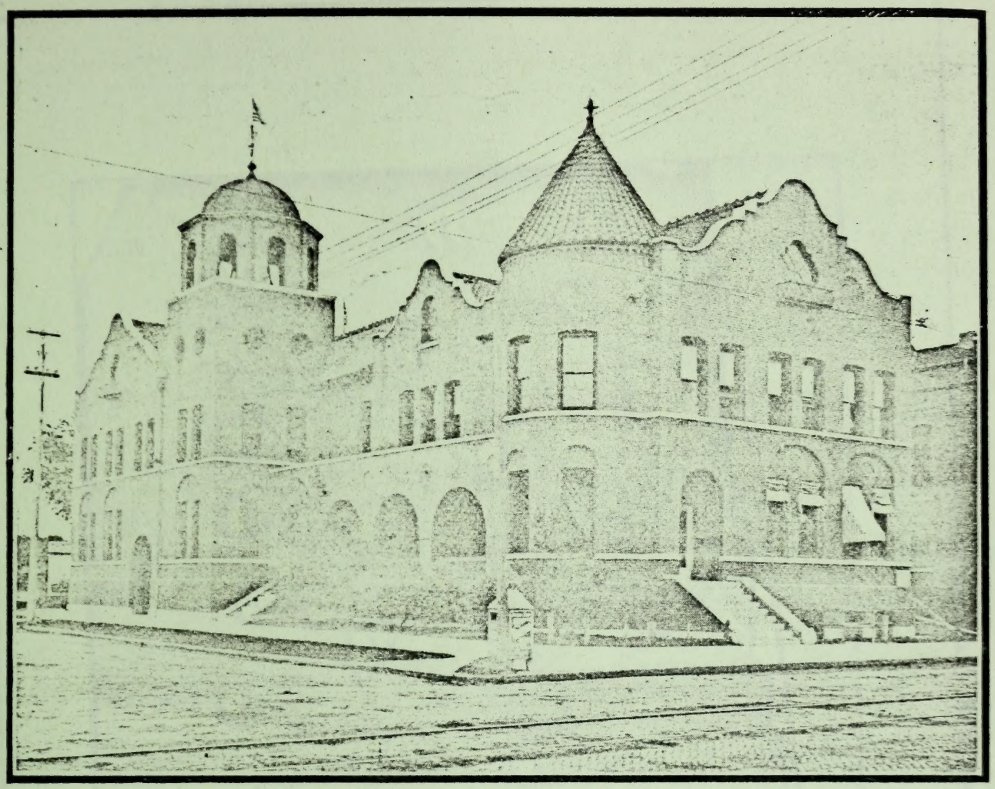
But the first real victory of the town was three years later, when the old Lawrence, Leavenworth & Gulf Railroad lost in her race against two other roads, to reach the Indian Territory first, with her lines. Her failure to win, terminated the road at Coffeyville, and thus settled for all time, the fight between the two towns. This road is now a very important branch of the Santa Fe system.

Montgomery County, in population, stands second in Kansas, and Coffeyville, her largest city, ranks fifth among the cities of the state. From 5,048 in 1900, to over 20,000 in 1909, is the story of her growth—and it is a continued story where the last chapter is always the most interesting Coffeyville's growth was not caused by a boom, but is due to the locating of so many industries, of which, there are more than fifty-five, in actual operation. The discovery of natural gas was the occasion of a continued influx of factories, and with each factory located, the city has taken a stride in population.



GEO. J. PFISTER, President
Coffeyville Chamber of Commerce

When the business men of the town realized that they had the "wherewithal" to build a city, they organized a Commercial Club, and the Club is to be thanked for what it has done for the town. In 1907 the present Chamber of Commerce was launched and adopted for its slogan: "A Still Greater Coffeyville." The first step toward the accomplishing of this was the raising of a $100,000 bonus fund for immediate use in locating factories.



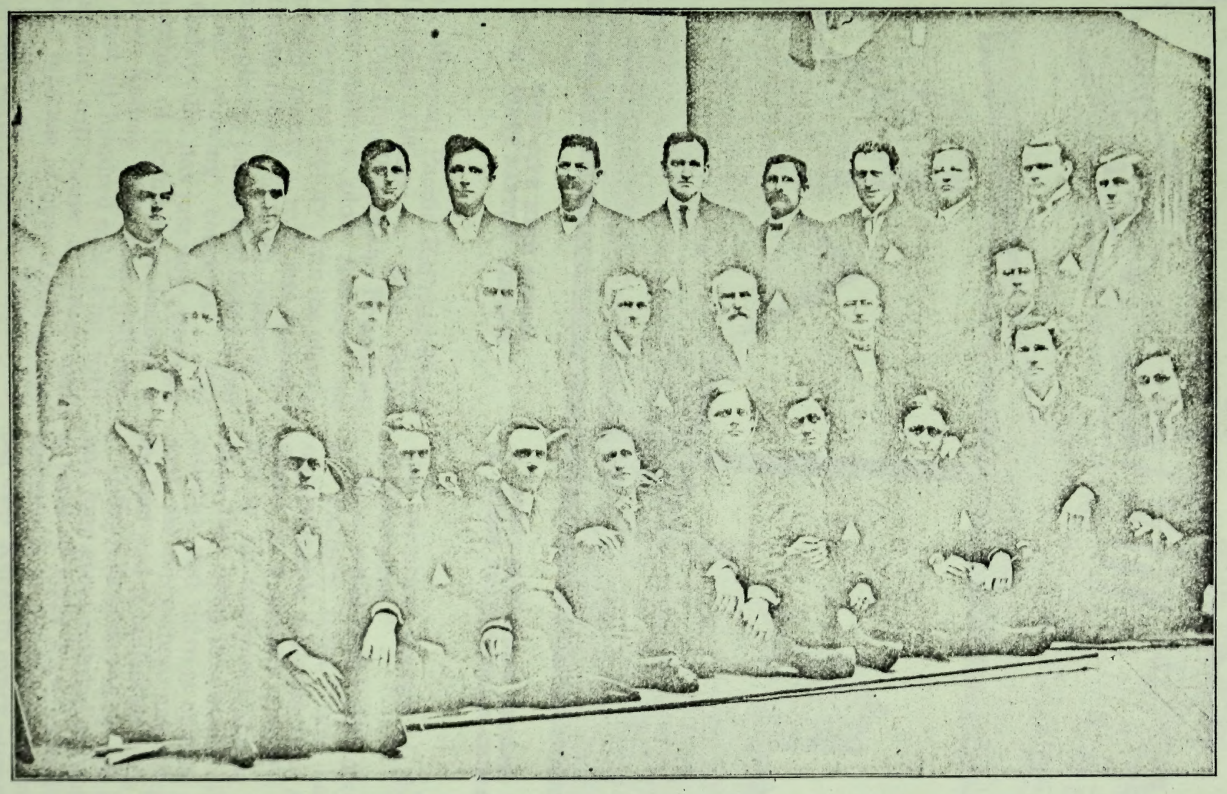
THE CITY HALL

The fact that the Chamber has located plants that employ over a thousand men, proves the success of such a fund. The Association does not confine its efforts in securing new industries, but helps, also, to build up those already located, and assists in all improvement propositions.

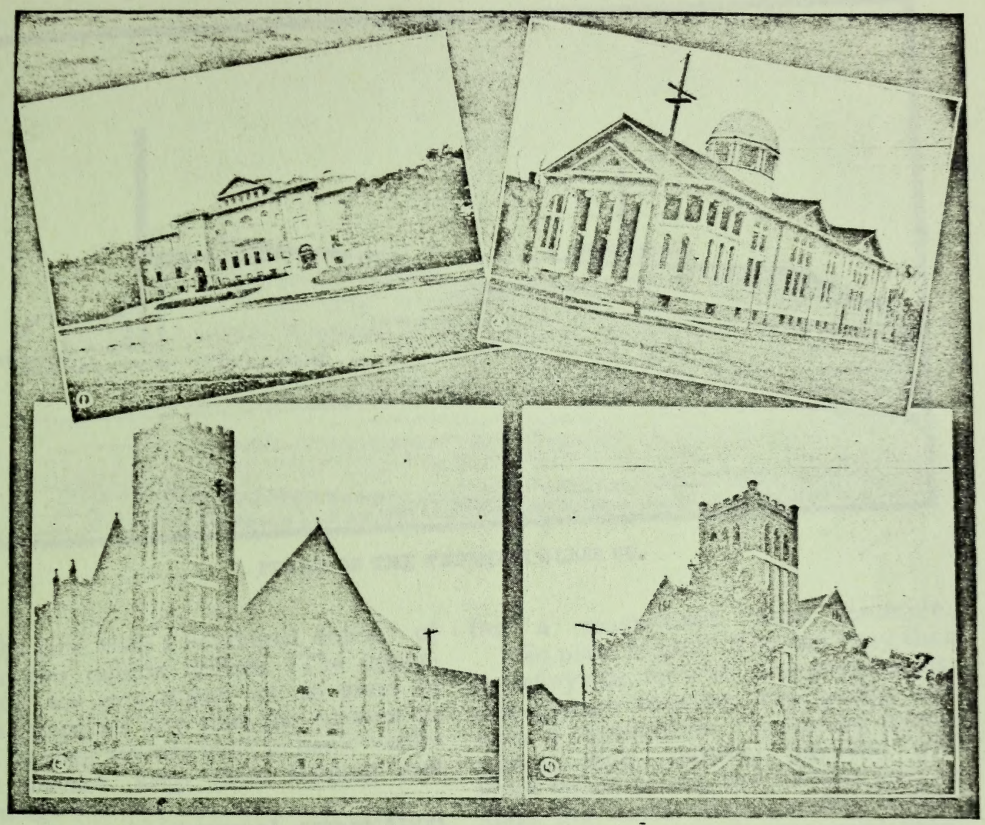
The County of Montgomery, with her present gas-wells, produces nearly two billion cubic feet of natural gas per day, and the field is only partially developed. This gas is furnished to factories, and for domestic purposes at an extremely low rate. The county is using every precaution to preserve her gas supply by forbidding any company to draw more than half a well's possible flow each day. This will prolong the life of the field for future generations.

Coffeyville, at present, has the Council form of city government, but has just voted to adopt the Commission plan, which will go into effect the coming spring. The city owns her City Hall, her Water and Light System, a complete and modern Sewer System; has 30 miles of paved streets, eight ward school buildings, and a large High School. Congress at the last session, appropriated $75,000 for a Federal Building, the ground for which has already been purchased.

The city's prosperity and strength, really lies in her manufacturing plants, that have a monthly pay-roll of three-fourths of a million dollars. From an inexhaustible bed of shale, Coffeyville Companies, with a combined daily capacity of 800,000 brick per day, are making and shipping brick to nearly every city within a radius of over 200 miles. There are also extensive manufacturies of roofing, tile, and pottery. But our space here is too limited to comment on each industry, separately and we will have to be satisfied with only mentioning the more important ones. There are six glass factories; nine flour mills and elevators; ten wholesale houses; three large independent oil re-



CHAMBER OF COMMERCE, COFFEYVILLE



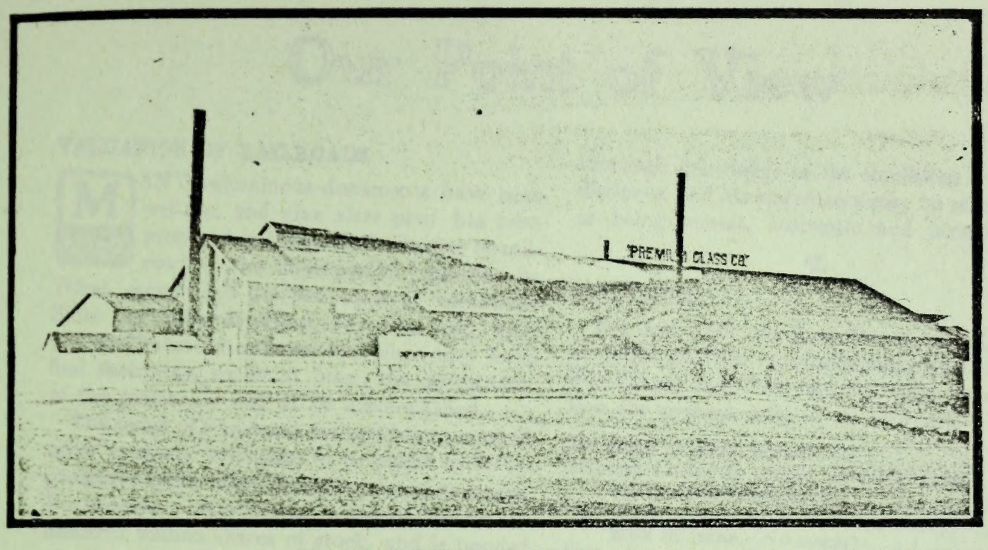
1. THE CITY HIGH SCHOOL
2. FIRST BAPTIST CHURCH
3. FIRST METHODIST CHURCH
4. FIRST PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH

fineries; Missouri Pacific Railroad Shops and Division Offices; a Zinc Oxide Smelter; four Iron Works and Foundries; one paper mill; a plow factory; one woven wire fence factory; two ice plants; an excelsior plant; a mattress factory; six printing offices, a book bindery; a wood fibre plaster plant, and many other lesser but growing concerns. But listen, Coffeyville, has just now, through her Chamber of Commerce, located a large Steel Rolling Mill, that will employ at least six hundred men, who, with their families will cause a direct and immediate increase of over 3,000 in the city's population. "The Forest of Stacks of this mammoth plant, added to these of the other fifty-five various industries of the city, will give Coffeyville the appearance of a young Pittsburg, Pennsylvania, and the plant will stand as a monument to the business sagacity and relentless energy of the Chamber of Commerce."

Now, while Coffeyville may be called a "Factory town," she has not the objectionable features that are usually found in a factory center. There are few or no foreigners among her workmen, they being practically all American citizens, and there is neither smoke nor soot, for everywhere natural gas is used for fuel and it makes no such nuisances.

Coffeyville is served by one interurban and four great railroad systems, having a total of eight lines extending out of the city in every direction, and furnishing easy access to every important town and city in the country. The Frisco Railroad has already been surveyed into the city from the north and the right-of-way has been granted to two more interurban companies.

There are four large substantial banks



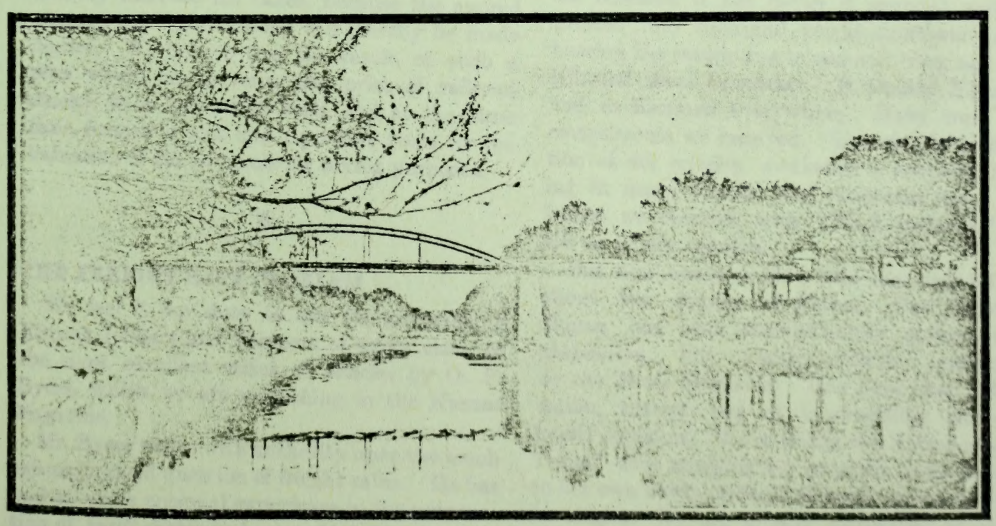
PLANT OF THE PREMIUM GLASS CO.

in the city, with a combined deposit of over two million dollars. The opportunity for investment is so great in this industrial city that the citizens do not let their savings mold in bank vaults but instead, keep them turning and earning.

Nearly every fraternal organization and religious denomination is represented in the city. The Baptists, Methodists, and Presbyterians have recently built new churches, and the Catholics have just completed plans for a magnificent new structure.

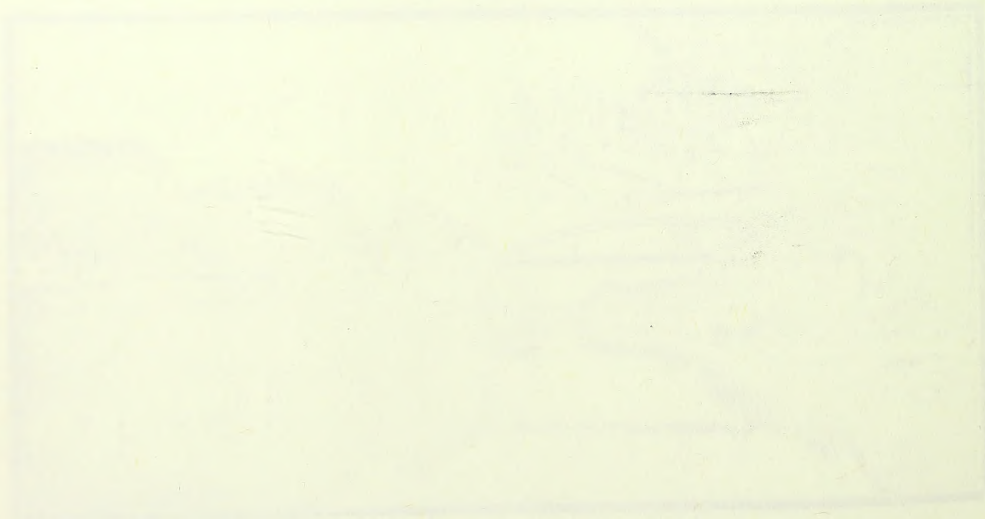
"No place to go." You can't say that in Coffeyville, for with two opera houses, five picture theatres, two parks, one with a natatorium, swimming pools, skating rink, dancing pavilion, golf links, tennis courts, and all that goes to make life worth while,—makes Coffeyville a fine place to have a good time, and enjoy a vacation.

Coffeyville always welcomes visitors and is always glad to show them what she has.



A BEAUTIFUL SCENE ON THE VERDIGRIS RIVER





Our Point of View

VALUATION OF RAILROADS

MANY voluminous documents have been written, and plan after plan has been proposed, relative to the taxing of railroads. The all-important question is: What constitutes the just basis of valuation? Since the railroads object, very seriously, to a physical valuation scheme, and since they have had their way, so far at least, the adjustment of the matter, is still to be accomplished.

The value of a railroad, its equipment, and all other property belonging to it, ought to be represented by its debts, plus the value of its stocks. For example: If a railroad is represented by one hundred million shares of stock, and is bonded or otherwise obligated for fifty million dollars, and if the stocks are quoted on the market at an average annual price of seventy-five dollars per share, it stands to reason that the real property of the road is represented to be worth the sum of the two; that is, the fifty million debt, and the seventy-five million value of the stock, which would make a reasonable basis for taxation of one hundred and twenty-five million dollars.

Now suppose the large holder, tries to reduce the price of stocks in order to reduce the taxes. Whenever the price gets so low that the dividends make it a good investment, others will buy, and his controlling interest will be threatened. If on the other hand, he tries to advance the price to induce the small holder to sell, he will thereby increase his taxes, because the annual average price of the stock will thereby be made higher. We believe that the result of such a plan would be to force the price of railroad stocks to a legitimate basis, and at the same time furnish a just and equitable basis for the valuation of the railroads for taxing purposes.

¶

THE FREIGHT RATE PROBLEM

We feel it our duty to call the attention of Kansas Jobbers and Shippers of every class, to the most excellent series of articles by O. P. Byers, which we are publishing in the Kansas Magazine.

Mr. Byers writes with authority upon the much misunderstood question of freight rates. He has had 30 years personal experience in the preparation of tariff sheets and rate schedules. He has thorough knowledge of the conditions which he discusses, and his statements may be relied upon as being honest, authentic and conservative.

¶

ESTIMATED

For fear that we may forget entirely that erstwhile political receptacle denominated "The Full Dinner Pail," let us take under consideration the present price of its contents.

Six slices of plain bread	$0.03
Enough butter to spread liberally upon said bread, (Estimated)	.13
One pint coffee with common dairy milk in same, (No sugar)	.04
One piece of beef, large enough for ordinary adult	.12
Two hard boiled cold-storage eggs	.07
Two red apples, the kind we used to throw against the trunks of trees	.10
One piece of raisin pie	.02
Total	$0.51

NOTE—This estimate includes the noon-day repast of Father, ONLY!

¶

OUR SLOGAN MISAPPROPRIATED

About sixty days ago, the editor of the Kansas Magazine, while contemplating the value of Slogans, stumbled upon this one: "We're Telling the Nation About Kansas." The more we repeated it the better it sounded and we printed fifty thousand bright sunflower cards, bearing the inscription in red and blue, and distributed them broadcast. It pleased Kansans and ex-Kansans everywhere. Many were the compliments we received. This simple declaration of our mission awakened a patriotic feeling in many hearts, and numerous were the letters we received with "Find enclosed," to aid us in our mission.

But now comes a blow that very near brings about the demise of Father. Our beloved Slogan has been surreptitiously stolen,—not plagiarized, but misappropriated, outright, by the Texas Magazine. This Lone Star publication, scarcely out of its swaddling clothes, loudly exclaims, "We're telling the Nation about Texas," thus applying our patriotic exclamation to her own needs, without so much as intimating its origin. We are greatly astonished at this high-handedness to say the least.

Books by Kansas Authors

WE give here a brief mention of new books by Kansas Authors. This is not a Book Review, but merely a mention of the works offered. It is given with the hope that it may be beneficial, in a way, to the Authors.

"THOUGHTS ON FRATERNITY"

A very attractive little Booklet by LLOYD A. CLARY. It is full of sound sensible suggestions, written in a very simple, yet readable style. The work is published by John W. Smith, of Kansas City, Mo.

"THE GUIDING HAND"

By JOSIAH NICHOLAS KIDD. An Epic Poem of 251 pages. A work that is perfect in respect to meter and rhyme, and yet delightful in its descriptive passages. The very unique handling of the theme, holds the closest attention of the reader. The volume, published by the Wichita Eagle Press, is handsomely bound in red cloth.

"CHILD SLAVES AND OTHER POEMS"

By SOL. L. LONG. An attractive little volume "chuck full" of refreshing poetry. In the Author's own words, "I make no apology for this volume. I am not mendacious enough to offer the conventional apology. The verses are not perfect. Neither is their Author nor any one who shall read them. They will be criticised, both as to form and substance; but not by one who has sailed my sea, and criticism by one who has not sailed my sea, is hearsay and immaterial." It is published by the Courier Press, of Winfield, Kansas.

"THE BORDER AND THE BUFFALO"

By JOHN R. COOK. But few volumes will ever be written, containing more true tales of the Plains than this. The thrilling adventures of the Buffalo Hunters are given in a style that is all realism. This is a volume that future generations should treasure.

"LARIAT LETTERS"

By MYRA E. MCDERMOTT-STEVENSON. A particularly handsome little volume, beautifully bound in loose leather. The Author writes from actual experience of life on the pioneer range. These very readable "Letters" preserve the "dialect of the Plains" as but few works can do.

"LIFE'S GOLDEN DREAMS"

By PROF. EMORY W. JUSTUS. This beautiful gift volume of verse, stamps the Author a poet of exceptional ability. The verses are noble and unlifting in sentiment and greatly varied in style and expression.

With Kansas Bards

The Passing Hour

I gaze far away toward the hillside,
  And note the dark shade of the trees
Where joyous birds gently waft me
  A song of the evening breeze.
All the day long they've been singing,
  Busy, and happy, and glad.
Over, and over, and over;
  Never a note that is sad.

There sets the sun in his beauty;
  Radiant king on his throne!
Saying "Goodnight" as he leaves us,
  In the dark, cold world alone.
After he sinks down the mountains,
  Gone are the light and the heat;
Quiet and calm falls the twilight
  O'er fields of tall, silent wheat.

Then comes a moment, lonely,
  Though I would rest at my ease—
When lo! in her stately glory,
  Rises the moon through the trees,
Starts on her journey serenely,
  Mounts near a fleecy white cloud;
And then for a moment, she's hidden—
  Then rolls along, wondrous proud.

Sometimes I see her beneath me—
  In the deep waters, below,
Where the frog croaks at his pleasure,
  And the fireflies come and go.
Oh, how content to be shining!
  Throwing a halo o'er all—
Riches for all, to enjoy them
  Naught to be robbed in this hall!

For the world is not a mansion,
  With windows thro' which we may look—
Out everywhere, miles not counted—
  Posted by history and book?
Even the stars as they twinkle,
  Diamond-like gems, gleam afar;
Each has a value that's countless,
  Large or small, nothing to mar.

Would you enjoy a like journey—
  Such as I have told you about?
Just say the word—when you're ready,
  No need of railway or scout.
Punctually, join me at sunset,
  Bid duty fall with the light—
Let your thoughts rise to the heavens
  And pass with the beautiful night.

—Amee A. Porter

The Mother

I know a face as full of grace
And divinely sweet with love complete
As the face of her, who, with eyes ablur,
Bent and smiled above the Child,
In the dim light of that holy night,
Under the eaves at Bethany.

I know a breast so pure and blest,
Moved with sighs at infant cries,
And sanctified with tears undried,
Where baby grief finds quick relief;
And transient fears of childish years
Are lost in a sea of sympathy.

A soul I know, as white as snow;
Meek, yet strong to face the wrong;
To passion closed, to lust opposed;
A spotless dove awake to love
And tenderness and fond caress;
Maternal queen, faithful, serene,
To thee I tune my symphony.

—Clarence J. Martin

When Mama's Away

When mama's gone away
Things grow lonesome like;
  Seem dull instead of gay,
And everything about the place
Seems to says:
  "Mama's gone away!"

When I wash the dishes
  And papa sweeps the floors,
Feeds little Dicky bird
  And does a hundred chores
We're not used to doing,
  And do them every day,
We find out who does things,
  When mama's gone away.

Papa doesn't seem the same,
  Just sits around and blinks,
And seems to kinder wander like,
  And thinks and thinks and thinks,
  When mama's gone away.

Do we love her?
Well, you just bet;
  Miss her more each passing day,
And it only makes us love her more,
  When she's gone away.

—Thos. F. Scruby

Kansas Kernels

"CALLED" HIM

A Hays City preacher made this announcement at the beginning of his sermon: "I shall not choose any particular text this morning, but shall preach from where I open and—" Here the parson was interrupted by a deacon who was asleep, who, forgetting himself, cried out: "It's yours; what did you open on?" The surprise of the good man in the pulpit was great, but the deacon collapsed when the answer came: "It's open on Kings."—LaCrosse Chieftain.

SHOULD PASS AWAY

The business man who does not advertise because he does not know absolutely that it is going to pay should commit suicide to avoid being killed by accident.—LcCygne Record.

NOT SO COMFORTING

The Wise Ones are telling about the value of bald-heads in determining character. This may be some comfort to the bald-heads, but it is not likely that the men plentifully supplied by nature with hair, will become envious.—Holton Signal.

WHY BE GOOD?

When honest hard working laborers read in the papers about the prisoners at Lansing being fed on turkey at Thanksgiving and chicken on Christmas, and then sat down to their frugal repast of rabbit, potato soup and dried prunes, they no doubt revolved in their minds the question, why are these things thus? —Holton Recorder.

WOULD HELP SOME

Farmers living in this territory have been asked to lay aside a few bales of alfalfa and half a dozen eggs to finance a new trolley road from Newton to Salina and Abilene.—Ottawa Herald.

EVIDENCE NEEDED

Tom McNeal claims that he has canvassed the First District and will carry all but two counties over Dan Anthony. Tom will need more than two Eskimos to substantiate his claim.—Troy Chief.

A GENEROUS OFFER

We are informed by the government that this country strikes three million matches every minute of the twenty-four hours in every day of the year. We are not exactly posted as to what the government expects us to do about it, but we are willing to promise not to strike any between 11 p. m. and 5 a. m. if that will help any.—Hiawatha Democrat.

A CERTAIN RICH MAN

If the sale of his book continues much longer there will be a certain rich man in Emporia and his name will be Bill White. —Lawrence World.

ILL-TIMED ADVICE

"Why leave the farm? Be gay in the country," advises the dean of the Missouri Agricultural college. From the price attained by farm produce recently, the gentleman's advise to get gay in the country is evidently a little late in arriving.—Leavenworth Times.

THE END OF THE LIMIT

We haven't had much experience in the matter but we are inclined to believe that a man who buys mining stock must surely be an optimist to the limit.—Hill City New Era.

SAME AS WAR

Taft took 5000 words to answer the question, "What is whisky?" He might have answered it in three by adapting General Sherman's definition of war.—Hutchinson Gazette.

NO JOKE NOW

There used to be a joke about the man buying a nickel's worth of dog meat, being asked by the butcher if he wanted to eat it there or have it wrapped up, but since meat prices have been soaring men fight for the dog meat and the dogs have learned to be vegetarians. —Lawrence World.

NO YOUNG PEARYS

Fathers who in their rashness named their babies for Dr. Cook are now asking the courts for permission to change the name. No such trouble will arise if Commander Peary's achievement should come into question. No babies have been named for Peary.—Hutchinson News.

VERY CONFIDING

Wild horses couldn't drag from a boy the name of his first sweetheart, but if you promise not to tell a girl will whisper who her's was.—Manhattan Republic.

A REAL HIGH BROW

An Alma girl, who is considered as belonging to the high brow crowd, was the recipient of a serenade the other night and in telling a friend about it, said: "I don't think there is nothing more nicer than to be woken up at night with vocal singing."—Alma Signal.

AWFUL TO BE AN EARL

It was regarded as a suspicious circumstance against Earl Percy because he died at a cheap hotel. It must be awful to be an Earl and never be allowed to save money in these expensive times. —Salina Journal.

A STRONG APPEAL

There are a great many natural advantages to recommend Pawnee county, but to the dweller of eastern Kansas the fact that we do not have natural gas would probably be the strongest appeal that could be used just now.—Larned Chronoscope.

Wichita as a Jobbing Center for Automobiles

By GEORGE H. SCHOLLENBERGER

THE 1909 Wichita Automobile Show, while regarded by some people as the first, was really the second automobile show held in Wichita. There was a very successful show held in 1908, in which all of the local dealers participated with excellent and satisfactory results, as regards the business secured.

The 1909 Show was held at the time of the Kansas Implement and Hardware Dealers Association Convention, and was under the direct management of Mr. Floyd L. Wright, who is the Secretary of that association. There were about twenty exhibitors at the Show, and a

very complete line of cars was shown. Motorcycles were quite in evidence and as much business was done by these dealers as by a number of the dealers handling the four-wheeled machine. Through some misunderstanding as to the location of the exhibition building, three of the largest dealers did not exhibit at the Show building, but held independent Shows in their own sales room. Undoubtedly, in 1910, when the New Auditorium in Wichita is completed there will be plenty of room, and that, too, in a permanent building, so that every one of the dealers will go together for the exhibition, and that it will be held, quite likely, under the management of the Dealers Association, itself, or a committee from this association, appointed for that purpose.

The enterprise of the Wichita firms, especially, was evinced in this superior exhibition. The displays of the individuals, both at the pavilion, and at the local garages, were elaborate and attractive.

J. J. Jones, the dealer who has set a remarkable pace by selling 500 FORD Machines during the past season, arranged his display in his large garage at 122 North Market. By push and energy, Mr. Jones is covering a large territory in the southwest. He is selling Ford cars and Ford Accessories in districts as far distant as New Mexico, Missouri, Southern Oklahoma, and Texas.

The Star Auto Company, located at 137 North Market, made a very artistic and highly wrought display with Mr. U. J. Warren in charge. Mr. Warren who is formerly from Mason City, Illinois, is a man thoroughly familiar with the Auto business, as the appearance of his garage will attest. He has on the floor, THE OVERLAND, STUDEBAKER E. M. F. 30, FLANDERS 20, THE STEARNS and MORA.

Tom Shaw, a man whose personality spells success in any business, was on hand, with a big showing of DE TAMBLE and FULLER machines. Mr. Shaw is one of the "Top-Notchers," when it comes to enumerating actual sales for the past season.

THE UNION AUTO & SALES COMPANY had a splendid exhibition of their HAYES, PARRY and K-R-I-T cars. This up-to-date firm will soon have completed, one of the finest garages in the state. It is located on North Lawrence Avenue, Wichita. The building will have a 96 foot front, which will be taken up almost entirely, by plate glass. The room is 50 feet deep, and will give ample space for the display of 50 cars. Motor car Supplies and a repair shop will also be given convenient quarters. To the left will be a Ladies' Waiting Room furnished for comfort and rest, with chairs, rugs, divans, and mirrors. A lavatory will be located at the rear end of the room. Back of the exhibition room will be the private lockers for motor car owners, who have cars in the garage. One side of the garage room will be devoted to new cars and the other, to cars of private individuals. The building will be heated by steam and lighted with electricity.

Other exhibitors and the cars displayed, were as follows:

AMES MOTOR CAR COMPANY; MARMON, HUPMOBILE.

ARNOLD AUTOMOBILE CO.; AUBURN, INTERSTATE and REGAL.

L. K. COWLEY; CADILLAC.

GOODIN MOTOR CAR CO.; THE JOHNSON.

PERU VAN ZANDT IMPLEMENT COMPANY; THE RICHMOND.

STANDARD AUTO COMPANY; JACKSON and PICKETT.

STERNBERG-LAMPL AUTOMOMOBILE COMPANY; STUDEBAKER, E. M. F. 30 and NATIONAL.

WICHITA SUPPLY COMPANY; RAMBLER, HALLADAY and MAXWELL.

THE AUTO TIRE & SUPPLY COMPANY, who were putting in a stock of auto supplies, were busy at this time getting in their opening stock and therefore were not in shape to show their 1910 stock in the exhibition. In the past they have been retailers, but this year they have extended their business so they will be in a position to wholesale as well as retail. This line, together with the FIRESTONE TIRES and repair shop, will put them in a position to take care of almost any wants the automobile will have.

THE HOCKADAY MOTORCYCLE COMPANY had on display, 6 different makes of Motorcycles: INDIAN, THOR, HARLEY-DAVIDSON and PIERCE, READING-STANDARD and MERKEL, which indicates that they are the largest Motorcycle dealers in the Southwest. Their booth was artistically decorated with bicycles, suspended from the ceiling giving it the appearance of a real factory. Their Motorcycle sales were large, and prospects for the coming season, very promising. Ray Hockaday, on their single cylinder, THOR, was the only one who successfully ascended the 50% incline, used by the Mason Motor Car Company at the Auto Show in demonstrations. One of the main attractions of the Hockaday exhibit, was their Thor Motorcycle with side-car attachment equipped to carry 2 passengers. Their booth was in charge of Ray Hockaday,--Kansas' crack rider.

The JONES BICYCLE & SPORTING GOODS HOUSE exhibited the famous N. S. U. Motorcycle, Bicycles, and Bicycle Sundries. A number of N. S. U. sales were made by them. The coming year holds many flattering prospects for this Company. Theirs were the only electrical decorations of the entire show.

There are now NINETEEN dealers in Wichita, alone, representing over SEVENTY-FIVE different makes of cars. In fact, these dealers offer every make that there is on the market, from the cheapest to the highest priced, and from the smallest runabout to the most luxuriant limousine. Five of the Kansas City dealers and distributers made exhibitions in Wichita of their cars at the recent show, clearly demonstrating the importance of Wichita as an automobile jobbing center. The importance of Wichita has been clearly demonstrated during the past season by the enormous sales of Reo cars. Two solid train loads of these cars have been sold, the first shipment coming to Wichita, January 16th and having 81 REO automobiles in seventeen carloads. The second shipment came October 15th and had 85 machines in eighteen car-loads. In addition to these shipments, the Wichita Automobile Company, alone, had from one to three carloads of Reos, as well as two carloads, on an average, of other makes of cars, every week, throughout the entire season. These two trainloads of Reo cars, represent purchases, the magnitude of of which, has never been equaled in the automobile industry. This Company was the banner REO agency, throughout the entire United States for the 1909 season, and is making strenuous efforts to retain the banner for 1910. To this end they have contracted with the REO factory for seven hundred of the 1910 REOS—one tenth of the entire probable out-put of the factory which is one of the largest in the country.

On a very conservative estimate, there will be, probably, very nearly 4000 automobiles sold in Kansas during the 1910 season. 2,500 of these will be handled through Wichita distributing agencies. This number would be, even larger if the various factories were in a position to supply the dealers with all the cars they could use. Every automobile dealer readily acknowledges that his best customers are in the country, and that it is the farmers who are buying the largest number of cars. The Wichita Automobile Company claims that not less than three-fifths of the cars which they sell, go to the farmers for use in the country. The farmer uses his car for almost every purpose imaginable. He uses it successfully in hauling by removing the rear seat of his touring car and then putting on a flat deck, crate, or stake body. This device he uses with advantage, also, in his shopping, and all light draying, such as hauling grain, vegetables, milk cans, etc., to and from town. If he has but one or two hogs or one calf to haul to market, the automobile is just as ready to do the work as it is to carry the family to town. Many farmers in expediency, have used their automobiles by ingenious arrangements of belts and driving rods, to operate almost every kind of farm machinery. The use of the automobile in the farming districts, has been in a very large measure, responsible for the rapidly increasing movement for good roads. Every farmer automobilist, is necessarily, an enthusiastic advocate of good roads improvement.

NOT SUSPENDED

The Lawrence Gazette says: "It is reported that there will be no issue of the KANSAS MAGAZINE for two months to come. The editor of the Gazette will try to be sorry about this. He has never looked upon a copy of the KANSAS MAGAZINE and never wants to see it. In conception it was idiotic, and, if its friends may be relied upon, it was at birth an imbecile. It was the kind of thing that good doctors say should be put out of existence at the first breath. It may not be dead; we do not know, but in charity we hope it is."

The Topeka Capital comes to the defense of the KANSAS MAGAZINE in the following: "It is difficult to understand why any newspaper man of Kansas would publish an article like the above, unless he had previously qualified his authority for such a conclusion. The KANSAS MAGAZINE has not suspended publication and probably is farther from this necessity than many more pretentious institutions of the state. The men behind the publication and the men in charge of its departments are business men and newspaper men of years' experience, well qualified to make the magazine a great success. It can be said, greatly to its credit, that the KANSAS MAGAZINE is one of the few publishing undertakings that has actually put itself on a paying basis in the first year of its existence. It is true that the publication was a little crude at its beginning, but at the present time it is a credit to the state whose name it bears."

—Emporia Gazette.

Opportunties Overlooked

I make loans on improved farms in Kansas.

I sell farms and ranches in Kansas.

I have Real Estate First Mortgages for Sale.

I make Abstracts and Perfect titles in Kansas.

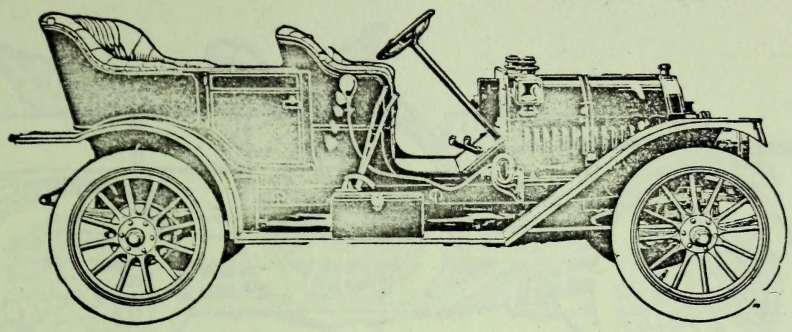
Real Estate Men Send Me Your List and Propositions

I have for sale 3000 acres improved ranch, 85 in alfalfa, 220 in cultivation; about 800 acres suitable for cultivation. All extra good grass. Finest of water, shade and shelter, in Comanche Co., Kansas. Free County High School, $10.00 an acre.

960 acres near Freedom, Woods Co., Oklahoma, 100 acres in cultivation, 25 acres in alfalfa, and hog fenced. New 9-room house. Ranch is fenced and cross fenced. $12.00 an acre.

Marshal Barlow, Coldwater, Kansas

Reference, Peoples State Bank



The Jackson Automobile

Has proven its superiority on both Road and Track. The Jackson is the one car, every part of which is built in its own factory, which enables its manufacturers to produce a high class car for less money than competitors who must pay a profit to manufacturers of parts for their cars, and also enables the Jackson Co. to build a car with ability to stand up under a gruelling strain. Jackson endurance and Jackson stability can be depended upon in any kind of service.

MODEL "40," $1,700, F. O. B. Jackson, Mich.

BODY. Five Passenger.

MOTOR. Four cylinder. Cylinders cast in pairs with three bearing crank shaft; 4½ inch bore and 4½-inch stroke. Valves inclined at 45 degrees in cylinder heads, and operated by overhead cam shaft. Unit power plant, with self-contained oiling system. The motor is water cooled, circulation by the thermo-syphon system.

TRANSMISSION. Selective sliding gear, three speeds and reverse. Transmission housing incorporated in unit power plant, with multiple disc clutch running in oil. Both transmission shafts on annular ball bearings of the separated ball type.

IGNITION. Splitdorf magneto and batteries.

CARBURETOR. Schebler.

REAR AXLE. Bevel gear drive. Roller bearings next the wheels and on either side of differential. Ball thrust bearings. Pinion shaft is roller bearing with ball thrust bearing.

SUSPENSION. Full elliptic springs front and rear. Frame dropped in the rear to bring the car close to the ground and still allow ample spring action. Front axle of the "I" beam type. Tie rod behind and steering arm above the axle.

WHEEL BASE. 110 inches.

TREAD. 56 inches. 60 inches on special order.

WEIGHT. 2500 pounds.

COLOR. Dark Blue.

TIRES. 34x4-inch Goodyear, Michelin or Morgan & Wright.

EQUIPMENT. Gas lamps and oil lamps, coat rail and tools.

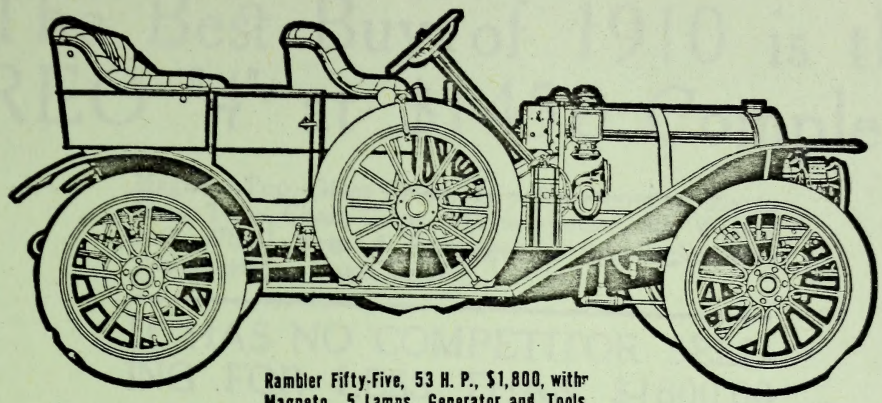
TOP. $75.00 extra.

Standard Automobile Co.

Agency for JACKSON AUTOMOBILES

IND. PHONE 1059 — Repairing, Accessories, Oils, Gasoline, Etc. — BELL PHONE 893

156 North Emporia — Frank T. Blodgett, Geary Rising — **Wichita, Kansas**



Rambler Fifty-Five, 53 H. P., $1,800, with Magneto, 5 Lamps, Generator and Tools

The Rambler Spare Wheel

PART of the pleasure of touring in the new Rambler lies in the satisfaction of freedom from the worries of the road. No need to stop to repair a punctured tire or pump up the new one if you drive a Rambler.

THE NEW Rambler

Is fitted for the Spare Wheel, which can be substituted for front or rear wheels in three minutes' time—done quickly with special tools.

Spare Wheel complete for Rambler Fifty-five and Fifty-four, $100; for Rambler Fifty-three, $75.

May we explain to you such Rambler features as the offset crank-shaft, straight-line drive, engine accessibility and the new expanding clutch? Rambler automobiles, $1,800 to $2,500.

The Rambler Automobile Company

KANSAS CITY, MO.

The Best Buy of 1910 is the REO "4" at $1450 Complete

Magneto Top, Glass Front, Trip Speedometer, Extra Inner Tube, Chain Grips, 30 Horsepower, 30" Wheels 108" Wheel Base, 5 Passenger, 3 Speed Selective Transmissions, Shaft Drive.

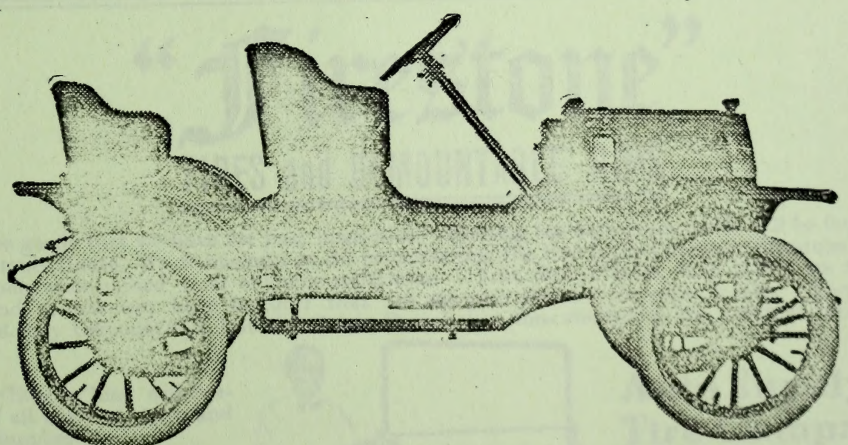
IT HAS NO COMPETITOR SELLING FOR LESS THAN $1800.00

We are now delivering Reo "4's" to all our local dealers and would advise placing order early to get guaranteed delivery. Write for catalog to-day.

WICHITA AUTOMOBILE COMPANY

GENERAL AGENTS

Don't Buy an Automobile UNTIL YOU HAVE INSPECTED THE DeTamble Roadster

$650  $650

16 H. P., 2 cylinders, $650; 20 H. P., 4 cylinders, $750. The DeTamble is built for practical service. It is a beauty and has power to spare. Will go anywhere that any automobile will go. It is positively **The Speediest and Best Car for the Price.** Territory open in southwestern Kansas for live agents. Write us at once.

FULLER SOLID TIRE CARS that have made such a big record the past year. 22 H. P. 5 Passenger Car $850 F O B Factory. Demonstrating cars always ready.

THOS. SHAW AUTOMOBILE CO. Office, 132 North Main Street **WICHITA**

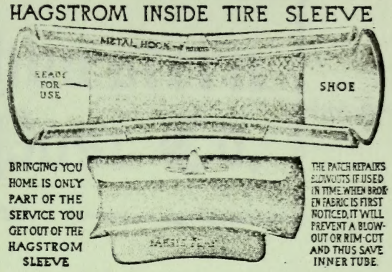


Latest Creation in Spark Plugs



To be known as the HAGSTROM. The main feature of our plug is a porcelain guard which acts as a direct agent for PREVENTING SHORT CIRCUIT. This plug has been thoroughly tested and we take pleasure in making this announcement to our friends in the trade.

HAGSTROM INSIDE TIRE SLEEVE



THE VIRTUES OF

HAGSTROM Blowout Patches

is known to every up-to-date motorist. No more need of carrying extra casings. The patch fits the inside of shoe, therefore, does not disfigure the car.

FOR FULL PARTICULARS ADDRESS

Hagstrom Bros. Mfg. Co.

Main Offices and Works, LINDSBORG, KANS.

1777 Broadway, New York City——BRANCHES——1712 Michigan Avenue, Chicago

AUTOMOBILE SUPPLIES

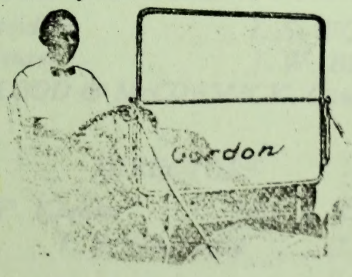
"Firestone"

TIRES and DEMOUNTABLE RIMS

Are the goods that we have for your inspection. Nothing but high-grade goods will be found at this Supply House. We do business on the principle that the Best is the Cheapest. Firestone goods have long since earned their enviable reputation. Like their TIRES, their RIMS are taking the lead, in that they have features that are one year ahead of the other makes. The Rims are not only Demountable, but also Quick Detachable, thus abolishing the staybolt nuisance.

Our Supply Line will consist of all kinds of Auto and Tire Supplies.

Remember all orders will receive our prompt attention. We are always at your service. We also have a first-class Tire Shop.



Auto Supply & Tire Company

JOBBERS AND RETAILERS

143 North Market Street
WICHITA, KANSAS

The Southwestern Pole and Post Co.

(INCORPORATED)

CAPITAL STOCK, $300,000, (Fully Paid and Non-Assessable)

Main Office, Winne Building, Wichita, Kansas

¶ A corporation having for its object the raising of commercial timber suitable for poles, posts and railroad ties.

¶ Timber produced: principally Speciosa Catalpa, or Giant Catalpa.

¶ *Base of Operation.* At present, two tracts of sub-irrigated, rich sandy loam along the Cimarron river bottom 28 miles southwest of Enid, Okla. containing 1020 acres. More lands will soon be acquired and planted to Speciosa Catalpa.

¶ *Progress.* 600,000 one, two and three-year old trees have already been planted and are now growing on this land. 200,000 more Speciosa Catalpa trees will be planted this spring.

OFFICERS

C. W. HALLOWELL, President — *I. S. WOODWARD, Vice-President*
R. C. McCORMICK, Treasurer — *J. W. BLOOD, Secretary*
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Geo. T. Cubbon — *J. P. Koehler* — *John A. Thomas* — *J. W. Blood*
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"Every twenty-four hours the railroads, manufacturers and home-builders of the United States demand twenty-five thousand acres of timber."

—HON. J. STERLING MORTON.

FACTS AND FIGURES

The United States uses annually 90,000,000 cross ties and 5,000,000 round poles over 20 feet in length. Untold millions of smaller poles and fence posts are demanded annually.

"The present timber supply of the United States will be exhausted in about twenty years.' (U. S. Forestry Circular page 129.)

To increase and protect our forests Uncle Sam has laid aside 168,000,000 acres for National Forests.

The Santa Fe R. R. buys millions of ties from the Hawaiian Islands. Why?

The Santa Fe recently set out 10,000 acres to timber for the production of poles and posts. Why?

The Iron Mountain Railroad recently planted a large acreage to Catalpa in Southeast Missouri. Why?

The Frisco Railroad is growing a Catalpa plantation at Farlington, Kansas. Why?

The Big Four Railroad is growing Catalpa in Indiana. Why?

The Union Pacific Railroad owns an immense tract of land which they are setting to Post and Tie Timber. Why?

THE ENTIRE ANNUAL OUTPUT OF ALL LANDS PLANTED TO POST TIMBER today, will not supply the demand of one week, ten years from today? Think of it!

Every State in the Union, every nation in the world, endorses and encourages the growing of Post, Pole, and Tie Timber. Why?

THE SOUTHWESTERN POLE AND POST CO., of Wichita, Kansas

Ably managed by business men and expert forestry men, appeals to every thinking man, and woman, offering an investment that will yield a 50% DIVIDEND in a few short years.

SUCCESS IS CERTAIN—Failure impossible, as we have passed the experimental stage.

ARE YOU INTERESTED? May we send you our prospectus or call on you, personally?

YOU MUST ACT QUICKLY, as the price of our stock, now $10.00 per share, will raise with the value of our properties.

Call on or adrress.

C. W. HALLOWELL, Gen. Sales Agt. 516 Winne Bldg., WICHITA, KANS.

FIVE-YEAR MEN

The Southwest needs more people. More people will make better home markets, better and more substantial land values and help to provide all the conveniences of life for town and country.

Have You Lived Five Years in the Southwest?

If so, do you care enough about promoting its prosperity to **write five letters** describing your **success**—telling of the battles you have fought and **won?** Address four to your friends in the North and East and one to JOHN SEBASTIAN, Passenger Traffic Manager, Rock Island-Frisco Lines, La Salle Station, Chicago, or Frisco Building, St. Louis. Do it to-day. Do it **now.**

The Rock Island-Frisco Lines pay cash for printing this communication to you.

The Rock Island-Frisco Lines expend thousands of dollars every year to acquaint thrifty producers in the congested sections of the United States with the advantages of the great Southwest.

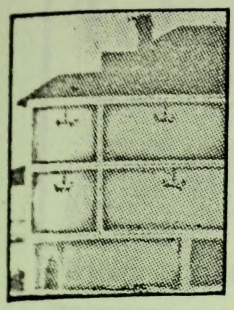
You can help in this work. You can share in its benefits.

Your letter will be read by thousands. The story of your progress and success is of vital human interest. It will inform and convince.

Write briefly—

Why you located Southwest and where.
What the climate is like, the crops you raise and the present prices of land.
Tell what you have gained in comfort and security.
Tell what it has done for your children.
Tell what your neighbors are like.
Describe the character of schools, churches and roads.

Three hundred words is enough. Write letters to-day.



Light Your Home with Acetylene

Write to-day for Full Particulars

Wichita Acetylene Mfg. Co.

234 S. Topeka, Wichita, Ks.

Do You Want

A business course in Kansas City's best Commercial College at a very liberal price? We have something very special to offer to some ambitious young man or woman. For full particulars address **L. A., 410 East William St., Wichita, Kans.**

We Will Cure Any Man or Woman

Who comes to us afflicted with any of the diseases we treat, if the case is not already beyond medical aid, and our charges for a complete cure by our **Accurate Scientific New Method** will not be less than half what other physicians, without experience or skill, will charge for experimenting with their misfortunes.

Now Would You

Take treatment if you knew that your physician understood your case and that his treatment would result in a permanent cure for your malady? If so, you are invited to call and see us, and we will tell you truthfully on your first visit, after a careful and painstaking investigation, which costs you nothing, whether or not our new method of treatment is applicable to your case, and if it is, you have but to take the treatment.

To Be Cured

It doesn't matter what treatment you have taken or how many doctors have told you your case is hopeless, our treatment is radically different from the old style treatment and we may be able to cure you.

NEW METHOD SPECIALISTS

Hours: 9 to 12, 2 to 5, 7 to 8, Sundays 10 to 12

429 E. Douglas, Wichita, Kansas

JOIN THE

"Don't Worrys"

THE little ills vex one the most; a rough collar or a button off your shirt sometimes makes a mountain of trouble. Send your laundry to us and be relieved of all these vexations without extra expense. ¶ The PERFECTION of our work will help you to be cheerful.

The

Domestic Laundry

200-202 South Lawrence Avenue

WICHITA

"Watch for the White Wagons"

We are Offering FOR SALE

Twenty Improved Farms in Sumner County. Sumner is first in the state in corn with a production of over 4,000-000 bushels. First in oats. Fourth in wheat. The above farms are priced at $50 per acre or less, some as low as $6,000. Improvements, 5 room houses or better in most cases. Good sized barns. Smooth farm land. We are offering these farms for March 1st posession.

BRADSHAW & MOTT

No. 111 Manhattan Hotel Bldg.

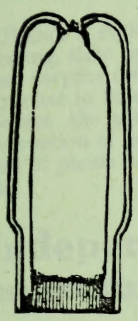
WICHITA, KANS.

Tobacco Users

CIGAR, CIGARETTE SMOKERS, SNUFF USERS, WHY DON'T YOU WRITE ME

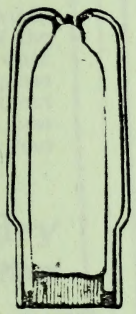
I can cure you at home and let you go right on your work or business. **NI-KO makes quitting a pleasure. Simple, harmless, vegetable. Directions easy.** You can't forget. If you don't say it is worth ten times its price, it costs you nothing. **Let me show you proofs.** Send me your name before you forget it. DO IT NOW

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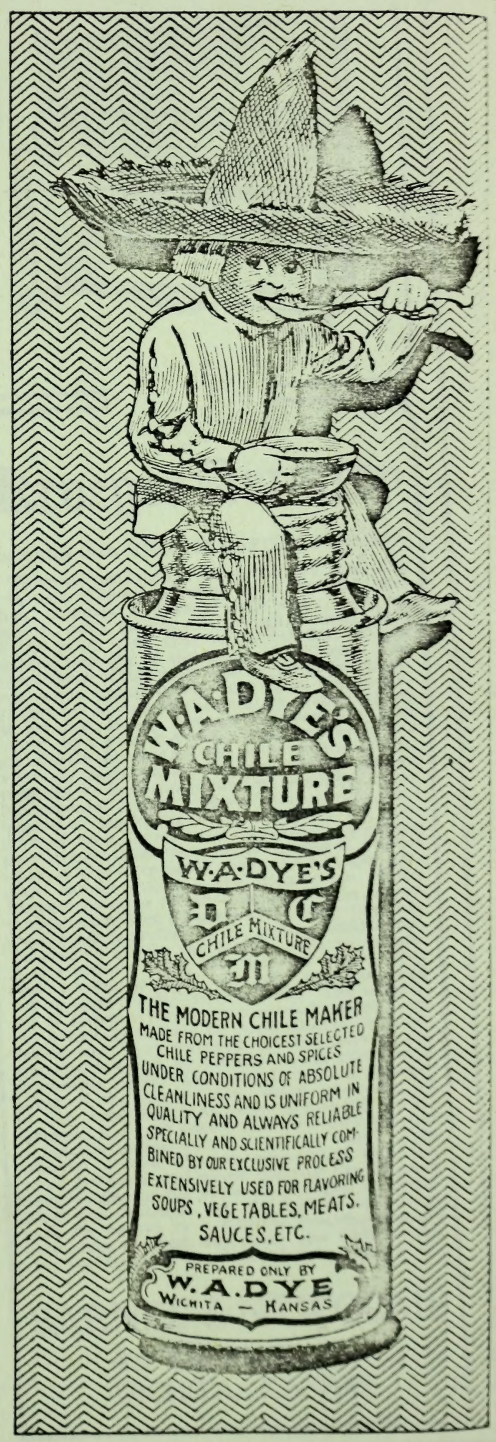
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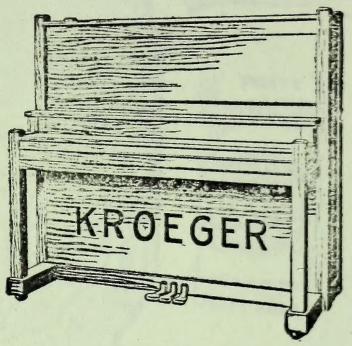
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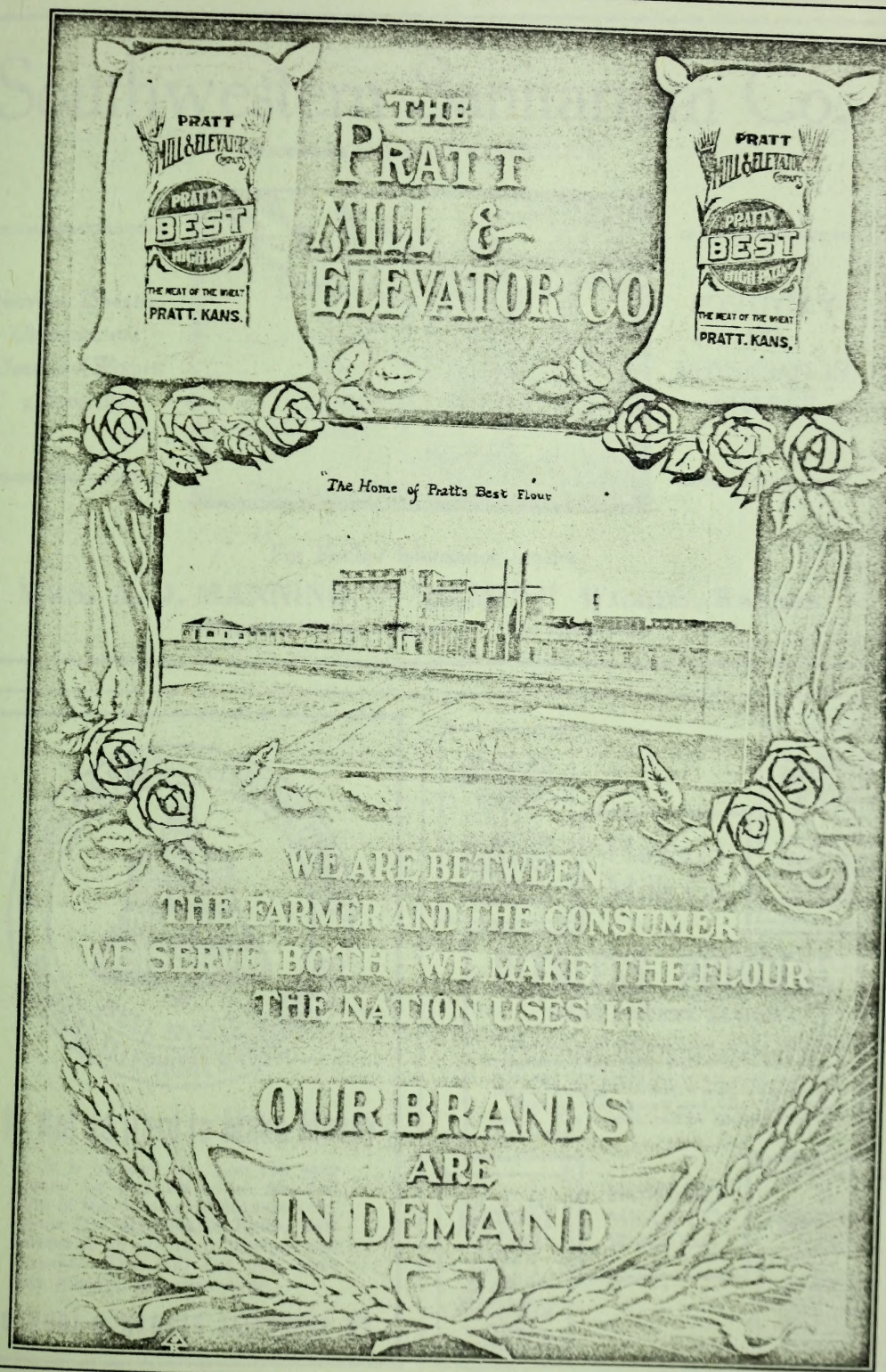
Kroeger Artistry

Reprinted from MUSIC INDUSTRY, July, 1909.

There are two kinds of fame, the one that, like a meteor, shines brilliantly for a moment, and then becomes a memory—the other, like the Sphinx, built to endure through all ages. It is of the latter kind that we have to deal with in making mention of the house of Kroeger. The foundations of this prominent factor of the American piano industry were laid upon the accomplishments of one of the greatest piano builders of his day, Henry Kroeger—a foundation built to last, by a man who was a past master in the art of scale-drawing and the development of tone. From its inception, the Kroeger product gained prestage for both quality and art as applied to the fundamental details of piano construction. and instead of developing weaknesses with the progress of time, its strength stands out today more prominently than ever, and is a source of wonder to those who have never given the Kroeger product careful study. The cornerstone of the Kroeger piano is its Quality, while the superstructure has been Progress along every line that could tend to perfection in piano construction. Its product is like the house, built to endure. It has always been the Kroeger slogan that their product is made not only to "look well but to sound well," all the time. The successors of Henry Kroeger have never deviated from the policy formulated by that illustrious piano maker, and have followed out the lines of development which he foresaw would come with succeeding years. The result is that the Kroeger piano of the present day, whilst possessing all of the exactions that were demanded by its inceptor, has kept pace with its competitors, and in many ways has shown them the way. Ably officered by men who are acquainted with the piano business, and whose identity has for years been merged in the name of Kroeger, this company has widened out its field of operations until its output is a familiar household name from coast to coast, and from the Gulf to well over the northern confines of this country.

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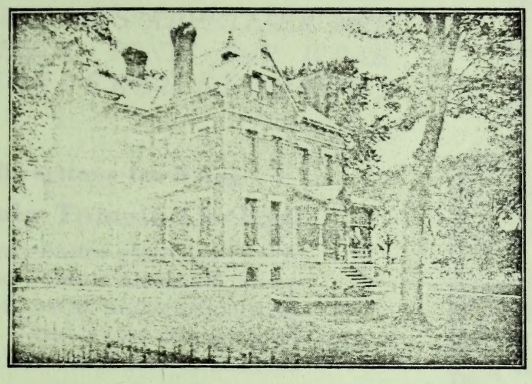
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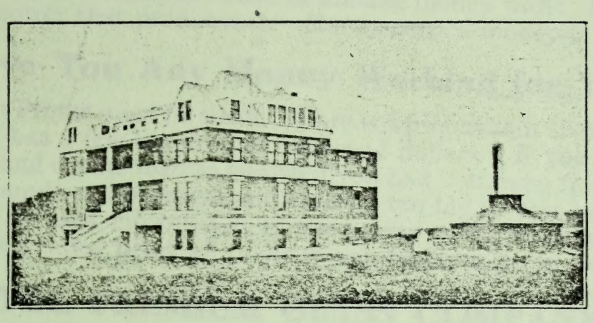
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MERCADIER

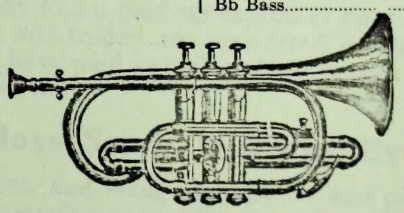
We guarantee these instruments for three years, to be perfect in pitch, tone and action.
Prices in nickle triple plate:

Cornets	$12.00
Altos	17.50
Tenors	18.00
Slide Trombones	16.00
Valve Trombones	18.00
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of Coffeyville, Kans. was organized in 1907, incorporated for $100,000 The Directors decided to sell only $75,000 of the stock for the completion of their large plant and leave sufficient working capital. The plant is one of the best equipped in the great gas belt. The growth of the business, however, has been so rapid that additional capital is now needed to properly handle it. The plant must be run at full capacity during the Winter months to manufacture ware and hold it in storage to fill Spring and Summer deliveries. The directors have now decided to sell the remaining $25,000 worth of stock.

This Company controls the patent and rights to manufacture the Premium Jar, and all patents and rights surrounding the manufacture, and holds exclusive control of machinery necessary in the production of the Premium Jar. Too much emphasis cannot be laid on the value of these patents.

The following editorial item from "Pottery and Glass," the largest trade publication of its kind in America shows the wide interest and recognition accorded the Premium Jar: "The Mason Fruit Jar factories that have enjoyed so long, a virtual monoply on the trade, have found an aggressive rival in the Premium Glass Company of Coffeyville, Kansas. The glass cap, simple and perfect seal and wide mouth have commended the new jar to all who have seen it. The National Bee-Keepers' Association have practically adopted it as a honey jar, and jobbers are tumbling over each other to get the new article."

Considering the superiority of the Premium Fruit Jar, it is but fair to compare the future of the Premium Glass Company to the success of Ball Brothers, the owners and manufacturers of the Mason Jar. We learn from reliable sources that when Ball Brothers started twenty years ago, they had a paid up capital of only $1,500; in five years' time they were rated at a million, and to-day are considered worth twenty million.

Fruit Jar manufacturers have paid as high as 300 per cent in a single season. These are good reasons for the belief that

Premium Glass Stock Will Pay Even Better

It costs less to make them, and being far superior and preferable; will cost less to sell them. There is only one stock—no water—not over capitalized, well managed, already well advertised. You can't make a mistake by investing in this stock. Shares $1.00, not less than 100 shares will be sold to any one person. Write us at once, every share has been sold at par, the remaining $25,000 will soon be picked up, get busy.

Premium Glass Company

G. F. Collins, Secretary and Manager. COFFEYVILLE, KANSAS

The Suburban Development Dep't of the SUNFLOWER REALTY CO.

Presents the best Real Estate investment ever offered to the public in their

Garfield Park and South University Place
Additions to Wichita

Which are located adjoining the Projected Orient Car Shops. A few blocks south and only a short distance from where street cars are now running. Lots are 25 feet wide and 148 feet deep, and 20 foot alleys.

Lots in both IDEAL GARFIELD PARK and BEAUTIFUL SOUTH UNIVERSITY PLACE will certainly double in value in the next few months, The fact that over seventy per cent. of these lots have been sold to people of Wichita who actually visited the ground and inspected it thoroughly before investing, is the best evidence of their value.

There are now five houses on these additions occupied by owners and two others in the course of construction. Many purchasers have expressed their intentions to build just as soon as Spring opens.

The projected interurban line which enters Wichita by way of Meridan avenue passes between these beautiful Additions. Inside lots are selling for $90.00 and corners for $125.00. Liberal terms without interest—no taxes.

Don't Delay. These Lots will be Sold in a Few Weeks

Send for Full Particulars at once.

Fill out, tear off and mail today to THOMAS McKNIGHT, Manager of Suburban Development Dept., 508 Barnes Bldg., Wichita, Kansas.

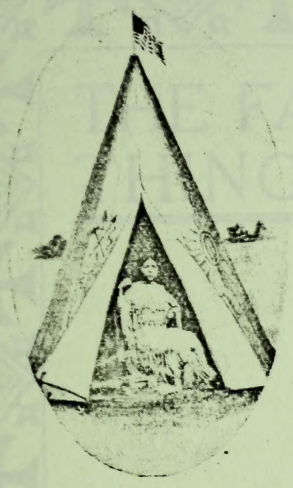
COUPON Date.....

SUBURBAN DEVELOPMENT CO.,
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GENTLEMEN:—Kindly send me full information concerning GARFIELD PARK and SOUTH UNIVERSITY PLACE Lots, prices, terms, city maps, etc.

Name..... Address.....

Town..... State.....



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If it's one of our Tents, its just like being at home with the fun added. We make tents of all sizes and kinds. Do not forget us.

We Make Anything in the Canvas Line

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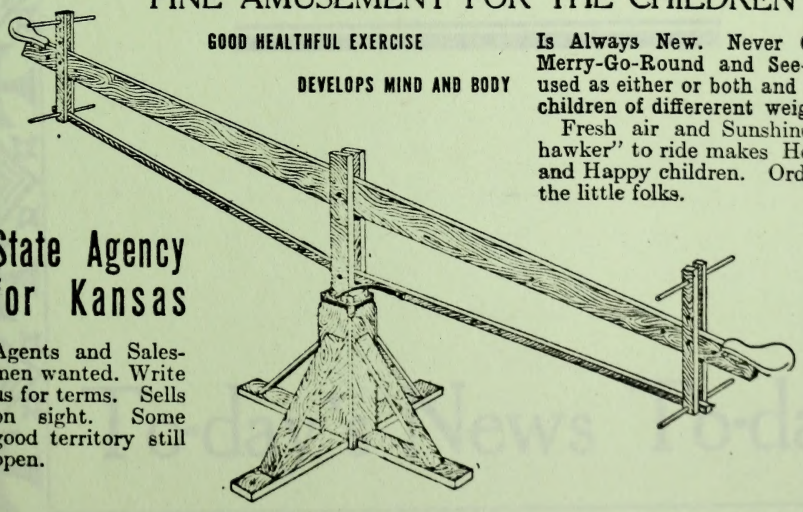
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Write for Our booklet, "The Door Beautiful." Send us name of your lumber dealer.

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Good Morning!



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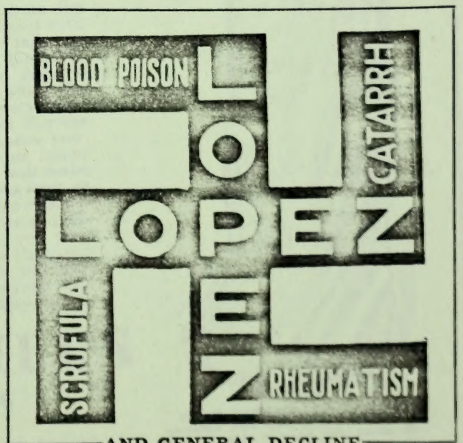
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Suesine Silk 47½¢

An Exquisitely Beautiful Silk for Dresses and Waists

To show you what Suesine Silk is like and the wonderfully brilliant and delicate colors suitable for negligee, house street, carriage, calling and evening gowns of every description, **we will send you absolutely free, thirty-seven samples of Suesine Silk—more than 285 square inches altogether, equal in all to two pages of this magazine.**

We ask only, that, when writing for these free samples, you will mention the name of your regular dry goods dealer, and say whether he sells Suesine Silk or not. Please be sure to give this information in writing to us.

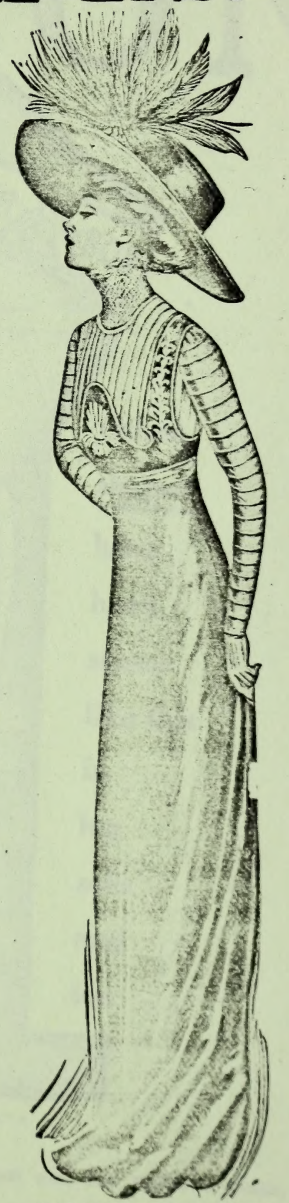
Suesine Silk IS Silk. We cannot emphasise that too strongly. Do not confuse it with the scores of "look-like" silks. Suesine is real silk. Woven inside the pure silk is a fine, strong, silky filament of Egyptian cotton—giving double strength and double wear without detraction from the exquisite beauty and fineness of the silk itself. That is the "Suesine Idea." It is ours. Nobody can copy or imitate it. That is why Suesine, while costing much less than Jap or China silk, gives better service and holds its beauty longer. It proves its value better, not only at first sight, but by actual wear Suesine will not crack or split at creases, nor will it develop pinholes like adulterated silk.

Once you see Suesine Silk you will not be able to resist its charm—that is why we want you to see it. Send at once for the thirty-seven free samples, showing the cheerful, dainty, brilliant shades, and these new colors so much in demand:—**Mulberry, Wistaria, Taupe, Catawaba, Sapphire, Peacock, Lobster, Emerald.**

Suesine Silk is a fabric for dressy uses or for constant wear—for every week in the year, and for every day in the week.

If your dealer hasn't Suesine Silk—with the name on the selvedge—don't be talked into buying a substitute or you will be sorry. Suesine Silk has tempted scores of stores to offer cheap flimsy stuffs masquerading and treading on the reputation of Suesine; these imitations are adulterated with tin, glue and iron-dust which make them quickly fall into pieces—don't be coaxed or persuaded into buying them, for you will sure regret it if you do. Insist upon the genuine Suesine with the name **SUESINE SILK** stamped along the edge of every yard. The fact that we stamp the name on every yard of Suesine Silk proves that we are certain that Suesine will please you.

If your dealer has not Suesine Silk, write to us (mentioning your dealer's name and address) and we will make it easy for you to examine and buy Suesine Silk—as easy as if you stood at the counter. We do not sell Suesine Silk except to dealers—but if we cannot send you the name and address of a dealer in the city who has Suesine Silk, you may send us the money—47½c a yard—and we will see that your order is filled by a reliable house. Suesine Silk will thus cost you no more than if you bought at a store in your own city. Write for the thirty-seven FREE samples today, NOW.



2713-2926—This costume develops to advantage when made of Suesine Silk. To make it, use for waist 3¾ yards Suesine Silk ($1.73) for size 36. And Butterick Pattern No 2713. And for skirt, 6¼ yards Suesine ($2.97) for size 24. And Butterick Pattern No. 2926.

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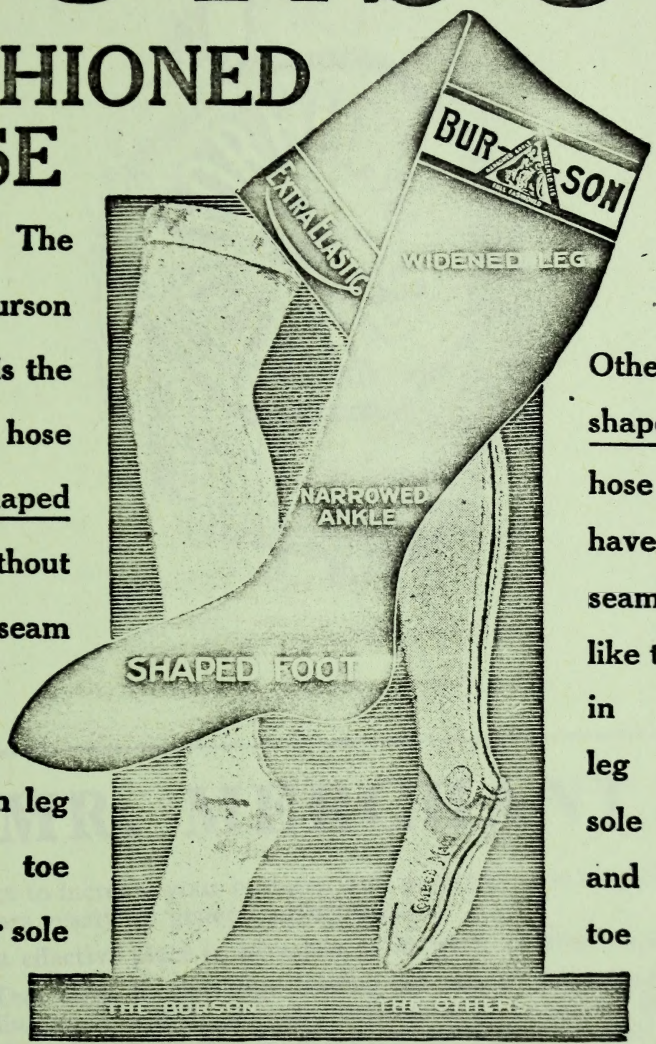
Desk K. 8 to 14 West 3rd Street.
NEW YORK CITY

Always, when writing, be sure to mention the name and address of your Dealer, and say whether or not he sells Suesine

BURSON

FASHIONED HOSE

The Burson is the only hose shaped without a seam in leg toe or sole



Other shaped hose have seams like this in leg sole and toe

Above we show the BURSON and the "others"—turned inside out. Note the difference.

The Burson stocking is knit to shape in leg, ankle, heel, foot and toe without seam, corner or uneven thread anywhere. It keeps its shape.

Burson stockings can be had in *Cotton, Lisle and Mercerized*—and in all weights—a complete line of Women's Hose in all sizes and qualities. Made in Rib tops and out sizes also.

Prices range from 25c up to 50c a pair.

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The most effective place to advertise is in front of your own store.

A Pryo One Light Electric Sign, costing but one or two cents an hour to illuminate, will draw trade, because it is attractive day and night, and must be read by every one passing within two blocks of your place of business.

Electric Signs have come to stay, and we have solved the problem of economy in this mode of advertising.

Write today for price and terms.

Kaw Sign & Manufacturing Company

909 Grand Avenue, KANSAS CITY, MO.

The Fourth National Bank

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WICHITA, KANSAS

Condensed statement of its condition at the close of business, September 1, 1909.

RESOURCES

Loans and Disocunts		$1,696,386.94
Banking House		35,000.00
Redemption Fund		10,000.00
Cash Resources—		
U. S. Bonds at par	$ 275,000.00	
Other High Class Bonds at par	166,291.82	
Cash and Sight Exchange	1,694,056.79	
		$2,135,348.61
Total		$3,876,735.55

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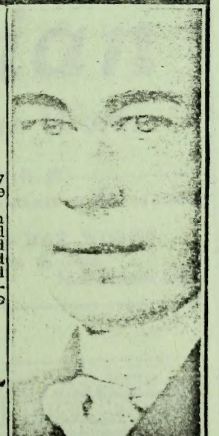
Capital Stock		$ 200,000.00
Surplus		150,000.00
Circulation		200,000.00
Undivided Profits		21,326.27
Deposits—		
Individuals	$1,986,737.55	
Banks	1,317,671.73	
Government	1,000.00	
		$3,305,409.28
Total		$3,876,735.55

The above is correct,

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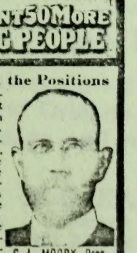
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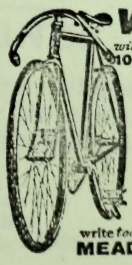
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After closely observing for a year the class and character of manuscripts submitted to the KANSAS MAGAZINE by young literary aspirants, we have decided that it would not only be profitable to these aspirants but also beneficial to the magazine to establish a thorough Department of Criticism. To this end we have secured the able services of Dr. LeRoy T. Weeks. Doctor Weeks graduated and took his master's degree at Cornell College. He taught some years in high school and college work, and then completed the work for the doctor's degree at the University of Chicago and at Denver University. Doctor Weeks was for a time a reader in the Bodleian Library, Oxford, England.

Our short experience with manuscripts has taught us that there is much native ability in many of the younger writers of Kansas. A little more technical knowledge coupled with this ability will produce writers who will be recognized in Magazine circles. Our new department proposes to furnish this technical knowledge at the lowest price for critical work that is of a high standard. We will help the young author learn the "polishing business" and then help him to a market for his finished product.

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Send us your manuscripts of prose or poetry, always typewritten if possible, but always at least, in a very plain hand. We will go over them in a careful, painstaking manner, pointing out errors in composition, errors of spelling, punctuation, grammar, and rhetoric. In case of stories and novels, we will point out faults in name, plot, paragraphing, construction as to proportion, unity, coherence; we will give suggestions as to character handling, diction, style, etc. Finally, we will give the author a list of periodicals that handle the kind of material found in his manuscript, or if found available for publication in the Kansas Magazine we will maek a cash offer or the manuscript submitted.

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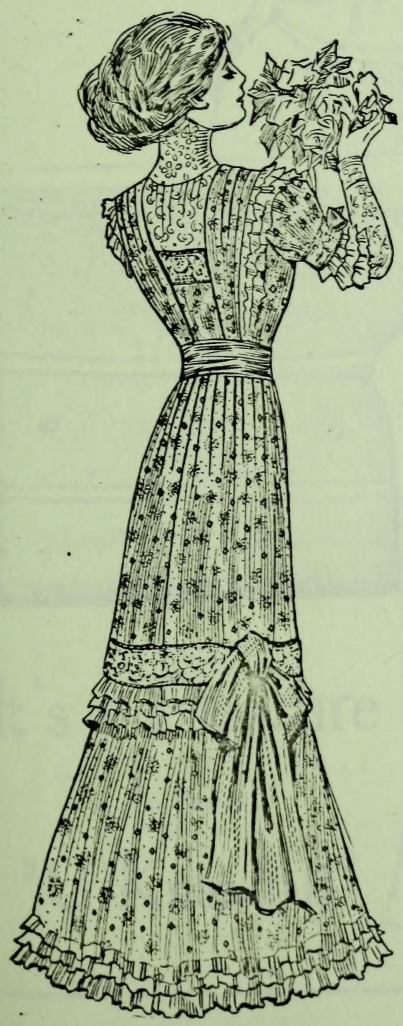
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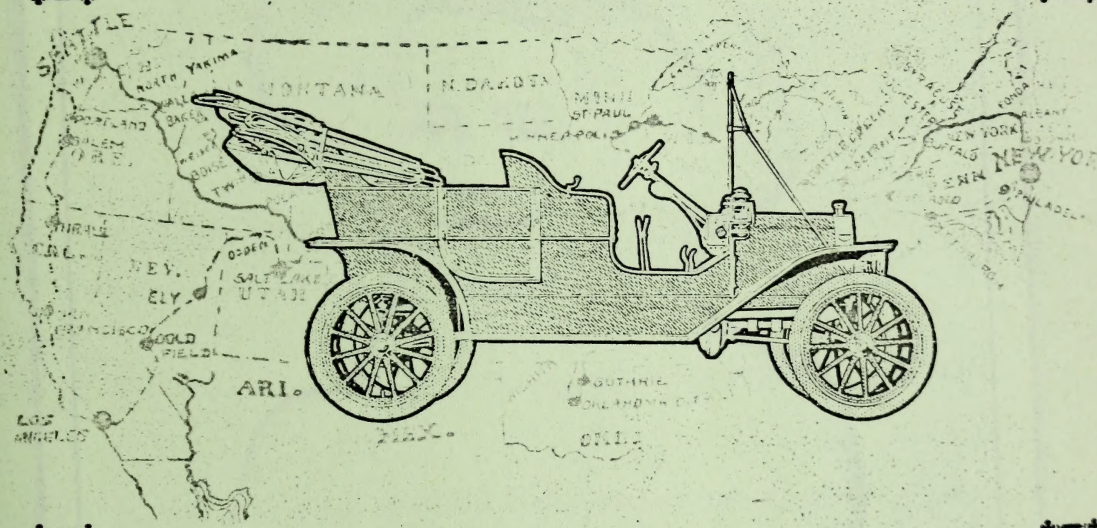
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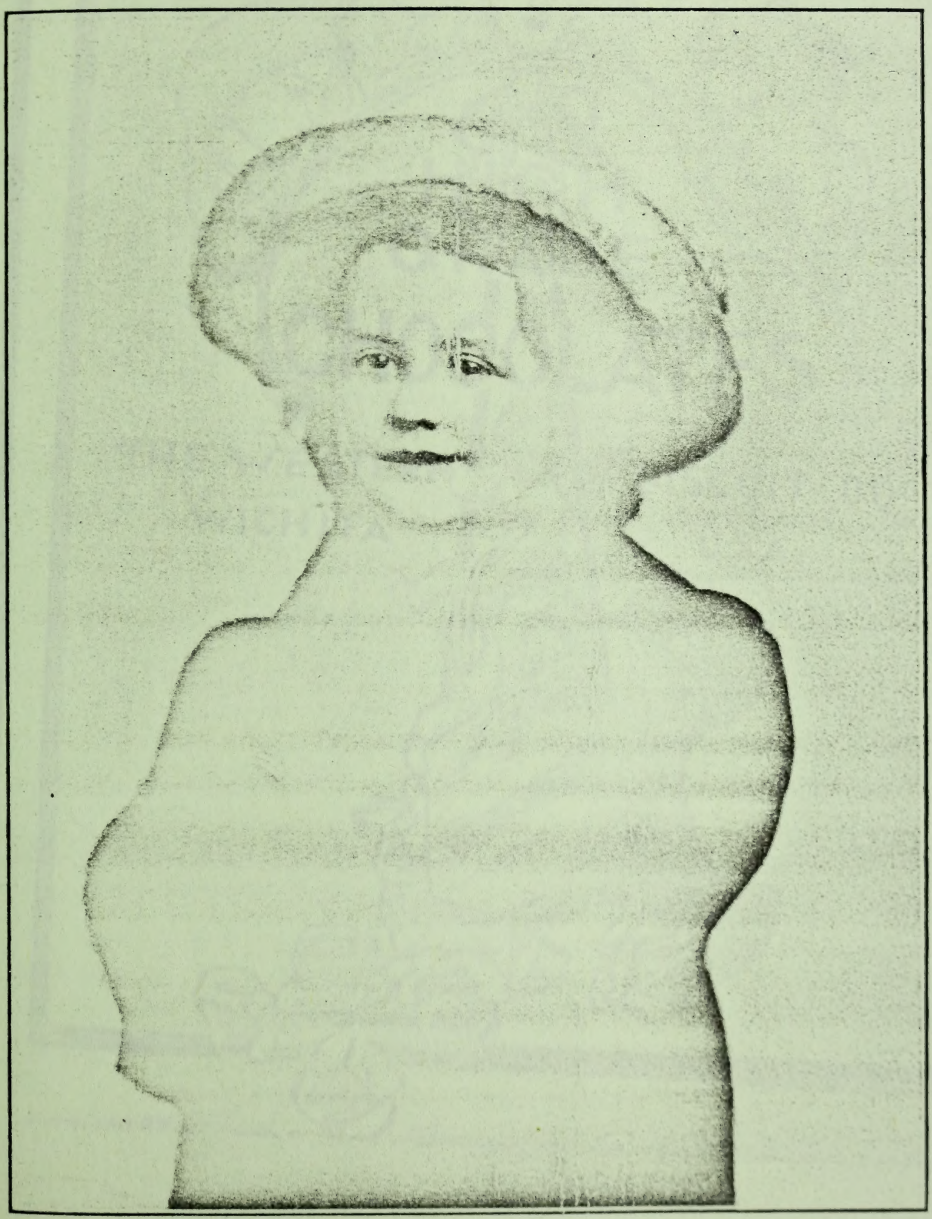


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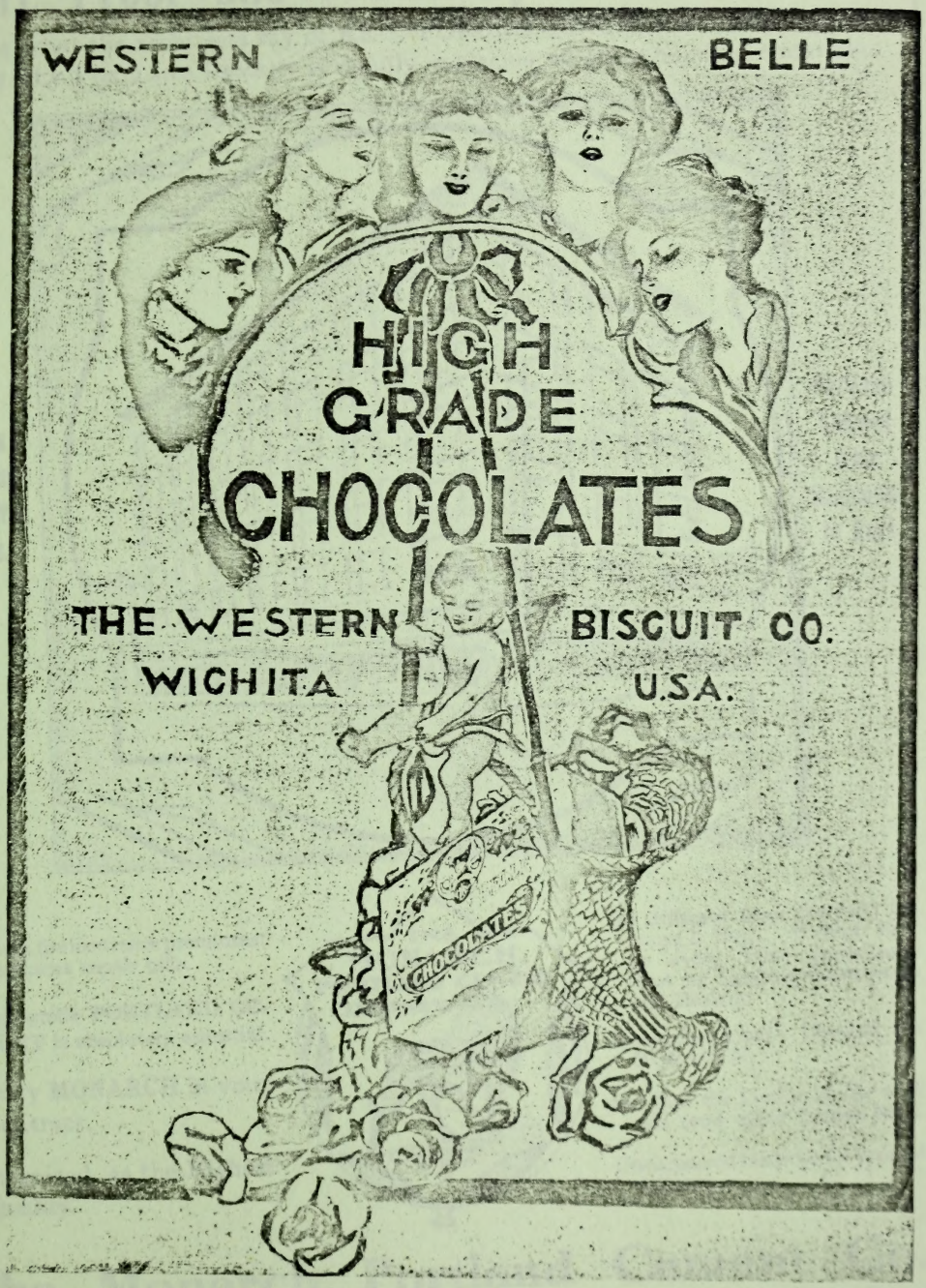
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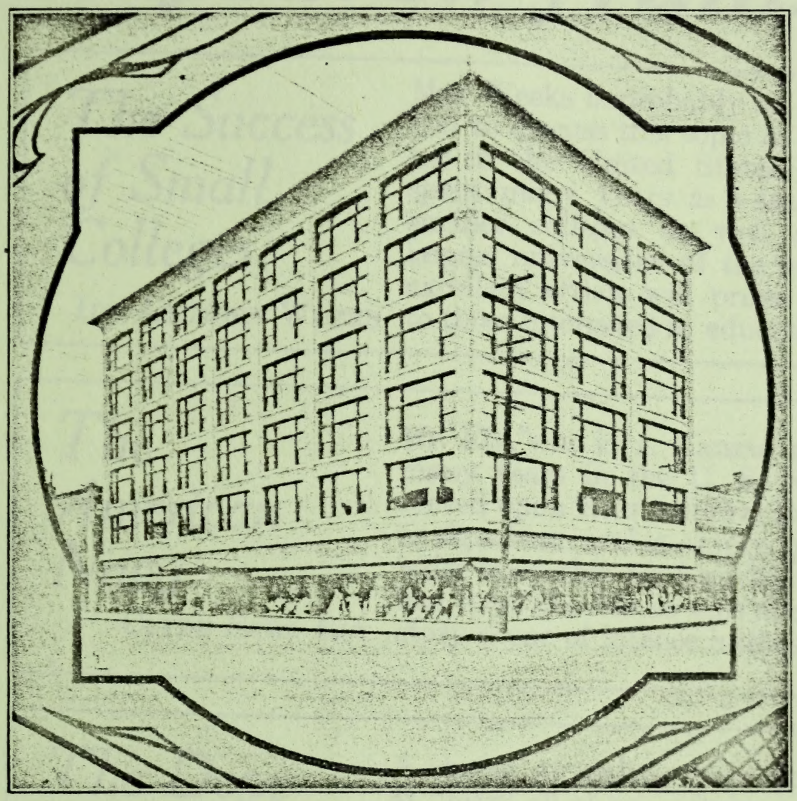



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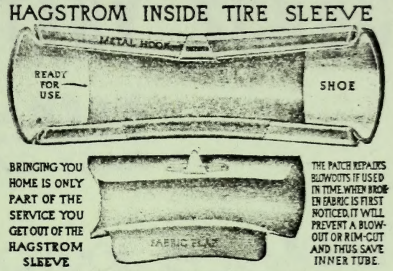
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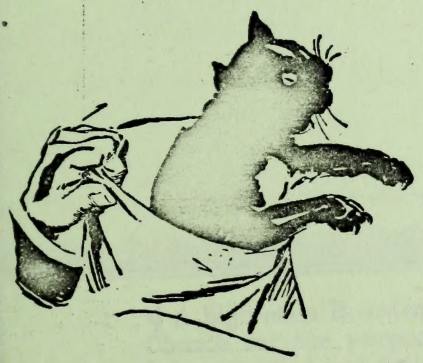
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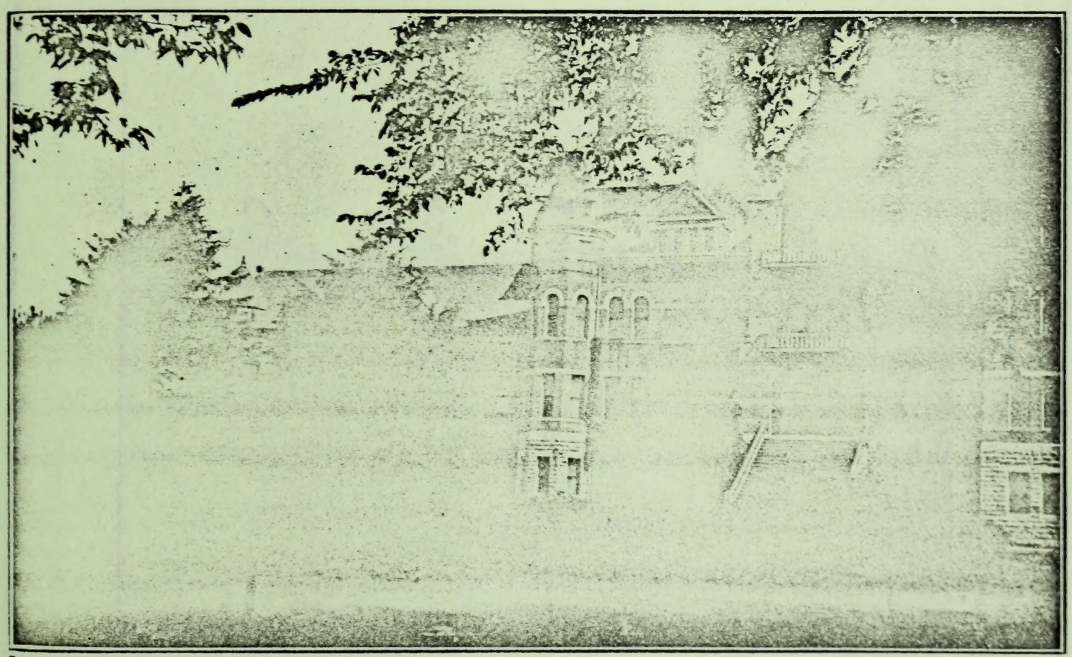


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KANSAS MAGAZINE

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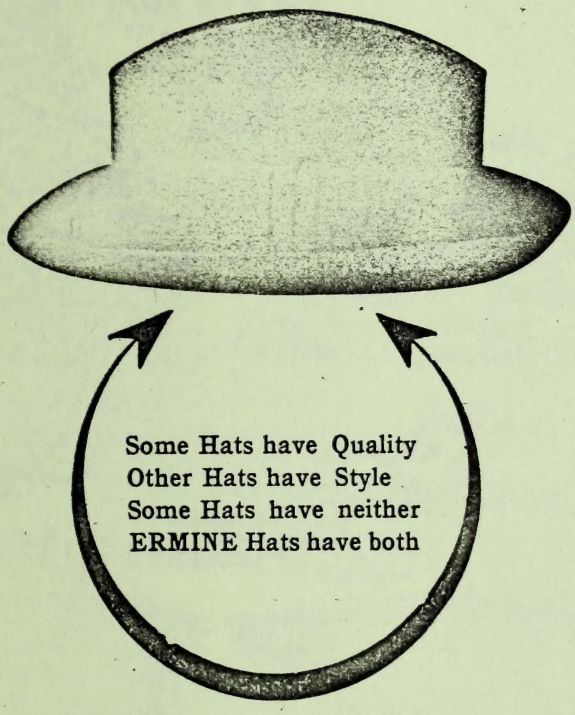
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THE KANSAS MAGAZINE, WICHITA, KANSAS

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Photo by Phil Eastman, Topeka, Kansas

View of the Walnut River
from the Ford of the Old Santa Fe Trail
near El Dorado, Kansas.

49-270

Kansas Magazine

VOL. III FEBRUARY 1910 NO. 2

The Battle of Shiloh

By William P. Hackney

The following is taken from the advance sheets of the "Recollections and Musings of the Hon. W. P. Hackney," now in course of preparation.

A FRIEND, who never was a soldier, recently said to me: "Why don't some of you old soldiers write, or make a speech, describing a battle? I have heard many people, never in war, express a wish to hear, or read such." I told him, that to describe a battle so that one never there could in his mind's eye see it, was an impossibility; that no man ever did or ever would be able to describe such; that in order to understand and appreciate a battle, one must have been in it, and a part of it; that a picture would not be perfect without the influences animating the men who were actors in it, but that I would do the best I could to describe one.

The Battle of Pittsburg Landing—or Shiloh, as the Confederates called it—was probably one of the most memorable battlefields of the Civil War.

There was no town or village there, just a landing, and a road had been cut in the side of the hill, from the landing up south, and west, to the top of a long hill, and from thence the road swung west and back in the shape of a half, or more, of a horse shoe, with another road from that at the top of the hill, thence south in the direction of Corinth, 22 miles away. The country thereabouts was dense woodland, with here and there a clearing. When the army arrived there, the underbrush and small timber was cut away, where the army went into camp. There was a small stream came in from the hills and emptied into the Tennessee river below the landing. Another stream came in from the hills and emptied into that river just above the landing. They were not wide, but quite deep. Three or four miles out from the landing these two streams were probably three or four miles apart, and from the point where they emptied into the above river, in a direct line hardly over a mile and a half apart.

Sherman's Division was encamped with its right on the west stream, first named. Then came, as I recollect now, McClernard's division, then Hurlburt's, and then Prentis', with my division under General W. H. L. Wallace in reserve, along and back of the first-named road.

I never was beyond our division lines in front, until the morning of the Sunday the battle opened. There was not a line of breastworks or other means of defense in the entire front of that army, and no preparation for defense thought

of, as we expected to advance on Corinth at any moment.

I stated before that Grant was without a command, and General Smith, who was supposed to be in command, was sick unto death at Savannah, eight miles below.

Nearly all of our troops, other than the division of Prentis, had been in the fights at Belmont, or in and around Ft. Donelson, or both, and to that extent, tried men, although thousands of them fired their first shot in battle that day.

The Confederate Army was known to be gathering at Corinth. Those who escaped from Donelson, and those from Buell's front in Kentucky, had seen some hard fighting.

Each army, then, was composed of men who had been in battle and all commanded on both sides by West Pointers, learned soldiers, who had seen real service and had commanded soldiers in battle; and while both armies were composed of farmer boys, mechanics, clerks and what not, only a few months before, and the most of whom had never seen a company of soldiers in their lives until they enlisted, each army was a fair average of that day, both in drill and experience, and nearly in numbers, there being 48,000 Union soldiers and 52,000 Confederates. Thus these men confronted each other at sunrise on that beautiful April morning in 1862.

The Union line of battle, as I recollect, was about two miles from where we were encamped. It had been raining for two or three days before, and the night before it rained very hard.

While Grant had been restored to the command two or three days before, I don't think our army knew it, generally. I am certain I did not, until eight or nine o'clock that morning, and then only by rumor, which carried with it the sad news that General Smith could not live. Sad I say, for every man in my division worshipped General Smith for the courageous, valorous soldier that he was, all recalling how he had sat upon his horse, at the head of his troops, as he led us to assault the enemy's works, through that hell of shot and shell, as we climbed that long hill ,in the grand charge made by Grant's left, the afternoon before the surrender of Donelson.

But to the battlefield. We were all busy cleaning our guns and accoutrements, and preparing for Sunday morning company and regimental inspection. There had been considerable firing out in front all morning, but we supposed that it was the men firing off their guns, preparatory to cleaning them for like inspections.

As we progressed, however, the firing became more general, and the matter was discussed by the men and officers; some contending that there was fighting, others that the guns were damp from the rains, and the men were firing them, preparatory to cleaning them for inspection. Little, if any, cannon firing up to this time, however.

The order had been given for us to fall in for company inspection, and we were getting into line therefor, when the cannon commenced to thunder in front from right to left, seemingly on our entire advanced line, and the roar of the musketry, theretofore desultory and spasmodic, became quite general, and I remember of remarking to the men: "You may all think what you like, but that is a fight."

About this time an officer (we did not know our officers then, whereas at the close of the war, nine men out of twelve knew nine-tenths of them, when they saw them, and their names, and the positions filled by them) galloped up on a large black horse covered with foam, sweat and salt from sweat; the horse had been shot near the point of the shoulder, and the red blood and froth was oozing therefrom and trickling down his foreleg. The officer (I did not know him then and never learned since) was perspiring, his face black with powder smoke, and his clothes torn in places as if he had been galloping through brush and timber, and soiled with the splashings of mud. He halted at the Colonel's tent, from which the Lieutenant-Colonel commanding us had just emerged in full uniform, sash and sword, plumed hat, pistols, gauntlet gloves, and ready for Sunday morning inspection. The officer, saluting him, said:

"Colonel, push out on the Shiloh Church road with your command at once. Don't delay a moment. There is a desperate battle on, the enemy is

pushing us hard, and seemingly in overwhelming numbers. Have your men to carry 60 rounds of extra ammunition each." And away he went to the next regiment.

While we were loading up with the extra ammunition, they were distributing guns and accoutrements and ammunition to a regiment 1000 strong, camped alongside of us, whose guns and traps had arrived only the night before.

We were off in short order for the front. The land was almost level, cut only by small ravines here and there, and covered with big trees mostly, where the underbrush had been cleared away for the camp, yet where there were no camps, the brush was still there. There was absolutely no advantage to either side, so far as the lay of the land was concerned. An ideal battlefield, to test the courage and endurance of the two armies, so nearly equal in numbers, on that fatal field.

As I said before, it was an ideal morning. Springtime, in that Southland. As we moved to the front, we soon reached a point where the air was full of bursting shells, and whistling rifle balls. A perfect cloud of wounded men came straggling back, shot in almost every conceivable manner; some were helped, some hobbled along, using their guns for crutches, and their numbers to me seemed vast indeed; many covered with blood, their appearance was not calculated to cheer us to the charge.

Here is Col. Rowett in full uniform, majestically riding at our head, and above the din of war his voice rings out like a clarion call: "Steady, men! Steady!" And through that throng of wounded stragglers from the front, amidst the thunder of cannon, the roar of musketry, with the twigs and limbs and splinters knocked from the trees overhead by shell and rifle ball falling upon and around us, with bursting shells and rifle balls whizzing through the air and among us, we go forward until we can see the enemy. We break into a double quick, the men falling as we run; we plunge into the underbrush, with our left on the road. Behind us is a rail fence, in front of an opening, in which stands a house and some scattering trees—most men in Kansas, I imagine, have looked at the picture of the Battle of Shiloh, issued by the J. I. Case Farm Implement Company, in the center of which is a picture of one of its reapers. If you have, you have seen a perfect picture of that, probably ten acres, and that house and trees. I never pass it, that I do not recall what a perfect picture of that field, house and scattering trees, just as I first looked upon the scene that Sunday morning in the heyday of my boyhood—where we rush in as the enemy is coming across that field, their line of battle about on the line where that house stood. We poured into them through the fence the fire from our guns. They hesitate for a moment, halt, turn and fly, leaving the field covered with their dead and wounded.

They rally behind the fence, along the wood opposite, and then follows a musketry duel between us. How long it lasted, I have no idea, but over the fence in their front, they scramble, in three columns, one behind the other, and here they come on a run at us.

Everybody is shooting; everybody is yelling. The wild cries of the enemy as they come is appalling, but above all is heard the clarion call of Col. Rowett, and after him, the call of every officer along the line: "Steady, men! Steady! Shoot the first damned coward who dares to run! Shoot 'em in the legs men! Shoot down their color-bearers! Knock those damned flags down! Give them hell, boys! Give them hell! God hates a coward!" On we rush, the men yelling after them, like exclamations, loading and shooting, as fast as they can. The enemy is now within a few rods of us. Our men are ordered to fix bayonets, and to continue shooting; everybody, officers and all, are yelling: "Stand firm! Hold your ground, men; give them hell!" The enemy falters. All three lines are a huge mob now; they halt; they turn and fly. Re-forming, they come again, and again the scene is re-enacted and back they go. Re-forming they come again, and again the same scene is re-enacted, and again they fly.

Suddenly there is a dull "thud," a groan, and as you cast your eyes around there is Lieutenant Myres, clutching the

leaves and grass as he writhes in death. "Thud," and John Duff rolls over, shaking with the tremor of death. And so it goes, until after the enemy retreats the last time. We find ourselves literally covered with limbs and young trees, shot so they bend over and upon us, shot off, and have fallen upon us, so thick that it is difficult for us to crawl from under them, while our dead and wounded lay where they fell, while out on that open field is a sight never to be forgotten. Dead and wounded everywhere. Already, the enemy has driven the men on our left back, and are now on our left and rear. We move to the right, and after passing the open field, move forward upon a battery that had been playing upon us, when we find that it is one of our own batteries. The horses are killed and disabled, and there are so many Union soldiers among the gray that we are ordered to hold our fire, until General Sweeney, our Brigade Commander with one arm, gallops forward to investigate, when they open fire upon him, with musketry. Whereupon he yells for us to charge. We obey and retake that battery.

In the meantime the enemy is between us and our comrades, and we have changed places with them; we can't get the battery away, and have to leave it where we found it. We form in line and charge the enemy now behind the fence, where we first fought, and drive them away.

It's late in the afternoon now; we face about to fight the column that is now after us, from whence we just came; when halfway across the field, we give them one volley, and away they go again.

We are now ordered to fall back, with the fire of the enemy upon our backs and both flanks, as we go. We fall back probably a half mile, where a new line is forming in the shape of a horseshoe; the toe our front, and the sides our flanks; within this circle and along the outer rim are 40,000 Union soldiers, with a very few pieces of artillery, pulled in line with ropes by the men. Our battery horses are all killed or wounded, and the guns in the possession of the enemy. Around this outer rim or lines of the Union Army are formed close up, the artillery and infantry of our adversary, flushed with victory; their artillery, double-shotted, in great numbers at close range, are pouring into our ranks their deadly fire, while from their infantry comes a stream of rifle balls from 45,000 blazing muskets. The powder smoke and heat is stifling. The wild yells of the enemy, simply terrific as they push forward, answered with yells of defiance from us, and above that hell of war, the cry everywhere: "Steady, men! Steady! Shoot the gunners, men! Shoot the gunners! Aim low men! Knock those color-bearers down! Knock their damned flags down, men! Give them hell, men, give them hell! Remember, boys, God hates a coward!" repeated all along that line. All the while we hear the "thud," that indescribable sound made when ball or fragment of shell strikes a soldier, and he falls, without a groan, possibly. Oh there was a scene of death that is indescribable; it was awful, Oh! horrible, even now, as I live over again that veritable inferno everlasting.

Under such a fearful fire of shot, shell, canister and grape from hundreds of cannon, and hail of rifle balls, our ranks melt away very fast; a panic ensues among our men; they stampede, and roll together from front and flanks and into a huge mob of frantic men, who have lost all self-control, and as one man they dash for the opening at the heel of the horseshoe. Intermingled among them are ammunition wagons, caissons, ambulances, mounted officers, aids, orderlies, and now and then a connon pulled by a horse or man, or both, jamming into each other, over each other, like a herd of stampeded steers they go, with the enemy following, shooting and yelling like mad men. Oh, it was hell!

All this time I was in front, near the toe of the shoe, shooting at the enemy in front, or changing position behind the tree from the flanks, but in close range of the enemy, who were blazing away in my direction from three sides, and only three or four hundred yards away.

You ask if I was scared? *Scared!* I should say I was.

The man never lived, not a crazy, irresponsible loon, that would not have been scared. Great Heavens! As I recall that scene, and my feelings of

fright then, after all these years, I am compelled to stop writing and light me a cigar, (in violation of the Denver Presbyterian Convention's demand that I shall not, which, by the way, is none of their business) and take a smoke to recover myself. *Scared!* I should say I was, muchly. It was enough to shake, and did shake, the nerves of 40,000 men as never before, and make of them, for the time being, frightened wild beasts, hell-bent to save themselves, no matter who else was sacrificed thereby.

While near the toe of that horseshoe, in that hell of carnage, a smooth-faced boy, about my own age, belonging to the 14th Illinois Infantry, occupied with me the space behind a tree which we were hugging as closely as possible.

I had loaded my gun, and while fumbling in my cap pouch for a cap with which to explode it, he said to me: "Step aside' I am ready to fire." I stepped aside and as I did so, I noticed that he had a smile on his face, and was perfectly cool. As he took aim and fired, he fell back dead with a bullet wound squarely between his eyes, the smile still on his face as before death.

Men cannot measure time in such cases, and how long I stayed there loading and firing as fast as I could, I do not know, but when the remnant of the Union Army, like situated as myself, turned and ran, I went with them. As I turned hurriedly to flee I took a farewell look at my young comrade and as I did so I noticed again the same smile that played around his mouth before he fell to his death. I shall never forget that scene.

There were probably 1500 or 2000 men who viewed the situation as I did; that is, we thought we could see greater danger to our safety in that mob, than facing the enemy, so we fell back slowly, fighting as we went from tree to tree, until we were where we could see our friends trying to form line on that old road from the landing back to where our camp was located, from whence we had gone in the morning, but between us and them the enemy had interposed a thin line. Across the road from us, what I have always supposed was Prentis' division, was surrendering—I did not propose to be a prisoner. The other 1500 or 2000 men were doubtless of the same mind. Anyhow, we broke through that line, with them shooting at us at close range, and commanding us to "halt" and "surrender." Clubbing our muskets, we made a dash at them. A fellow made a lunge at me, with his bayonet. I dodged and almost ran into an officer, who made a vicious stroke at me with his sword. I was scared, and had neither the inclination to form new acquaintances, nor to spend any time in cultivating such, so through I went, and on to my comrades, at the old road. I don't know what became of those who made the dash with me. In fact, I had seen so many dead and wounded that day, that the thought of what became of others, under the stress of such circumstances, was not likely to attract my attention. The subject uppermost in my mind then was, what was likely to become of "*William.*"

When I got to the old road, I found a thin double line of infantry, two deep, gathering around their regimental flags. Some regiments had as low as 15 men only, others more. My regiment, as I recollect it, had 91, and it was much larger than most of them.

Think of it! Regiments with from 700 to 1000 men when they went into battle, that morning, only the few left there with the flags! It is true that the dead and wounded that day climbed into the thousands. But where were the rest of them? Wild with fright, they would not halt when they got to that road, but had rushed over, and down the hill, where the bottom of the river stopped them, and there it was said, that officers sent among them to urge them to rejoin us, became like panic-stricken, themselves, and could not be induced to come back.

They were not cowards. No man ever lived who fought braver and more valorously than did they. But when the Demon Fear got hold of them, and they lost all control of themselves, as they did, they were simply crazy with a desire to get away. Some of my comrades, who distinguished themselves that day for bravery—and who did so after, in every fight in which engaged, often—went over that hill that evening like so

many wild cattle, and nothing could stop them.

And as I have before stated, we held that line against the enemy, and the next day won a great victory.

But this is a very faint picture of that battle. No human soul can comprehend it, who was not in it, and a part of it; without which none can fully appreciate such. One must live through it to do that.

"Ah never shall the land forget
How gushed the life-blood of her brave—
Gushed, warm with hope and courage yet,
Upon the soil they fought to save."

In this I have given only my own observations and experiences, because I could not detail that of others.

All honor to those heroes, Union and Confederate! Americans all! Applause for the living! Flowers for the dead!

"By the flow of the inland river,
Whence the fleets of Iron have fled,
Where the blades of the grave-grass quiver
Asleep are the ranks of the dead—
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment day;—
Under the one, the Blue;
Under the other, the Gray.

"These in the robings of glory,
Those in the gloom of defeat,
All with the battle-blood gory,
In the dusk of eternity meet;—
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment day;—
Under the laurel, the Blue,
Under the willow, the Gray."

The Night of the Betrayal

He went out, "and it was night;"
Midnight past!
Adown the silent street he stole;
The shadow cast
Upon the world by his black soul
Was blacker than the night.

Adown the street the Master came,—
Midnight gone!
Earth's blackest night was on his head;
Eternal dawn
Broke on the world, for he had said:
"The hour is at hand."

CHARLES WILFORD.

The Jay-Bird

By Le Roy T. Weeks

(Courtesy of Century Magazine)

I.

Ho, there gay marauder
  Rummaging the wood!
Pompous self-applauder,
Braggart and defrauder,
  Bold as Robin Hood.
Saucy imp in white and blue
What's your title? Tell me true.
Comes the answer, sharp, metallic:
"Smart
    Aleck!
      Smart
        Aleck!"

II.

Impudent freebooter,
  Pirate of the grove,
Scoffer and disputer,
Harasser and looter,
  Everywhere you rove
But from out that noisy throat
Often comes a liquid note:
"Kickapoo,
    Peek-a-boo
      Link-a-loo
        Inkle-poo!"

III.

Then again he'll whisper—
  Oh, but he is sly!
Like a happy vesper,
You will hear the lisper,
  In the leaves near by,
Crooning to his nesting mate
Songs beyond me to translate:
"Tear,
    Tee,
      Twink,
        Twee!
Room for two—just you and me!"

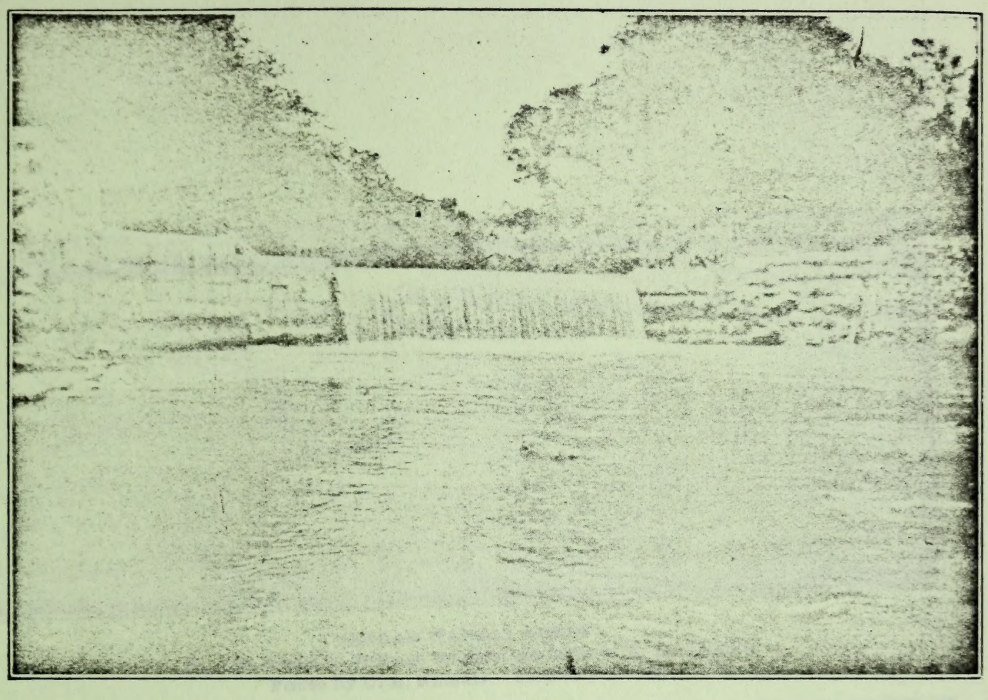
IV.

Here I lie a-soaking
  In the scented shade,
While he goes a-poking
All about and joking
  Like a jolly blade.
Then he'll order 'round his wife,
With her busy, busy life:
"Fill the kittle!
    Fill the kittle!
      Fill up the kittle!
        Fill the tea-kittle!"

V.

Once I watched a robin
  Plastering her nest,
How she kept a-bobbin'
In and out, and daubin'
  Shaping with her breast.
Jay-bird came a-dancing by,
And the dwelling caught his eye—
Sucked the eggs and flew away!
"Jay!
    Jay!
      Jay!
        Jay!"

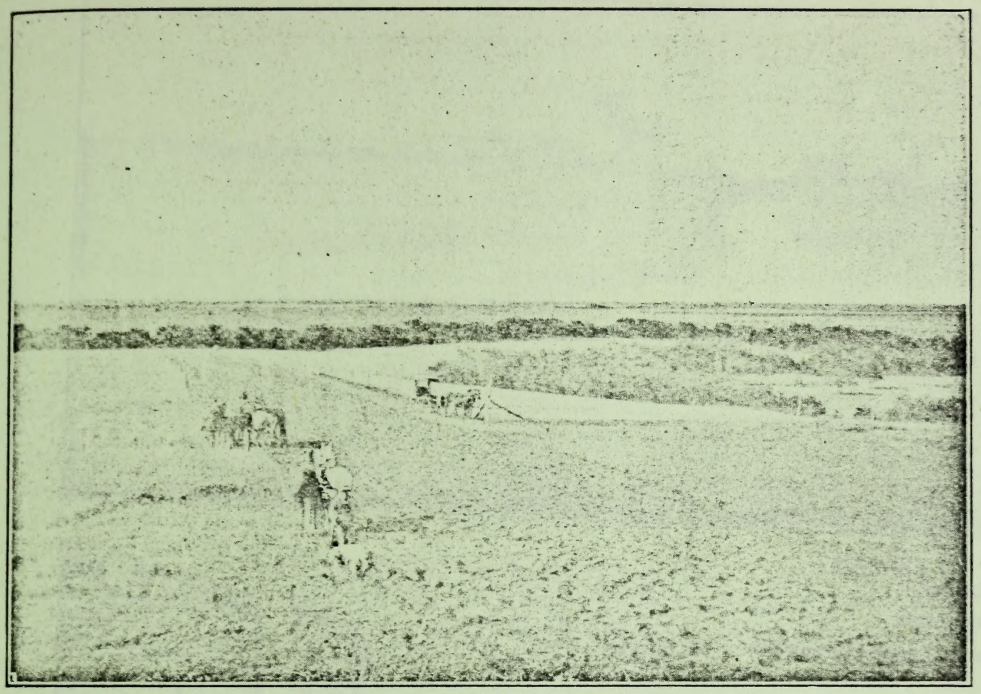
Kansas Magazine Prize Scenery Contest



A Beautiful View of Bluff Creek Dam near Caldwell, Kansas
Photo by Francis Botkin. First Prize, $1.50



"A KANSAS SUNRISE"
Taken after a morning shower on a farm near Arkansas City
Photo by Q. O. Boyer. Fourth prize, 1 year's subscription



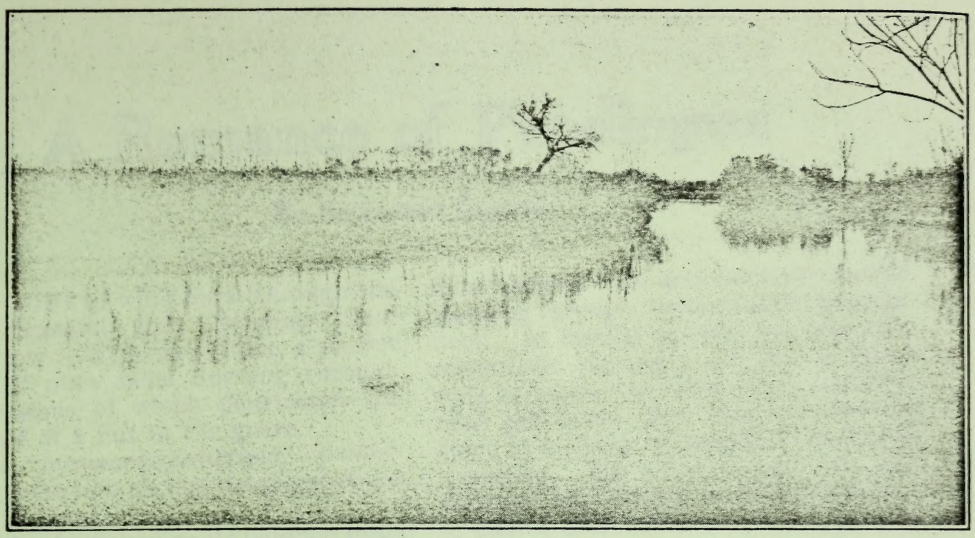
"BROAD KANSAS ACRES"
On Ash Creek, in Pawnee County, on farm of C. A. Nichols
Photo by C. A. Nichols. Second prize, $1



"WHERE TWO HEARTS BEAT AS ONE"
Photo taken one mile Southeast of Haven, Kansas, by Ed Walter, Haven. Third prize, 1 year's subscription







EVENING ON THE "SMOKEY"

near Abilene

(Photographer please write us)



SOME KANSAS CLIFFS

near Natoma

Photo by
Warren W. Norris
Wichita

Honorable mention

A Romance of Pandingue

By Lawrence Cooper

A GUST of wind burst through the cocoanut trees bending them low. With the retract, a shower of nuts came hurtling through the air some of which penetrated the nipa roof of a hut in the grove.

"Aba, '*Jesumariasantissima*,' '*putainamo*'" came in a chorus the ejaculations of the inmates.

The shack swayed on its bamboo posts and a driving rain found its way through the roof with ever increasing facility. Within the house a grave and important deliberation was taking place. An American was seated at either end of a long table—each white man in turn striving to calm the excited natives in the room, apparently with little success.

"Jackson," said one of the Americans to his companion, "you might use that X-Ray machine that the Department of Agriculture sent you for scientific research."

"What's your idea Peters? This is hardly the moment for joking."

Jackson was the supervisor of the district of Pandingue in the province of Bantayag and Peters was a second lieutenant of Constabulary stationed at the same place.

"You are slow, Jack. Turn your X-Ray on that crocodile and locate the body in his belly."

"You are a jewel, old man. You are a credit to the Constabulary of the Philippine Islands. I believe we are saved and we ought to get a promotion out of this deal. Just keep these little brown brothers interested until I go over to my office to get the machine.

Encased in his rain coat and rubber boots, Jackson threaded his way through the kitchen by making a detour of two half-naked women and six stark-naked children who were eating rice and putrid fish in the middle of the floor. He stumbled over a mangy dog that was snatching a mouthful from the rice pot from time to time and narrowly missed stepping through the slats of the bamboo floor. At last he reached the doorway; meanwhile causing a pig and a game cock to break loose from their moorings near the door. The rain was coming down in torrents, although the wind was subsiding. The water was so high that Jackson was obliged to hail a *banquero* to paddle him in a banca to his office in the school house.

The chief of the Tinguianes stirred uneasily in his chair as a stream of water entering from the roof shifted its course so as to fall on his back. He unrolled a palm-leaf cape which he carried under his arm, placed it about his shoulders and stolidly resumed his former position. Six natives were seated at the table. At their right of the vacant chair of the supervisor were the *presidente* of Pandingue and two of his councilmen. At the right of Lieutenant Peters were the chief of the Tinguianes and two of his headsmen. Streams of water spattered on the table and on the floor. Three cocoanuts that had recently fallen through the roof were lying on the floor and an active wind threatened at any moment to induce a resumption of the bombardment. The importance of the occasion was so great, however, that no one of the company suggested or even thought of adjourning the meeting for fairer weather.

The difficulty had come about in this way: One of Jackson's school teachers' a son of the *presidente*, was teaching school in a *barrio* near the river Bani, which is infested with crocodiles. Friday afternoon, the day before, during intermission he had indiscreetly attempted to take a bath in the river, whereupon he was seized by an enormous saurian. The shrieks of the teacher brought the school children running to the spot where they arrived just in time to witness the horrible spectacle of their

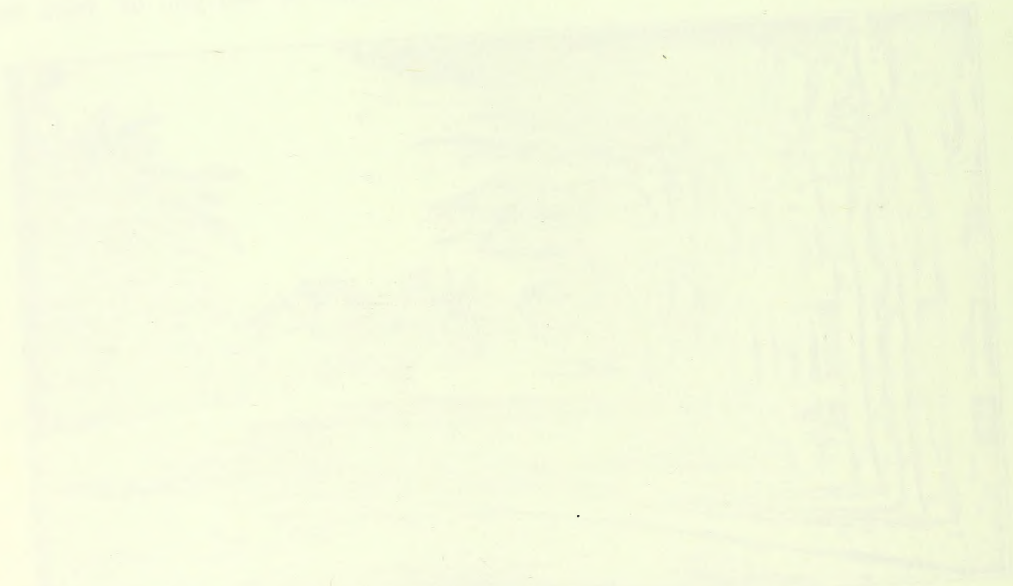
teacher being devoured by a crocodile.

The *presidente* was overwhelmed with grief at the fate of his son. He ordered a snare made of rope netting to be placed near the river with a goat for bait. The crocodile never having been molested before was bold and fell promptly in the snare. The *presidente* then sent a squad of municipal police to dispatch the beast and cut him into mincemeat. The police met an unexpected obstacle in the fulfillment of their orders. A band of eight Tinguianes had gathered about the body of the crocodile and were debating how best to release it without risking damage to themselves. The police prepared to carry out their orders, whereupon the Tinguianes attacked them with bolos and headaxes. The police were four in number, armed with antiquated Springfield rifles. Two policemen were badly cut with headaxes which the Tinguaines hurled at them before running. The Tinguianes retired before the badly-aimed fire of the police without damage, promising to return with a full force. The police reported the affair without delaying to kill the crocodile, and the *presidente* sent with all haste for the Lieutenant of Constabulary.

Lieutenant Peters accompanied by twenty Ilocano soldiers arrived on the scene simultaneously with the chief of the Tinguianes who had about a hundred warriors. Not wishing to shed blood nor to disrupt the hitherto friendly relations with the mountain people, Peters conferred with the chief who agreed to a truce and to go to the house of the *presidente* to talk the matter over. Indeed the situation was grave. Pandingue and a few other scattering villages were the outposts of the Christian Malay settlements. It is supposed that the mountain people are the descendants of a very early migration of Malays from other islands of Malaysia or from the Malay Peninsula. The ancestors of the valley people followed later driving the former inhabitants into the mountains. In Spanish times and as far back as there are records, the mountain people, with fierce hate in their hearts, descended from time to time on the valley, to steal goats, pigs and chickens as well as to cut off as many of the enemy's heads as possible, then they fled back to the mountains before they could be attacked. Occasionally a Spanish officer led a successful expedition against the mountaineers, punishing them with great cruelty and allowing the soldiers to bring back the prisoners to be sold as slaves. After the American occupation

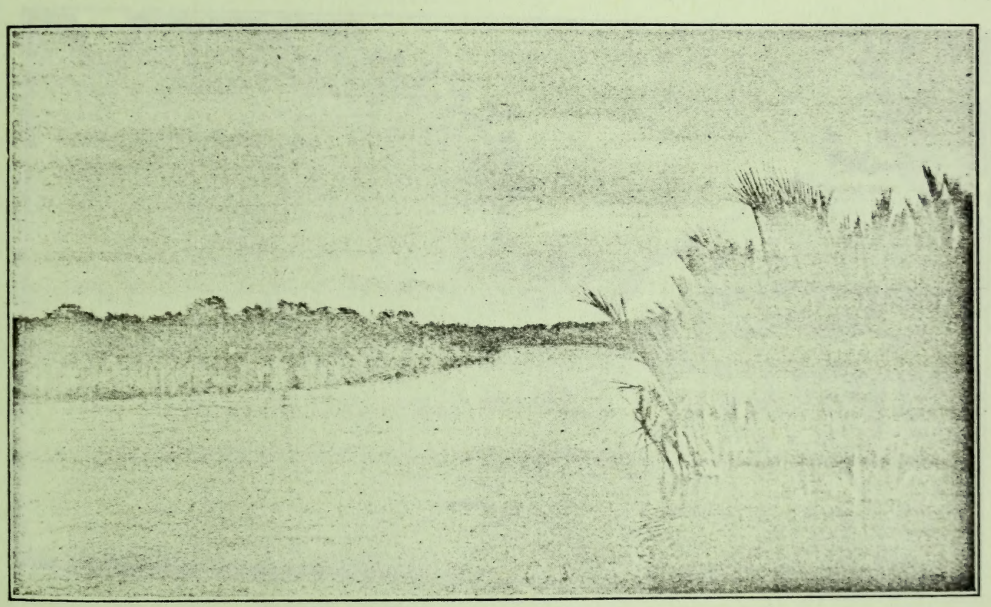


THE VILLAGE OF PANDINGUE



the troubles ceased. It had been necessary at first to give the mountain people a little discipline, after which tact and patience finally won their friendship. In some places the American school had already been introduced. The tribes near Pandingue, however, were almost inaccessible and still remained in a semi-pacified state.

Peters and Jackson, the only Americans within a radius of one hundred miles of Pandingue, were entrusted by the American government to weld and strengthen bonds of friendship between the wild mountain people and the so-



THE BANI RIVER, A SHORT DISTANCE FROM THE CORDILLERA CENTRAL

called Christian Malays, as well as to educate them into responsible citizenship and a proper respect for American authority. The labor of years was threatened. If the Constabulary fired on the Tinguianes a dozen tribes would be aroused. Peace would be broken and a strife precipitated which could be checked only by a strong force. On the other hand, if the Tinguianes were allowed to free the crocodile, the ire of the Christian Malays would be aroused and American courage and authority would seriously lose prestige. What was to be done? This was the problem that confronted the two Americans when they called together the company before

mentioned. That night, as if to add to the lugubriousness of the situation a strong wind bearing copious rain clouds threatened to develop into a typhoon. At eight o'clock the next morning, when the meeting had convened, the town was already aflood with water, but the wind was not so strong and promised to subside.

Jackson, who spoke the Bantayag dialect, first adressed the meeting. The Tinguianes, having been in contact with the more civilized tribe for generations, also understood and spoke the dialect.

"My friends, I am grieved that a difference has come between you, and that you have tried to shed each other's blood. The Government has had the greatest hope and confidence that you would be worthy of the trust it has placed in you. Are you going to betray that trust? Kamulok," turning to the Tinguiane chief, "what is the meaning of your attack on the police of Pandingue?"

The chief of the Tinguianes arose proudly, but respectfully to his feet.

"Yes, I am Kamulok, king of the Tinguianes. My elder sister is married to Kalagao, the chief of the Ifugaos. My younger sister is promised to Manaoag, the son of the chief of the Bontocs. We are five thousand war-

riors all. The *presidente* of Pandingue has insulted our god. He was wished to lay violent hands on Init, the god of the waters. Already Init is very wroth. Our rice will perish for want of water, our potatoes will grow small and our wives will abort." Kamulok seated himself as pompously as he had arisen and withdrew himself into the shelter of his rain cape.

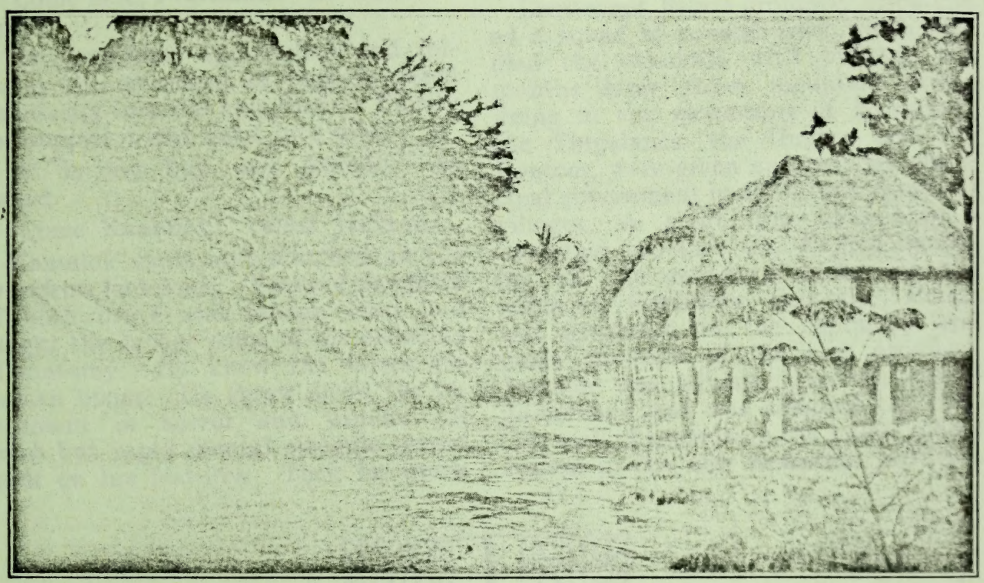
The *presidente* of Pandingue then arose to speak. There were tears in his eyes, and his voice quavered. "I was a father, but I have lost my son; a son of promise, who had already learned the language of the Americans and was a teacher in the public schools. He has been devoured by a vile crocodile; and these savages would thwart me in doing justice to the reptile, as well as in putting our village in security from him in the future. What is the threat of this barbarian? We are a small, weak village, but we recognize the sovereignty of America in this island, we are loyal subjects to the President of the United States and we appeal to the American government for support."

Kamulok sprang to his feet. "It is a lie. Init harms no one and does good to all. The awkward son of this man no doubt sank to the bottom of the river and drowned because he could not swim."

"You are a vile slanderer," shrieked the *presidente.* "Fifty school children saw the crime. We will open the body of the reptile to prove it before your eyes."

"If you lay a finger on Init, I will bring down all my warriors from the mountains to cut off the heads of every man, woman and child in Pandingue."

The situation was growing desperate. There seemed to be not the slightest hope of a reconciliation, until Peters suddenly remembered the X-Ray machine that the Bureau of Agriculture had sent Jackson to investigate a bone disease that was crippling *caraboas* and horses. Jackson left Peters occupied in keeping the company from coming to blows, while he went to the store room to get the apparatus. Within fifteen minutes he returned. The wind was going down and the rain had almost stopped falling.



HOUSE OF THE PRESIDENT OF PANDINGUE

"Come," said Jackson to the natives, "let us go to the spot where Init is in bonds."

Without a word the natives followed Jackson and Peters to the place where the crocodile was leashed. Fortunately his struggles had envolved him in the

meshes of the net so securely that he could scarcely move. Jackson prepared the apparatus and began to locate the animal's stomach. The reptile was lying on his belly, making it impossible to get a distinct view of anything inside of the body on account of the horny surface of its back, and its vertabrae bones. Jackson changed his tactics to the animal's side. After some moments of search he discovered fairly clear outlines of human bones, some of them badly crushed but others still unmistakably recognizable. The natives were staring at him in blank wonder.

"Come here, *Presidente*," he called at last.

The *presidente* approached and following the directions of Jackson gazed steadfastly into the apparatus. Finally he dropped it and burst into sobs.

"It is my boy, my Alfredo," he wailed.

"Come Kamulok!" called Jackson.

Kamulok came and searched as the *presidente* had done. Years of slaughter of both brute and human kind had taught the savage some of the elements of anatomy. He knew the bones for human bones. He threw down the instrument in horror and wonder. A great but rapid mental struggle traced itself on his features. Then he threw himself on his knees before Jackson and Peters.

"The white man is greater than Init," he declared. "Init shall perish and we will worship the white man."

The day was saved. One by one the wondering natives viewed the human bones within the maw of the saurian. Init, the mammoth crocodile that had lived for perhaps a century in a mountain lake at the head waters of the Bani had come down the river for the last time. Science had dethroned him and turned the superstitious veneration of the mountain people from him to the white men.

Lieutenant Peters promptly dispatched a squad of constabulary which riddled the crocodile with bullets. Six months later three mountain tribes living in the mountains of Bantayag, the Tinguianes, the Ifugaos and the Bontocs, were given autonomous municipal government in all of their principal villages. A short time after that a mountain province was formed including all the mountain tribes of the northern Cordillera Central. Peters was promoted to the captaincy and made governor of the new province. Jackson was advanced to the superintendency and was assigned the difficult task of organizing the public school system in the new mountain province.

The Trail of Eternity

Oriole sat on a swaying bough
And sang to his swinging love:
'Twixt the beautiful green of the earth below
And the blue of the sky above,

Poured note upon note from his tuneful throat
'Til the hours were growing late—
Sang: "Where shall we swing next year, my dear?
And who will be your mate?"

J. E. Torrance.

A Fight Worth Watching

By George T. McDermott

"Lloydie-Georgie bent his bow;
He shot at a pigeon and killed a crow."

THE above lines were in big black letters, a legend below a ridiculous figure of a boy in knickerbockers with a man's wrinkled and troubled face, watching his misguided arrow. It was upon a large poster, clinging to the hull of a vessel in dry dock; and it broke the spell that bound us.

Touched by the quiet of a gray Sabbath morning, an Atlantic liner was creeping up the Clyde; on either side there unrolled the story of mediaeval splendor: the big parks, rolling in their luxurious greens, the solemn oaks, the stately manor house had sent us dreaming of the days of Ivanhoe and Kenilworth. This rude caricature disturbed our dreams, and brought us in a breath from the day of Kings to this day of electors. "Lloydie-Georgie" is, of course, the Right Honorable Lloyd-George, Chancellor of the Exchequer, the director of the financial destinies of Great Britain. The crow is Labor; the pigeon, Capital.

This is but one of a large family of Posters. Some of them represent Labor as a column of masonry and Capital the foundation stone; others, in very thin guise, threaten the extinction of the House of Lords. Every bill-board, every bare wall, from the rocky wastes of western Ireland to the sandy firths of eastern England; from the heather-covered hills of the Scottish Highlands to the flat fruit lands of Kent, is plastered with them. It is a pictorial appeal to the last arbiter.

For our mother country is plunged into a struggle, that is being watched eagerly by the people of every civilized nation. It seems to be the crisis toward which she has been steadily drifting since the War of the Revolution. That war wrote into the constituiton of England one sentence: The colonies cannot be taxed for the needs of the central government. Acknowledged by all as one of the great world-powers; confident in herself that she is the one world-power she will not take in an inch of sail. The expenditure incumbent on carrying so much canvas is beyond comprehension,—it be comes simply an array of figures. Building Dreadnaughts, subsidizing whole fleets, maintaining a vast army, keeping up the most perfect and most costly consular system known; all this must be saddled on a strip of ground but half again as large as the state of Kansas, and out of which forty millions of people must eke an existence.

That is the problem which faced the Liberal party, pledged by tradition to free trade. Its solution was the task of Mr. Lloyd-George, the patient target of the cartoonist. His solution was a simple one,—the only one. Raising as much as possible by an inheritance and succession tax, adding to that an increased income tax, already high, with a heavy super-tax on incomes above five thousand pounds, he found himself still far short of the amount necessary. He procured that amount by a graduated tax on land, laying an almost prohibitive tax on the owner of the large estates, him who lives by the labor of others.

No sooner was this bill brought in by the crafty Chancellor of the Exchequer, than the Conservatives shook off their lethargy, donned their war togs, and came out into the open; for it touched them in their most vital spot. The land of England is held, to a considerable extent, in large estates,—their owners always Conservative, and in many instances, members of the House of Lords. Rents are so high now that it would be impossible to shift the increased burden onto the poverty-stricken tenant. It

becomes, then, but another breaking out of that struggle which has waged since time was, that between Capital and Labor.

The line-up is not so definite nor so certain. The present House of Commons was returned in 1906, and the Liberals are overwhelmingly in power. The members of the House follow implicity, and as a matter of course, the dictates of the party council. There are no "insurgents" in England. But the voter, working patiently in the shop or field or office, is not so tractable. The present House was returned on an issue concerned with the Boer War, and while the voter accepts their actions on the Budget as done in good faith, he is not nearly so sure what he will do when the election is held in the Spring. And long before the final vote was taken in the House of Commons, the party leaders were appealing to him.

Early in September, Lord Roseberry sounded the opening of the campaign by a great speech in Glasgow, the second city in the Kingdom. Lord Roseberry was Prime Minister immediately before Balfour, who is now leader of the opposition. Lord Roseberry is a free lance in politics—he describes himself as "plowing his lonely furrow"—and stands high in the esteem of the people. He opposed the Budget in no uncertain terms. A week later the present Premier, Mr. Asquith, defended the measure in a stirring speech at Birmingham, the home of Joseph Chamberlain, where thirty thousand clamored in vain for admission. In this speech he quoted at length from such eminent authorities as Burke, Pitt, the Earl of Chatham and Gladstone to prove that the House of Lords had no constitutional power to reject the Budget. "They have no more power than the Crown," he declared "to do more than give their formal approval." He threw down the gauntlet and welcomed the contest, asserting that such action on the part of the Lords would mean the abolition of that unscientific body. The next week, Mr. Balfour, deposed Premier and leader of the opposition, attacked the Budget in a dispassionate, analytical speech in the same city.

Meanwhile the Commons was wrestling with the details of the bill. Meeting every afternoon, they worked without intermission until almost dawn. It was the privilege of the writer to watch the proceedings of that body, as the Budget was in the making. It may not be amiss here to speak of the chamber which was the cradle of representative government, and within whose walls were had those historic struggles which gave birth to political liberty.

The House of Commons is not easy of access, as are the Congressional halls at Washington; and it is much harder since the Suffragettes have become rampant. We turned at once to the American Embassy, where every one goes for everything, from obtaining an audience with the King to finding a lost umbrella. The tickets furnished them were booked for weeks ahead, and we were encouraged with the information that it would be impossible to get in. Prowling around the exterior of the inspiring building on the bank of the Thames, wondering if there wasn't some way to break in, we were told by a courteous policeman—they are all courteous over the way—that John Burns, a self-made man and a member of the Cabinet, was a friend of the American. Finding him to be the supreme head in a building resembling the pretentious Treasury Building at Washington, we pushed our way through an army of retainers and guards, our courage ebbing at every step. Our card at last reached him, and his urbane Secretary came out to tell us that if we would send a card in to him at five that afternoon he might be able to assist us.

When, at six that evening, supperless, we had passed the last inspector, signed our name the last time, swore in writing to preserve order, and found ourselves in the gallery, the difficulty of admission was explained, for it would seat but a scant two hundred.

To one used to the magnificence of an American legislative chamber, the hall in which representative government secured its first firm foot-hold is not impressive. It is small and plain,—but there is something appealing in its simplicity. Imagine, if you can, an oblong hall some hundred feet long by half the width; around it, galleries of

five or six tiers. The arrangement of the floor is the striking thing. There are no chairs or desks for the members. Instead, running up from the center on either side, are four or five long, straight, high-backed benches, upholstered in black leather. One side faces squarely the other. It resembles nothing so much as a miniature foot-ball gridiron, with its bleachers slanting up on either side. In the center space, as if to keep the opposing Liberals and Conservatives from springing at one another, is the speaker's stand. Now the speaker's or president's stand in American legislative halls, flanked by hordes of pages, clerks and reporters, looks more like the coronation chair of an oriental potentate than the work bench of a public servant. Not so there. Three chairs, at the end of a long plain table, complete the equipment. Two clerks, in wig and gown, keep the record, no stenographic report of proceedings being preserved. In the other chair sits the speaker. A dozen sergeants-at-arms, in full evening dress, attend the wants of the members. There are no scurrying pages, no cluttering up of the lobbies with an army of door-keepers and janitors. It seems to take about a tenth as many employees to serve this body as it does the Kansas Senate. Back of this speaker's table is a large raised chair, with a high canopy over it, which reminds one of the structure on which the beautiful lady rides in Ringling's parade. Here the King comes to read his opening message and to prorogue Parliament. Back of this are some boxes, occupied by Cabinet members on formal occasions. The members—the seats were over half full—sat with their plug hats on, and were, for the most part, in frock coats. Many of them were young men.

Such is the setting for the actions of what is often said, and not altogether without foundation, to be the greatest law-making body in the world.

Several points in the proceedings were of interest, because different. The House was sitting as a Committee of the Whole, and there was a total lack of formality. The chairman used no gavel, and never interrupted. The members did not address the chair audibly, but simply stood and awaited a nod of recognition. Questions were asked by others, and answered by the one having the floor, without rising or leave. There was an almost continual ripple of calls, either the "hear, hear" or "aye, aye" of approval, or that peculiar call of derision which defies the alphabet. Other members are referred to as "The Right Honorable Gentleman."

The Chancellor of the Exchequer, Lloyd-George, a short, slight man, with a keen face, sat among the Liberals and was almost continually on his feet resisting attacks directed at his bill. Balfour led several of the attacks. He was not particularly vigorous or very much worked up. Asquith was in and out; and then there was the up-country member, upon whom the responsibilities of state weighed heavily. In his diffident and half-apologetic tone, he had something to say on every point. Every deliberative body, from the House of Commons to the Township Board, has him.

The debate was carried on in a conversational tone. Even when important amendments were under consideration, the grade of oratory unleashed was very mediocre. It was hardly up to the standard of the Kansas House of three years ago, and certainly did not compare with the Senate brand of that year. It was very much like a mass meeting, called to organize a Reform Party, or to protest against the legislative act of a Regular from Minnesota. There was the same seeming embarrassment, and a trifle of the same diffident stammer. And the argument was just as effective and changed just as many votes as such does the world over. When the question was put; when there was the same scattering of "ayes" and the same thunder of "noes;" when the chair had announced that the "ayes" had it, and a division was called for and had, the Sergeants-at-arms stood in a row, bowed elaborately together, and announced, always the same vote, two hundred and seven ayes to ninety-four noes. The question had been really settled, months before, in a small room somewhere, far removed from the present scene, by a handful of men; very much as laws are made in this country of ours.

But when the last attacked had been made; when Lloyd-George fell back on his great majority for the last time, and when the question was finally put, "Shall the bill pass?" the House of Commons answered it in the affirmative by an overwhelming majority. For several weeks a bitter struggle ensued in the House of Lords. For the first time in three hundred years, it is claimed, the Lords rejected a finance bill. This is equivalent to a referendum, and the people of England will determine it.

The Conservatives are crying Socialism, which seems to be an inspired word, there as here, to be used whenever a measure is distasteful but not open to particular objection. They are more persistently talking of protection. This appeals to the workingman, normally a liberal. The Conservative talks of raising revenue by a protective tariff. But where England produces as cheaply as Germany, it will raise no revenue, but simply free the English manufacturer from competition. It is doubtful whether the English laborer will profit by such because there, unorganized politically as he is, he is not in a position to demand it. And without a demand backed by the force of organization, he will not get it. The probable result would be to line the purses of the English and Colonial manufacturer at the expense of the consumer. What the Conservative means, is not Protection, but a tariff for revenue. This would but distribute the load and not lighten it. But the English workingman thinks it will raise him to the position of his autocratic brother, the American Knight of Labor, and it will have its influence on the result.

If the Liberals win, the present Budget will be enacted into law; and the burden it carries is very heavy. The ultimate result might be the breaking up of these large estates into smaller tracts; which would mean more farmers owning small farms, and would be the best thing that could happen to England.

If an issue is made on the constitutional authority of the Lords to interfere in legislation, it is possible, but not probable, that a Liberal victory would mean that that body would be abolished or altered in a material way. Tradition and custom lie too close to the heart of the Englishman to make such a change likely. But whether an issue is made or not, one thing seems certain; if the Conservatives are returned, the Lords will become a more important factor in legislation than they are at present; for they sit but seldom and tamper but little with the work of the Commons, On the contrary, if the Liberals are returned, the Lords will feel still more their own impotency.

Either of the parties may solve the question with some degree of satisfaction for a few years or decades. But looking at the question as of the future, there seems to be but two horns to the dilemma. Either England must one day lay a tax upon the great resources of her colonies for the maintenance of a world-power of which they are a part; or she must cease matching Dreadnaughts with Dreadnaughts for their protection. It must either be a close-knit nation with power to tax all; or it must become a loose alliance of the nations of Canada, Australia, India and South Africa, each maintaining its own martial and diplomatic force. And because of the geography of the colonies, the latter seems more probable. Or it is possible that nations are stirred by the same generous promptings as the men that make them; and the colonies, out of the love they bear the mother country, may follow the lead Australia has set this summer, and build navies and maintain armies at their own expense, to be held at the call of His Majesty, the King of England.

SPECIAL NOTE:—The final count in the British elections is so close that for all practical results it may be considered a tie.

The popular vote stands: Unionists, 2,565,627; Liberals, 2,324,315; Laborites. 395,115. This gives the united Liberal-Labor Party a majority of 153,803, in a total vote of 5,285,157.

Political prophets are already predicting that the new Cabinet will find itself in the minority within a year and that the country will then be plunged into another general election.

Wessie Livers

By J. E. Torrance

CHAPTER I.

WESSIE Livers sat upon the top rail of the fence in front of her father's farm-house, watching with mischievous interest the approach of a young man on horseback.

"Hello, Billy, are you breaking the colt?" she inquired pleasantly as he came up.

"Yes," said he, "and he is the wickedest, wildest jumping-jack I ever backed."

"He looks it," replied the girl. "What a delightful sensation it must give one to be a man and ride a cavorting cloud-lifter like that!"

"Yes," said he with a significant smile, "I like a sensation occasionally, but do not seek it on the rolling deck of a vicious colt. The colts have to be broken, however, and I cannot say that I particularly dislike the job."

"I think it must be great fun," said she. "But, say, Billy, ride up here; I want to tell you something. I do, really, Billy; it is something nice."

"Why can't you tell me where I am?" inquired the young man. "I am afraid you are up to some trick."

"Gee-whip! Billy Osgood, that's pleasant! I like so much to be suspected by my friends! I presume I am not one bit trustworthy? Is that it, Billy?" chided the girl in mock-serious tones.

"Oh pshaw! Wessie you know I trust you in all things except jokes. I like even your jokes when they are not too severe. I am always ready to do anything reasonable to please you. Nothing gives me greater—"

"Well, then, ride up here. That is reasonable and it will please me," said she, "I want to show you something."

"You said a moment ago that you wanted to *tell* me something." remarked the young man, dryly.

"Well, so I did," replied she, "but you declined to give me an audience and now I mean to entertain you differently. My resources are not limited to talking, you see; so just ride up, please, and be entertained."

"All right," said the young man, "but I guess you will get a laugh on me as you always do." Then, urging the colt forward, he said, "Come up, Jack. What makes you so shy?"

"He, too, suspects me, perhaps," laughed Wessie. "His master's distrust seems to be infectious."

"Maybe he caught the twinkle of a pair of eyes," suggested the young man. Then, with more coaxing and much skillful maneuvering, he succeeded in bringing the shy animal within a few feet of the girl. "Whoa! Jack, whoa! Quiet, fellow," said he soothingly. "He is pretty skittish, as well as devilish, you see. But here we are until Jack says go. Now, what is it, Wessie? Be quick about it; he will not stand here long, and he is a plunger when he starts."

"Bah! he isn't scared. Come closer," said she, coolly.

"I can't do it, Wessie, there is no use

trying. If he gets frightened there is no guessing where he will fetch up."

So intent upon watching the movements of each other were horse and horseman for a moment, that they both lost sight of the movements of the girl. Seizing the opportunity, the madcap maiden sprang upon the colt's back behind the rider and quickly wound her arms around the young man's waist. Instantly the frightened beast gave a snort of terror and leaped high into the air. Not, however, before his master, who was an expert horseman, had drawn the reins and settled himself firmly in the saddle. The first leap was followed by others in quick succession, and kicking, bucking, plunging and squealing, the frenzied colt went around and around, now rearing upon his hind feet, pawing at space, and again thrusting his nose toward the ground, when his heels would fly aloft at an angle of forty-five degrees. Failing to dislodge his plucky rider in that way, his back quickly assumed the form of an arch, and, with feet close together and his nose thrust as near the ground as the strong arm of Billy Osgood would permit, he made a number of short, irregular bounds, stiff-legged, rocking and swaying, while his curved spine vibrated up and down like a bent spring. It would seem impossible that any human being could remain upon his back for a moment, but the young man sat as if glued to the saddle, and the girl held firmly to her position. The young horseman seemed fully to appreciate the extreme danger into which the rash act of his little friend had placed them, but he was silent and cool, meeting every plunge of the mad beast with a skillful counter that broke its force, until the exhausted creature ceased his antics and stood trembling and perspiring a few yards from where the daring girl had mounted him.

"Ha-ha-ha!" laughed the triumphant girl. "Wasn't that exhilarating? beats the grapevine for thrills! Kick him, Billy, please, and make him do it some more."

"Heavens! Wessie! what do you mean? Do jump off, quick, while he is quiet. He will surely start again as soon as he gets his wind," pleaded the young man, his splendid, courageous face expressing intense anxiety for her safety.

"I shall not do it," answered the girl bluntly, feigning displeasure. "I cannot permit you to put me off in the middle of the public road. If you are tired of my company you should be polite enough at least, to take me home. Ride up to the block, sir, if you please, that I may dismount like a lady."

"But I can't do it, Wessie; he will commence to buck again as soon as I start him," urged the young man.

"Let him buck," coolly retorted the girl, "I shall not get off here!"

"Very well, then," said he, "if you and I cannot agree as to where you shall alight, perhaps Jack can decide it."

Gathering up the reins, he braced his feet well in the stirrups and digged his heels deep into the colt's sensitive flanks. Instead of a fresh outburst of hostilities however, as they confidently expected, the subdued colt walked up to the block like an old saddle-horse and permitted his precious little tormentor to dismount, as she had suggested, like a lady.

The young man heaved a sigh of relief and the blood returned to his cheek when he saw her safely landed. The girl stood upon the block looking him steadily in the face for a moment, expressing in silence a world of mischief, and then burst forth in a fit of hearty, singing laughter. In the meantime the young man was regarding her with a look of mingled admiration and reproach in which it would have been difficult to detect the dominant passion. Then a curious smile stole over his features as he turned to ride away without uttering a word.

Conscious that she had acted very naughty in thus exposing her young friend as well as herself to great danger, and wishing to make some atonement, and, for other reasons, being unwilling to have the conference terminated, Wessie affected a pretty, becoming pout and called after him.

"Why, Billy, are you going already? You haven't heard what I was going to say to you. Honest, Billy, I have something to tell you and I may not see you again if you refuse to hear me now."

The suggestion that she might not see him again was almost as great a surprise

to him as when she sprang upon the colt's back, for they were accustomed to seeing each other daily. He stopped, looked at her doubtfully for a minute, and then, as a pleasant smile spread over his frank countenance, rode slowly back.

"Billy," said she, "Do you know that I am going off?"

"I thought so a few minutes ago," replied the young man, "But you seemed to stay on."

"That's just like you, Billy Osgood," retorted the girl, "When I want to tease, you don't seem to enjoy it, and now, when I am serious—mark you—serious for once in my life, you jest."

"Well, go on, then," said he, "with your seriousness; but don't allow it to become chronic, please, for you could not live long without thrills, you know."

"That is not one bit funny," replied the girl soberly, "I am in dead earnest, Billy, and you ought to be ashamed of your levity. I was about to tell you, when I notiecd a chance for a little excitement a few minutes ago, that I am going away to college next week to stay two years. Think of it! For two whole years I shall not be home to tease you or put your life in danger, as I did just now. I shall not be here to trouble you in any way; and when I return I will have developed into a proper young lady who will address you as Mr. Osgood; or, if still unmarried, William, perhaps. Don't you rejoice at the contemplated change? Especially the change to a proper young lady?"

"No," replied the young man, solemnly, "I am not anxious to exchange my little wild-rose Wessie for any proper young lady. If you mean to go, and, after all, I presume it is best that you should,—best for you, perhaps—please bear in mind that it will break my heart if you call me anything but Billy, as you have always done."

"Oh, well, papa says I must go and I shall have to obey, but, really, I don't feel one bit elated. I shall start Monday morning. If—if you could come over Sunday and—and say good-bye, or something."

The young man noticed a great crystal tear in each of a pair of blue eyes, as he heaved a clumsy sigh, stammered an acceptance of the implied invitation and turned to ride away.

The two families, Osgood and Livers, had been neighbors in Ohio long before moving to Shelby County, Illinois, and it was quite natural that they should settle in the new country on adjoining farms (if the then untouched timber along the Kaskaskia River may be called farms.) It was in the early days of Illinois' young statehood that these thrifty farmers with their families began to carve out homesteads in the midst of the great forests which had, up to that time, been the home of wild beasts, the roving Indian, and the lazy white hunter in succession. The heads of the families exchanged work in clearing up their farms, visited and neighbored, and were always on the very best of terms. The young people introduced here, therefore, had been playmates and companions from their earliest childhood. Billy Osgood was the elder by two years, and, therefore, regarded himself as the protector of his little playmate in their infancy, and she had, from the budding of her consciousness, accepted him as her chum and confidential friend. The friendship of childhood had ripened as they matured, until they were, in fact, at the ages of nineteen and seventeen, unconscious lovers. So natural and gradual had been the transition from juvenile friendship to the more sacred, if not more constant sentiment, that they were not really aware of the change.

Dressed with more than usual care and neatness, Billy Osgood appeared at the home of his little friend on Sunday following the episode just mentioned, and she for the first time in her life attempted to entertain him in the parlor as a young lady would be expected to receive a gentleman caller. Many, many times had they played and romped in the parlor, as indeed they had done in every part of the house and premises, but this was quite different. It was an awkward attempt to put into practice their vague notions of some of the conventional features of polite society. The young man sat upright in his chair, stiff, silent and uncomfortable. The girl sat near him blushing hotly, for what, she

knew not, helpless as the swain—unable to think of a thing to say that would seem appropriate. At last, unwilling to longer submit to the tyranny of decorum Wessie sprang to her feet, smote her pretty little fists together and exclaimed:

"Gee-whip! Billy, I can't stand this! It is not natural. It is positively distressing—it is doleful. Let us go down to the old grapevine swing and play. I am just dying for a thrill of some kind."

"That's the thing," assented the young man, "for we will be grown up people when you come back from college, and that will be quite soon enough to become sober."

"You are right," said she, "And I don't intend to abandon my childish plays and notions until the very last minute. This whole day belongs to our childhood. Come," she added as she arose to go; and a sweet smile lit up her face as the two, without further conversation, left the parlor and ran like children toward the woods.

Upon the sloping bluff, a few rods from the house, stood the old elm, surrounded by magnificent ash, and linden, and hackberry, and walnut, bearing upon its strong limbs the old grapevine swing. Here the foliage of these grand old trees had often caught and returned to them the happy laughter and glad shouts sent upward by buoyant spirits, in bygone days; and here, for the last time, came these overgrown children to play at play, and, if possible, win back a moiety of unalloyed childish pleasure. The vine had interwoven its tendrils with the branches of the tree when it was a shrub, and, like these young people the two had grown up together. The vine had not wound about the trunk of the tree, but clung to the great boughs some sixty feet from the ground and when Billy Osgood cut it off near the ground, it formed a swing of sweeping amplitude. The young people would take hold of the end, carry it back up the sloping bluff a few paces and then, with a concerted run down the hill, swing off over the valley with frightful velocity, reaching a dizzy, dangerous height from which they would be carried back by the return vibration. It was, indeed, thrilling as well as perilous; but the element of danger never entered the mind of Wessie Livers, and Billy Osgood was too brave to shrink from any sport that gave pleasure to his little friend. In that manner they spent several hours swinging, laughing, singing and chatting, apparently perfectly happy in their freedom from the thrall of formality. When tired of swinging, they walked down the slope until they came to the road, then, following its meanderings among the trees, they soon came up to the lagoon at a point where the road sweeps around its oval end. The lagoon is perhaps a hundred and fifty yards wide on an average, and stretches along the bluff for nearly a mile and then bears off across the bottom and conects with the Kaskaskia River, from which it receives its principal supply of water. It is also fed by springs which flow out from the base of the bluff. The water is shallow except when the river is out of its banks, averaging, perhaps, four feet during the summer season. This swamp or lagoon had growing all through it, large water oaks and other trees which formed a complete canopy when the foliage was full, making it a dreary place in daytime; at night it was extremely dark and dismal. Its most striking peculiarity, perhaps, is that indicted by its name—Hush Lagoon. In the midst of summer when most forests and all forest lakes teem with frogs and insects and birds, whose croak and chirrup and song can be heard constantly, night and day, scarcely a sound proceeds from the vicinity of Hush Lagoon. Upon a log at the side of the road near the water's edge, the young people seated themselves to rest and talk.

"Hush Lagoon," soliloquized Wessie; "what is that legend Dr. Crocker used to tell about the specters of Hush Lagoon, Billy? Please tell me again. I have nearly forgotten it."

"Perhaps I had better tell it as we walk homeward." suggested the young man. "It is getting quite dark."

"All the better when it's dark," replied the girl. "I want to hear it while we are here; it will seem so much more realistic."

The young man shrugged his shoulders and, without further objection, related the following pathetic legend:

CHAPTER II.

THE LEGEND.

"Dr. Crocker, you will remember to have heard him say, came to this country when it was a wilderness, inhabited only by the Indians, and with their consent took up his abode among them; came and went when he liked, and, if the doctor's word may be relied upon, enjoyed their utmost confidence. The Indians, he said, had often told him that always about the first night after the dark of the moon in the month of June, any person passing along the footpath, now the public road, at the point where it turned the corner of the lagoon, being, as I understand it, about the point where we are now sitting, would see the specters enact the tragedy. The legend as told by Dr. Crocker, is, that many hundreds of years ago this country was occupied by a proud, and, for the time, a very intelligent and progressive people. They cultivated the ground, built houses and cities, manufactured stone and copper weapons and implements, erected mounds for burial places and extensive earthworks for defensive purposes and were especially skillful in moulding and ornamenting pottery and in tempering and chipping flint or chert for arrows, darts and javelins, and were known to the Indians as the Dartmakers.

"There was a large city built and inhabited by these people, in the vicinity of Hush Lagoon, which seemed to be at the zenith of its greatness when the first Indians arrived from the northwest. It must have been many—very many—hundreds of years ago that there was a general migration of the Indian tribes occupying the northwestern portion of North America, toward the southeast. One of these tribes with countless warriors and their families moving toward the big waters, hearing of fierce, wild tribes farther on, engaged the Dartmakers to manufacture a large number of spears, darts and other weapons for them.

"The agreement was entered into between the young chief and the Dartmakers, whereby the Dartmakers were to manufacture the weapons desired and were to receive their pay in furs, skins and copper. As it would take the Dartmakers several months to supply the numbers needed, the Indians were permitted to erect their camps and villages on the south of the Kaskaskia River within two or three miles of the city. The patriarchal governor of the Dartmakers was a powerful man politically and had been a powerful man physically in his younger days. He was intensely proud and uncompromising in exacting of his people the strictest observance of the laws, customs and religious principles which, during the long ages of semi-barbarism, had grown into a sort of a code, by common consent. While the Dartmakers treated the Indians kindly and did not object to entering into commercial relations with them, they nevertheless looked upon them as ignorant savages far beneath themselves in every respect.

"The patriarch of the Dartmakers had an only daughter; a beautiful lass of some eighteen summers, who was famous for her skill in decorating pottery and designing and working embroidery on skins and cotton cloth, and for her general intelligence. The young chief was a handsome, youthful warrior who had won distinction in war and diplomacy and could boast of a long line of illustrious chiefs as his ancestors. He, therefore, carried in his bosom that boundless spirit of pride born of conscious greatness. The young chief, as might have been expected, fell in love with the Dartmaker's daughter and sought her hand in marriage. Her haughty father, however, treated his request with disdain and promptly ordered him not to again cross to this side of the river, upon pain of instant death. The girl, who loved the young chief with all her heart, met him clandestinely and declared her willingness to become his bride and accompany him when his tribe should depart for the big waters to the southeast. It was, therefore, arranged that when the Indians had received their supply of arms, they should move beyond the domain of the Dartmakers and again go into camp. On the first night after the dark of the moon in June, the young chief agreed to return alone and secrete himself near the spring at the bend of the lagoon and wait for his bride who was to come down

the ancient pathway and meet him. Then they would return to his tribe. There she would become his bride according to the custom of his people. This, in the eyes of the Dartmakers, was an awful crime, she being counted the head of the family as well as the line or channel through which property descended.

"If there is any truth in the legend, that spring just over the road must be the spring near which the chief was to wait, and the ancient pathway must have come down over the hill just east of it. At the appointed hour the girl came tripping lightly down the ancient path and stopped near the appointed spot, her heart bounding with the joyous anticipation of speedily meeting her lover. She was not kept long in suspense, for he was instantly by her side but before the happy lovers could exchange greetings, the angry father sprang forth from his place of concealment, raised his javelin aloft and hurled it into the young chief's breast. As her doomed lover sank to the ground, the frenzied girl drew back, raised her bow, and sent an arrow whizzing into her father's brain. When she looked upon the dead bodies of her lover and aged father and realized the awfulness of the deed she had committed, she became so crazed with grief and remorse that she instantly flung herself into the lagoon and was drowned. When the Dartmakers found the bodies they buried the father, together with his javelin and weapons and a pot of food, where he had fallen, as was their custom, and erected a large mound over his grave. They also buried the girl and her Indian lover side by side and erected a small double mound over them. Ever since, the legend goes, on the first night of the dark of the moon in June, at the hour when the crime occurred, the awful tragedy is re-enacted by three specters supposed to represent the spirits or shades of the actors in the real tragedy. It was claimed that the Indians had often witnessed the spectral scene and that any person happening along here at the right moment will surely see it.

"But come, Wessie, it is getting quite dark and we had better return home. There will be no chance to furnish you a thrill tonight; it is not the right time."

"No, but I mean to come down here sometime on the right night and see for myself," said the girl. Then continuing, "There are two just such mounds as you have described, not twenty feet feet from where we sat."

"Yes," replied the young man as they walked homeward, "I suspect that the knowledge of those mounds helped Dr. Crocker or the Indians before him, perhaps, to construct the legend."

"Did not the doctor say that he had wintessed the spectral play?" inquired Wessie.

"I believe he did, a good many years ago, but father went down to the lagoon next day and found the tracks of a white crane in the mud at the edge of the water and also noted the space between the doctor's tracks, from which it would appear that he did not wait to take a second view of the ghosts."

"It is a very interesting story, no matter who invented it. It may be true, Billy, in which case I am sorry for the girl."

"Yes, it is not impossible. I am inclined to think I could believe it more readily, however, if permitted to witness one of their exhibitions."

"Wouldn't that be a thrill for you? By the way, Billy, why is the lake called Hush Lagoon?"

"Because it is said that no animal life inhabits the waters. The legend has it that nature, out of abhorrence for the awful deed, has ever since maintained a solemn hush in and about the lagoon. The young school teacher from Indiana, however, thinks that the absence of animal life is due to the great quantities of alkali and other minerals in the spring water which flows into the lake."

"For my part I have no thanks for the school teacher for obtruding his poor philsophy into a good legend. Some people are born cynics, ever ready to spoil a pretty sentiment with their superior wisdom," said Wessie, spiritedly.

"Oh, well, you can take the legend without philsophy, you know. I confess, my faith in either theory hangs very loosely; but here is the gate."

"Well, I see a light in the parlor. Will you not come in?"

"No, thanks, I had some experience in the parlor a few hours since. Perhaps you remember it."

"I do, painfully; but then we will learn civilization in time."

"I presume so," answered Billy, thoughtfully.

"Oh do come in, Bily, just for a little while," urged Wessie, coaxingly, "I can't part from you for—for so long a time, so suddenly."

"No Wessie, this good-bye business is rather disagreeable and I prefer to attend to it out in the open air. I want you to write to me often and tell me all about yourself and come home just as soon as ever your course is finished; for I shall almost die without you."

"I will do so, dear old darling Billy," said Wessie, her voice trembling with emotion. Then she put a soft hand on each side of his handsome face and kissed him between them.

The Livers family had lived near Oberlin, Ohio, before removing to Illinois, and Wessie's parents were well acquainted with the college at that place which was organized in 1834. It was, therefore, decided to send their daughter to that college for two years, where she could extend her education and at the same time be under the care of the excellent management of that institution and in the society of old friends. She was accordingly "bundled off" next day after many cautions, kisses and fond farewells.

Once a week Billy Osgood received neatly written epistles, full of life, pathos, wit and reminiscences, delightfully characteristic of the writer—realistic, one might say, perhaps, for Billy declared that, next to Wessie's own self, they were most like her. Her words of comfort and good cheer and her graphic references to the minor incidents of their early life, all served to convince him that he retained first place in her young affections; but, if further proof were needed, he had only to glance at the address on the back of the envelope where "Billy Osgood," in Wessie's splendid chirography, almost enabled him to hear her soft, sweet voice tenderly utter those words.

For more than a year these delightful, voluminous letters came regularly and the life of Billy Osgood was truly joyous; but when the second year was nearly half gone by, he failed one week to receive a letter, and then for a short time they came every two weeks. Billy attributed it to over-work and contented himself with urging her mildly to be more prompt. Finally there came a spell that he did not hear from Wessie for several consecutive weeks and then he received a letter so unlike any he had ever received from her and so unlike anything he felt he had a right to expect, that it would better be quoted here:

"Oberlin, Ohio, April 20th, 18—

"Billy Osgood, Esq.,
"Cold Springs, Ill.

"Dear Billy:—

"Why I neglected to write you last week and week before last and the week before that, I cannot tell. I don't seem one bit like myself of late, and yet there seems to be no reason for a change. My health is good and everybody is kind to me and I am not homesick, but I am unable to analyze my feelings or account for certain vague longings for—I don't know what. Even now I cannot bring myself up to a desire to be interesting and I guess you will think me stupid. But if I am dull, I shall at least claim the merit of brevity. In fact, Billy, I am pressed for time. Professor Flynt, who has charge of the museum, compliments me upon my skill in distinguishing and classifying specimens and insists upon my assisting him a great portion of the time, and really, I do not find it unpleasant; for he is so stylish and thoroughly well bred that one can hardly find heart to refuse his polite requests. He always tips his hat to me on the streets and calls me "Miss Wessie," and he is just as smart as he ever can be. We will have final examinations next week, but I do not fear them. I shall be home by the 20th of May, and shall not, therefore, write again. Professor Flynt says he may spend his vacation in Illinois looking for specimens. I just wish you could see him. I think he is awfully nice. I suppose you are very busy with your spring work and do not particularly miss the letters I fail to write you. Until I see you, good-bye.

"Wessie."

Billy Osgood had little difficulty in diagnosing Miss Wessie's case. A knowledge of the cause of her languor was not reassuring to him but he was entirely too brave a young man to retire from the field at the first intimation of the proximity of an adversary. Neither was he greatly disturbed, for he felt that when she would return to her old home, the familiar scenes of her child-

hood days and his devoted companionship, all would be well. He therefore wrote:

"Cold Spring, Illinois, April 24th, 18—

"DEAR WESSIE:—

"Your letter of the 20th inst. has been read with deep interest. I am very glad, indeed, to know that you are in good health, from which fact I have great reason to hope that the little cloud of unrest of which you speak must soon pass away leaving your own sweet self once again and forever. I have no doubt Professor Flynt is a charming gentleman and if he should visit Illinois, I shall try very hard to like him. I say this upon the condition, however, that this Professor Flynt shall have a care that he does not emit sparks enough to fire the heart of my little Wessie. (Excuse bad pun.)

"Seriously, Wessie, the days and nights until your return will seem all too long. I have been so lonesome, all of these weeks and months, and then, I am naturally anxious to see that proper young lady promised in lieu of my wayward Wessie. I shall be twenty-one years old next week. Father has deeded me the upper farm and we are building a neat little cottage in the walnut grove near the meadow brook—for rent. When you return I will take you over on the colt to see it. The colt is now so well broken that even a cultured young lady may ride him with propriety. We have another colt, unbroken, which I mean to lend Professor Flynt when he goes out to look for specimens. There are so very, very many things that I want to say to you when you come home, that would doubtless weary you as well as me, should I attempt to put them on paper. My tongue, you will probably remember, runs somewhat smoother than my pen.

"As heretofore and ever yours. BILLY."

TO BE CONTINUED

My Call

The clatter of the traffic;
The clamor of the throng,
The musty breath of volumes
Oppress me and I long
For the bronco and the saddle,
The wind and prairie wide,
The music of the canter
And—the Lady at my side.

VICTOR OSCAR FREEBURG.

Lincoln

The centuries,
Under command,—
Each counting God's decrees,
Must choose a land
Wherein shall stand
One human height the rest exceeding,
That all the world was needing—
And henceforth sees.

In the far time
A mighty soul was stricken;—
And fearful burden bearing
Was undespairing.
Was it dim pantomime
Of greater one whose heart must sicken
At duty seeming crime?
How did our pulses quicken
Beholding in his eyes
A soul that burned in sacrifice!—
But with a faith sublime
Dowered as that of old to climb
And force the yielding of the skies.

Like Father of he Faithful, his beloved
He bore to height that moved
Eternal Justice—and a Voice
That thrilled the earth, bade all the bound rejoice
But for himself, with sorrows bent,
Message was sent;—
And thro all nations went
Eulogy of lament.

A. A. B. Cavaness.

Kansas Interstate Freight Rates

By O. P. Byers

THE complex question of Freight Rates had its origin in the building of our first inland waterway—the Erie Canal—long before steam railroads were regarded as even a possibility. The subject of toll, for transportation was one of the serious problems in the orginzation of our first railroad—The Baltimore & Ohio, in 1829, and has engaged the thoughts of all classes to this day.

It was realized from the beginning that water-rates would serve as a balance-wheel for rail-rates, but in this age of rapid transportation, water-routes have become decadent, and exist chiefly in theory. The one notable exception is the route of the Great Lakes and the Welland Canal. Flat-boat traffic for instance, flourished on the Ohio river until the railroad reached Cincinnati and St. Louis, and has never been of consequence since. Likewise, until the Hannibal & St. Joe Railroad crossed Missouri, traffic on the Missouri river never made it a National Higwway. At the same time, the route via Cape Horn to the Pacific coast, was international until it met its death in the completion of the Pacific railroads in 1869. Nor will the new route, via the Panama canal, materially change this situation. The Grand Trunk Pacific Railroad, now under construction by the English Government, should settle any question, as to the possibility of water competition existing against the modern railroad of to-day. Traffic between Europe and the Orient, of little importance in the days of the sailing craft, has become of vast proportions through the medium of the modern trans-continental railroad lines.

While the water-routes, except via the Great Lakes, are not actually used to any great extent, the fact cannot be denied, that they do actually exert almost a controlling influence upon the Freight Rates in nearly every section of the country.

Primarily, rail rates from the Atlantic sea board to the Mississippi river, was governed almost entirely, by lake and canal rates. The recognized basis between the Atlantic seaboard to the Pacific coast is the water rate, via Cape Horn to the inter-mountain territory, by the use of such "terminal" water rates, plus a high local inland. The same governing factor exists between the Mississippi and Missouri rivers.

West of the Missouri river, a high graduation is applied to bring the figures up to the inter-mountain rates above described. This condition is somewhat modified in portions of trans-Missouri territory by the influence of the Gulf-Port Rates in connection with the Atlantic coastwise rates. Density of population, east of the Missouri river, on the one hand, and a sparsely settled territory, on the west, on the other hand, was a factor, almost as potent as water competition in the original make-up of rates, between the Missouri river and the Rocky mountains. Volume of traffic has since become almost entirely equalized with little reduction in rates west of the Missouri river.

The first five classes, as applied to the various territories across the continent, will form an interesting illustration:

New York to	1st	2nd	3rd	4th	5th
Mississippi River	87	75½	58	40	35
Missouri River	147	120½	93	67½	57
Dodge City	234	198½	164	127½	107
Denver	272	220½	173	132	107
Salt Lake	352	295½	246	195	163
Pacific Coast Terminals	300	260	220	190	165

Analyzed, these figures show these results:

	Mi.	1st	2nd	3rd	4th	5th
New York to St. Louis	1054	87	75½	58	40	35
Kansas City to Dodge City	345	87	78	71	60	50
Denver to Salt Lake	635	80	75	73	63	56

Thus it will be observed; the basis of Kansas interstate class-rates is not only three times as great as basis east of the Mississippi river, but is vastly greater than in the mountain district, west of us. This disparity is made still greater by the use of different classifications, east or west, of the Mississippi river. and when the additional penalty through Kansas distributing centers is added, it can be very truthfully said: "Kansas is paying all the traffic will bear." In fact, with the exception of Colorado, New Mexico, and Arizona, it is doubtful if any state is paying higher rates than the Kansas shippers are paying. Furthermore, it will be observed that the western third of Kansas is paying practically Denver rates, and—through the operation of the System of Commodity Rates, by means of which centralization exists, and which are not applicable to intermediate points—the Colorado Jobber is enabled to meet the Kansas Jobber at the Kansas-Colorado line.

The same situation disclosed by the above comparisons of Class Rates, will be found to exist to a much greater extent in the Commodity Rates.

While distance is always an important factor in Rate-making, Commissions and Courts, alike. have held that: commercial conditions should *always* be recognized. As a result of this ruling, visionary water competition is employed in building up large commercial centers by the liberal application of Commodity Rates. and the almost absence of such Commodity Rates in the surrounding territory.

It is held by the Railroads, and not *denied* by either Commission or Courts that the Missouri river, so far as trans-Missouri territory is concerned, constitutes a basing line, up to which Low Commodity Rates may be applied. In numerous instances, Carload Commodity Rates, not applicable through Kansas distributing points, also exist from the Missouri river to. the trade territory of the Kansas Jobber.

Our statesman have always conceded to the railroads, higher grain rates in Kansas, than exist east of the Missouri river, because of the extra cost to the railroads in assembling the grain in this state, with the result that while the rate on wheat from Kansas City to St. Louis, 280 miles, is 8 cents; in Kansas for the same distance, it is 13½ cents. As a matter of fact, this assembling is done by trains at little or no extra expense, and affords east bound lading for cars that would otherwise have to be hauled empty. It is an indisputable fact that the empty car mileage to move grain crops, is less in Kansas, than is required to move grain out of terminal elevators at the Missouri river.

It is fully realized that the above statement is at complete variance with the generally accepted belief, that rates should be higher in the producing district. Still, it will be found upon investigation that grain is assembled without penalty in producing states, east of the Mississippi river.

In the comparison of Coal-rates, this situation appears:

Arkansas and Okla. mines to	Miles	Rate
Omaha	514	2.90
Kansas City	316	2.00
Memphis	365	1.75
Belleville, Kan.	418	3.55
Wichita	280	2.45
Colorado mines to		
Norton, Kan.	393	3.75
Ft. Worth	629	3.25
El Paso	637	3.40

These comparisons might be continued indifinitely with the same result. It can be said in conclusion that the entire fabric of Kansas interstate Freight Rates is upon the same general basis, and is inimical, alike, to the commodities consumed and to the commodities produced.

The remedy for this evil will not be found in intervention or other association with foreign interests. Increased power, an active, competent Rate-Bureau, and a non-political Commission, with the courage of its convictions, will give Kansas the results that surrounding states have attained, and are now enjoying, through the same medium.

The Passing of Football

By M. C. Martin

FOOTBALL, the college gladiator, is dying hard, but die it must. The American public is sure to vote "thumbs up" when this game makes its next appearance upon the college campus. Football is one of the few survivors of a long line of wicked games. It will soon rest in the cemetery of dead sports, where sleep its brutal ancestors of the past. The spirit of contest is common to man and beast. Games and wars are based on rivalry. If the rivalry is friendly, we call it play; if unfriendly, war. Men and animals are organic compounds, composed of mind and matter. In the animal, we find little mind and much brute; in uncultured man, more mind and less brute; in civilized man, much mind and little brute. The relative mixture of these two forces determine the character of sport and war. These contests are the exponents of nations, showing the power to which intelligence has been raised.

The game of war has been played upon the checkerboard of progress for ages. Men have always been used as pawns in reaching the king row of victory. War is brutal and can not be civilized. We still use it, as a court of final appeals, in settling civil and international disputes. The wars of the ancients were more brutal than are those of modern nations. Butcheries and wholesale slaughters marked the close of every conflict. Civilized nations fight it out at a distance with powder and ball, instead of closing in hand-to-hand combat with spear and battle-ax. Personal encounter, in war and sport makes the contest more vicious and brutal.

The games of early nations like their wars were rough and cruel. One shudders to think of the gladiatorial combats and the persecution of the Christians at Rome, which was in fact merely a form of sport for brutal onlookers. These games are dead, but on down through the centuries, we can trace their weakened offspring. Sometime, this race of games shall have become extinct, but the end is not yet.

Mexico and Spain still think the cock-fight and the bull-fight, fine sports. The leading nations have voted the game cock puny and uninteresting, and have pinned their sporting faith on the pugilist. The bull-fight is a combat between brutal man and the brute itself, in which good horsemanship and sword play are pitted against blind fury and madness. Public opinion has ruled that all these wicked games, based on personal combat, must pass from the field of civilized sports.

In looking up the genealogy of football, we find it a descendant of these vicious games. It has inherited the traits of brutality and personal conflict. The opposing forces in this game must depend upon brute strength. As we observe these two battering rams of human flesh crash into each other, we are thoroughly convinced that the game has no place on a college field.

Prize-fighting is more humane than football, more scientific and life is not so much endangered. The boxing contest is a forbidden college sport, and football, its rougher brother, must ultimately meet the same fate. Football is the prize-fight raised to the eleventh degree of physical power. If it were possible to have boxing contests without the slugging, or football games without the line-bucking, tackling and scrimmage, these games could be reformed. The neglected association game, which has long been declared tame and uninteresting, does not argue for reform in football, but shows that it is the rough Rugby methods

that have made the game so popular.

Football can not be properly termed a branch of college athletics in which exercise and physical culture are the ends sought. It is a profession, which trains for a spectacular display of physical power, brutal, yet enticing to players, and attractive to spectators. "Football graduates" find little demand for their services, when they leave the university, and are soon lost among the honest shoulders of the crowd. This game would have been a fitting one for the Spartan university where physical man was developed, and the mind purposely neglected.

All sports are based on physical rivalry, but games bringing the contestants into violent personal contact should not be tolerated in school athletics. Whenever two physical forces clash in friendly or unfriendly rivalry the mixup is bound to be more or less brutal. Football is the only college game in which victory is achieved by rushing over bruised and mangled bodies. In track meets and the various field contests, a comparative test of strength, speed and skill is made. Baseball has proved to be the ideal American sport. In this game the rivalry is intense, but not brutal. The public is treated to a scientific exhibition of physical power, harmlessly directed. The victim is the ball, the players are after it first, last, and all the time. Many a player has been suspended for trying a football charge, or a pugilistic trick upon the diamond. Baseball forbids the very principle upon which football is based, viz., personal assault of players. This game needs no defender but is mentioned as an example of a clean scientific sport in which avoirdupois and brute strength are valued cheaply.

In summing up the games of nations by the common factor rule of addition, (add the factors not common and annex the common factor) two problems are submitted:

FIRST: Gladiatorial combats –|– bull-flights –|– prize fights –|– wrestling matches –|– football (common factor, personal combat) = Brutal games.

SECOND: Baseball –|– field contests –|– track meets –|– tennis –|– golf –|– boat racing, etc. (common factor, comparative test of physical skill) = Civilized games.

We notice that football has broken away from the herd of wild and brutal games and has jumped over the fence into college athletics. This ranger is evidently out of its element and must be driven from the college campus before it stampedes the domestic sports. The name of football may be saved, but its spirit and methods are doomed. If a game can be devised, eliminating contact of players, individually and collectively; a game in which the ball, and not the players, is kicked and tackled; a modernized association game, differing from the present Rugby game, as substance, shadow, the problem is solved. This would be another game with the old name. So one is justified in declaring that football is rapidly passing from the field of college sports.

Our educational institutions can not afford to maintain a Spartan department of training, or a sporting bureau of education, diametrically opposed to the other departments of learning. All college sports tend to detract from good school work, but football is the king of them all, and not only misleads and brutalizes the players, but lowers the moral tone of the institution which it represents.

Some claim that the passing of football means the death of college spirit. Is it college spirit, or the old Roman spirit cropping out of an applauding public? No one doubts the popularity of the game. All admit that it is abundantly patronized by the sport-loving public. So are the bull-fights of Spain and our forbidden prize fights. Worst of all, football has been fostered and petted by the intellectual centers of our country instead of the sporting ones.

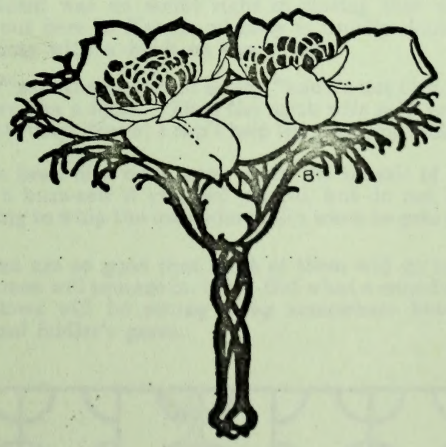
Shall the public be asked to rise to the standard of higher and cleaner athletics, or shall the schools continue to cater to the wants of the sporting public? The important point in the football case at present is; Who shall decide the fate of the game? A decision handed down from an educational tribunal, would certainly mean a death sentence, while the inferior courts of athletic organiza-

tions and sporting circles would mildly reprimand the bully, exact a promise to be good, and turn the plunger loose again upon the college campus. Who *should* pass judgment on the game? Does the case come under the jurisdiction of school authority, or machine athletics?

The spirit of reform is in the air. Corruption in athletics must be wiped out as in our political and business life. The responsibility rests upon the shoulders of school authorities and not upon howling sportdom. The price will be upon the heads of institutions, if the sporting rings and organizations continue to rule and regulate college athletics. Fearless men are needed in educational circles as in political ones—men who will do their duty regardless of popular clamor. Viewing the football situation from the college standpoint, not one word can be said in its favor. All friends of education know positively that it is affecting the intellectual progress of universities, colleges and secondary schools.

Yet the majority of these institutions will put up with this brutal sport another year, because the school officials are afraid of the howl of criticism that would go up from the followers of the game, if it were dropped. But the outlook is encouraging. The case is not settled; judgment is only suspended. Compromises," new rules and regulations," and such tinkering only point to the beginning of the approaching end. Many remedies have been suggested for the football malady by numerous sporting quacks, but the M. D's. of college sports have little faith in any of them. Several doses of the "new rules" have already been tried on the game, but with disastrous results, as there have been more deaths the past season than ever before in a single year. The wounded and dying argue strongly for the abandonment of the game, for it is still based on personal combat, which must be ruled out if it be civilized.

Like the slavery question, the football case can be settled only by the c o l l e g e emancipation proclamation, forever freeing educational institutions from the curse of brutal sports. The football braves are fighting a rough fight but the war will soon be over. The padded warriors of several institutions have made their last charge. With many other schools, it will be *one* more fight, and then, our heroes of pig-skin fame will hang up the head-gearing and shin guards; lay aside the blood-stained, mud-smeared uniform; don the garb of the honored college citizen; go back to the classroom and think no more of the savage game.



Some Prickly Pears

By Mack Cretcher

Beauty is only skin deep and even then it is often laid on with a brush.

It is about as easy to catch flies with vinegar as to win friends with a hammer.

A woman's idea of fortitude is to be kind to the pet cat that has devoured the pet canary.

When a man accepts your favors as his just due, it's high time to let him look elsewhere.

Don't expect too much. If the people are not knocking on the way you are doing things, consider yourself a lucky dog.

If it is really true that the doctors bring the babies, these childless dames who fondle pug dogs had better change doctors.

The man who boasts that he always says what he thinks is not necessarily brave. He may be just a common, ordinary liar.

The colder the weather the harder you have to kick the cat to keep him from bolting in every time you open the kitchen door.

Always remember that the man doing right needs encouragement fully as much as the one who goes wrong needs correction.

If bank deposits continue to increase even the most common of us will soon be able to afford the luxury of diamonds, automobiles and appendicitis.

When the society girl takes an active interest in church work it may mean that she is converted. It may also mean that the man business is rather quiet.

Don't make the mistake of thinking you have convinced a man merely because he shuts up. He may be thinking how useless it is to try to argue with a chump.

The president was no doubt right in stating that whiskey is whiskey, but out here in Kansas whiskey is usually double-geared chained lightning with a hook on every link.

"Hurry up" said the impatient hubby "and do not keep me walking around here like a fool." Then the meek wife said very softly: "Now don't get fussy, dearie; I can't help the way you walk."

Tickle the heels of a mule, peep down the muzzle of a gun, or monkey with a buzz-saw if you feel playful, but do not make the mistake of trying to whip the man who smiles when he gets mad.

The women are so good that most of them will go to heaven. Possibly a few men will squeeze in, too. But what a crowd of reasonably good fellows will be strung along somewhere between the pearly gates and fiddler's green.

The Boys from Circle Bar

By Herman T. Kitchen

ACROSS the cactus and sage brush rode a lone horseman. The night was dark—only now and then a glimpse of the new moon was observed through the rift of gathering clouds.

"This is a fierce night to be out, but I must press on 'til I find some place to camp." As he rounded a curve in the trail he caught the glimpse of a light. It looked like it might be a mile distant. Sinking the spurs into his jaded horse he said: "Come on, old pal, maybe this means a bed and supper. Seems to me we ought to be somewhere near the Circle Bar Camp."

Giving his horse another dig to urge him along he rode into the little ravine, and spied the dugout. It was the Circle Bar or Pryor's old camp.

"Hello!"

The boys piled out of their bunks to see what was up. "What's the matter stranger?" they asked in a chorus.

"Well, if it ain't Doc Norman. Git down," said the foreman.

"Take care of his hoss, boys. Come in and eat something, Doc, for you look tired."

Doc seated himself at the table and between mouthfuls of "jerked" venison and cold biscuits, related a thrilling adventure.

"Wallace Moat, Johnnie Moffit, Willis Means and myself were down on the Salt Fork looking up calves when about two hundred Cheyennes sighted us."

"The devil they did," interrupted Harry Northup.

"Shut up, Harry, and let him finish."

"We knew it was foolish to try to stand them off—was foolish to run—so we ran our string of saddle hosses in a basin and stood our ground. Chief Yellow Dog and Young Eagle were in the lead. Wallace Moat pulled his Winchester and wanted to shoot, but Johnnie Moffit protested, fearing that they would kill us instantly if we put up a fight.

"Well, with a whoop that could have been heard twenty miles they surrounded us, tied us together, took all our hosses and we started on a long, weary tramp to their camp in the Wichita mountains. We were two days making the trip, and when they arrived at their camp we were thrown into a teepee made from skins and they began howling for our lives.

"It must have been near midnight when Newona, Chief Yellow Dog's daughter, came noiselessly into our tent. She loves Wallace Moat, you know, and he was the one she came to first. She had with her a keen-bladed hunting knife and started to cut the thongs that bound him, when he said:

"Newona—Yellow Dog never forgets; neither does Young Eagle. You know I love you and it is not myself that I am thinking of, but you, love. If you were to free me they would know who did it and Young Eagle would kill you."

"Cut the strings that bind this man (looking at me,) let him go to our head camp and tell the boys that the Indians have captured us."

"She did as Wallace told her and after being free I stole noiselessly out to a bunch of broncos, selected one, pulled his picket pin and mounted him. I rode 'til day-light, when I discovered I was astride the best hoss in the herd, a glass-eyed, paint hoss, that belonged to the Chief, the one he was riding the day they captured us.

"I rode all morning and my hoss grew so tired I rolled off beside a clump of black jacks down on the east fork of Pryor Creek. I let him drink and graze 'til he was fresh. About the middle of the afternoon I re-mounted and reached here to-night.

"Well, this is dirty work," observed Poke Pryor. "We will have a time rescuing the boys."

"Wallace is crazy over the chief's daughter. Young Eagle loves the same girl and he will try to put Wallace out of the way. There isn't any help short of Fort Sill and the boys will all be butchered by the time we could get word to the soldiers."

One of the cowpunchers, Hen Potter, swore that he would ride to Fort Sill.

"You can never make it, Hen," said Poke; "you will have to go through the Creek and Cherokee reservations and them cut-throats are worse than the Cheyennes. They all hate cattlemen and cowpunchers."

"Boys bring my best hoss, Rattler," broke in Hen, his voice full of determination, "while I am looking after my firearms."

One of the boys brought his horse and Hen was off in a jiffy. "Good-bye boys, I am going to get the soldiers or die trying," he called back as he swung into the saddle.

"That boy has plenty of nerve," said Poke, "but I am afraid he will never make it. Those Creeks and Cherokees are a treacherous lot. By hard riding he can't make it short of three days and nights."

"I'll bet my cayuse to anyone's hoss in these here parts, spoke up Harry Northup, "that he makes it to Sill without even having his shirt soiled, I Gad. I'm achin' to have a round with them red devils anyway."

"You don't know how soon we will all have a chance, for we must all start in the morning to round up the devils," said Poke.

About nine o'clock everything was in readiness, and they were off. Poke told Henry, the colored cook, to follow up with the grub wagon, and all the boys—about twenty all told—mounted their horses, and started for the head waters of Eagle Chief.

They had proceeded only about fifty miles, when Shorty Sheehee sighted a horse grazing on the hillside.

"That looks like Johnnie Moffit's old "shave tail," observed Shorty.

"If that ain't "Old Shave" you can toss me up," said Harry Northup.

Sinking the spurs in his bronco, he rode up to him. "This is nasty work, boys. See, this hoss has a blanket on him, and it looks like some one had been bound to him, for there are several strands of rope."

"That hoss has certainly been goin' some," said George Kilborn. "He looks like he hasn't had any rest for six months. Lord knows what has become of the boys. It wouldn't surprise me if they havn't all been done away with by this time."

They threw a long lariat over "old shave's" neck and picketed him close to the water, where he could have plenty of good, succulent grass, and rode on.

Poke Pryor and Harry Northup took the lead, and Harry had to do all the talking. Poke was silent, like a man thinking hard.

The sun was slowly sinking behind the sand hills when Poke reigned in his jaded horse.

"Boys," he began, "We will camp here for the night. Here is plenty of good water and grass, and our horses are too tired to go any further to-night."

Henry, the colored cook, who had been some distance behind, came galloping in with the grub wagon, his eyes bulging, scared almost out of his wits.

"What's the matter, Henry?" the boys asked.

"Mattah? Dare wus a black cat crossed de trail in frunt ob me, 'bout tin minutes ago. Sumfin' awful is shuah gwine ter happen."

The boys helped Henry unload his grub and unhitched his team, and he was ordered to prepare supper.

"Henry, you're about the only thing that's black around these here parts, said Northup. "Don't you know, you black cuss, we are about two hundred miles from civilization? No cats in these woods; you were dreaming."

The boys finally quieted the poor fellow, and after eating their supper, built a camp fire. Some were lying around, while others were watching the fire, but they were a quiet bunch—all thinking—but saying little.

"We will hold up here at this old log hut for two or three days, and work out from here. For this is the place that Hen has promised to meet us; that is,

if he can make it through the Indian country."

Most of the boys stayed pretty close to camp for the next few days, and every night kept a watch. On the evening of the fifth day they were all beginning to look eagerly for Hen, but there wasn't much said.

About ten o'clock that night the horses neighed, and the camp dogs barked. The boys began scrambling for their guns. They heard a "Circle Bar" yell and knew it was Hen, and they all answered him.

As he alighted from the saddle the boys pressed around him and all began talking at once; they were so glad he had returned safely.

"Shut up, boys and let Hen tell what he knows," commanded Poke.

"Well, I reached Fort Sill all right, and the soldiers are only a few miles back. I left them at Thompson's Gulch. Saddle your hosses, we will join them, and then we will all ride to the Cheyenne Indian Village, and see if we can't rescue the boys."

In half an hour they were all ready to start. Hen led the way, and they soon arrived at Thompson's Gulch,where they joined the soldiers. They traveled all night, and by hard riding the next day the cowboys and two troops of cavalry came to a point within about ten miles of the Indian village.

They camped and had supper, and after sizing up the situation the captain advised the company to ride leisurely until they were close to the village, and then take it by storm.

Again the signal was given, and they were all in the saddle. They had not gone far until they saw a bright light in the distance, and as they drew nearer it could be seen that the Indians had somebody tied to a tree, and they were piling fagots around him.

With a charge and a rush the soldiers and cowboys bore down on the Indians and took them entirely by surprise. The redskins had Johnnie Moffit tied to a stake, and but for the timely arrival of the troops ,and his friends it would only have been a few minutes until it would have been all over with the poor fellow.

George Kilborn cut the thongs that bound him, while the others busied themselves by scattering the fagots.

The Indians put up a fierce fight but they were soon routed and a number were killed, among them Yellow Dog and Young Eagle.

Harry Northup pressed a flask of liquor to Johnnie's lips and he was soon revived, and was able to accompany them back to the camp.

"What has become of Wallace and Willis Means?" the boys asked.

"Newona released Wallace and the rest of us, and they both left together. Willis and I both made a break for liberty but were overtaken and brought back."

"The next day Willis was bound to my saddle horse, 'Old Shave' and the animal was lashed into a dead run by the red fiends. They held me until this evening under heavy guard and I didn't know what they intended to do with me until they grabbed me and tied me to a tree. I'll tell you boys, I had begun to think it was all over with me—never had such a scare.

The boys all mounted, taking Johnnie with them, and rode until next morning about daybreak, when they camped and had breakfast. The signal was given to re-mount, and after they had ridden until about two o'clock one of the soldiers heard a cry of distress.

"There is Willis," shouted Poke Pryor, as he dismounted and ran to the side of his pal who was lying a few paces from the road.

"My leg is broken," said Willis,"and I am almost dead for a drink."

"Water! Some one bring water, quick!"

A dozen flasks were offered the injured man. After he had revived, and had been given something to eat and a drink of liquor, he said:

"I have been on that old cayuse for two days. After the red devils first bound me and lashed "Old Shave' into a mad run, the first thing he did was to fall and break my leg. I finally worked one arm free and then slipped the thongs that bound me. I was in so much misery I couldn't stick him any longer, and rolled off. I picketed him, and during the night wolves frightened him and he jerked his picket pin and ran

away, and here I am in a devil of a fix."

The surgeon set Willis' leg and the camp wagon was sent for.

The boys were yet uneasy about Wallace. Time went on, and still he did not show up at the camp. They had given him up for dead, when one evening he with his Indian bride came tramping in at "Circle Bar." He and Newona had escaped to No-Man's-Land, and from there they went to Arizona where they were married. The entire camp turned out "dressed to kill," and the young couple were given a reception the like of which was never known before or since on the open range.

To a Leaf

(On finding one covered with snow)

O little leaf,
Must you lie so low
On the cold moist ground,
In the soft white snow?

How changed you are!
Your merry gleam
Will ne'er return
With summer's sheen.

No more you'll play
With the warm south breeze
That whispers low
'Mid the forest trees.

O tender leaf,
O, dark-brown leaf!
For you my heart
Is full of grief.

Softly and sadly
I bow o'er you;
O tell me your plaint,
For I know 'tis true.

"No plaint I have
No dirge I sing;
I love the snow
The north winds bring.

"It covers me soft
With its fleecy fold,
And keeps me warm
From winter's cold.

"By my soft care
The violets grow
Low underneath
The winter's snow.

"In the spring I'll send
Them, fair and blue,
To show God's love
To the world anew."

CLYDE MUCHMORE.

The "Choo-Choo Train"

The hazardous run was over,
The whistle rang loud and clear,
And the "choo-choo train" was in at last,
With Robert the Engineer.
O! never an engine, brave,
Had engineer so fair,
With wide-brown, warm-brown wondering eyes,
And a tangle of nutbrown hair.

The day had been long and busy
For the little lad at play;
He was far too weary at eventide
To put the engine away;
So it stood there by his bed
As the evening gathered gray.
And he said: "Good night" and bade it stand still
And "wait for another day."

We took him, tired with playing,
And rocked him to his rest
And sung him the song, the old-time song,
His baby heart loved best.
And we kissed his lashes down
In the evening gathering gray
And said "Good night and pleasant dreams—
Sleep sound 'til another day."

* * * * * *

"Another day!" Ah pity!
With another daylight's dawn
The engine waited, waited still,
But the engineer was gone.
And oh! for the wide-brown eyes,
And the nutbrown hair again,
And the whistle clear of the engineer,
And his hand on the "choo-choo train."

CARA A. THOMAS.

POETRY

The Lyric

By L. T. Weeks, Ph. D.

THE heart of all the world is poured into the Lyric. Whatever part the mind and the spirit may have in it, they busy themselves about matters of the heart. Here the heart wails its anguish, its hunger, its losses, its defeats; here it comes with all its humors and delights. its foibles, and fancies, and fun; here it shouts its patriotism, its victories; it flaunts its challenges, laughs its hopes, and whispers its pianissimos of love; here it breaths its wonderment and adoration, its love and worship in the presence of Deity, its marvelings in the presence of Nature. The Lyric is the five-fold ocean into which flow all the rivers of human passion. Every tear and every dew-drop of sentiment, every least rivulet of the joyful or the sorrowful, the grave or the gay,—every stream from cooling fountain or boiling geyser of the heart, shall find its way some day, through however many intricate and tortuous sluices into this ocean of the Lyric.

Out of the heart are the issues of life, represented by the seven cardinal virtues,—justice, prudence, temperance, fortitude, faith, hope, and love, which, in their perfection, to use a mathematical term, constitute the superior limit of the heart. Their opposites,—injustice, imprudence, intemperance, lack of ability to endure, faithlessness, despair, and hate, in their consummation, constitute the inferior limit of the heart. There you have the shores of this ocean.

Simple, artless, frank, sincere, genuine, unfeigned, unaffected,—these are what the heart should be, and these are what the Lyric should be. *Vers de Societe* is almost wholly feigning, and the further it recedes from artlessness and sincerity, the more pleasing it is to those who like that sort of thing. And there is a body of foul lyric that circulates from unclean mouth to unclean mouth, and surreptitiously in print. Dropping these last two from the count, the first question to ask concerning a lyric is: Does it give expression to a genuine and sincere feeling? The next question is: Does it express in its fullness what it attempts? Then, is it harmonious and imaginative? I once heard an Oxford professor say that F. W. Bourdillon's "Light" is the most perfect lyric in the English language. Let us put on it the test of simplicity and sincerity, adequacy, harmony, and imagination.

Lowell says of "The Shepherd of King Admetus,"

> "His words were simple words enough,
> And yet he used them so,
> That what in other mouths was rough,
> In his seemed musical and low."

Now, if we jumble together all the words of "Light," we shall find them simple words enough; here they are: "day, world, a, thousand, one, mind, whole, but, hath, eyes, night, life, the, heart, light, yet, dies, bright, is, love, sun, of, done, when,"—all monosyllables but one word in each stanza, and not a Greek or Latin root among them. Now let us see what Bourdillon has done with these simple words:

> "The night hath a thousand eyes,
> The day but one;
> Yet the light of the bright world dies,
> When dies the sun.
>
> "The mind hath a thousand eyes,
> The heart but one;
> Yet the light of a whole life dies,
> When love is done."

'His words are simple words enough, but he has used them so' that we have "the most perfect lyric in the English language." It is sincerity itself, there

is not a scintilla to be added or subtracted to make it adequate, the harmony of the balanced structure in each stanza is perfect and the balanced structure of one stanza over against the other is complete; the movement in each stanza is identical and musical, and its imaginative scope is all of the stellar universe and solar system over against all there is of life in man. I might quote Ruskin as authority on the philosophy of this lyric: "Let heartsickness go beyond a certain bitter point, and the life of the heart is gone out forever."

I dare say this simplicity is not attained to so much by striving after it, as by having native sincerity of heart. It is like the sweet simplicity of the child, a natal gift, which once lost cannot be regained by striving, but by a new birth. In our most exalted moments of communion with God, with loved one, with friend, we are the most nearly emptied of the far-fetched, the stilted, the artful. In these moods self is effaced, not by any conscious effort at effacement, but simply that self is out of the count. The lover looks on himself as only a servant. Orpheus looks upon himself and upon the whole universe, upon time and eternity, merely as settings to exhibit the one jewel, his beloved Eurydice. This is why he can move mountains, why the jaws of Cerberus are harmless to him, why the flames of hell cool in the presence of his harping. No finer line of demarcation can be drawn between the simple and the knowing, the artless and the artful, the sincere and the insincere, the unaffected and the affected, than this very boundary line that love alone draws, and love alone can draw.

"Light" teaches that love is the light of life. In Heine's "*Ein Fichtenbaum steht einsam,*" known in German literature as "the flawless lyric," we have a fitting companion to Bourdillon's poem. It is on the world-old theme of lovers yearning across impassable barriers,—the theme that puts heart-break into the stories of Abelard and Heloise, of Paolo and Francesca. I translate it knowing well that to do so is like putting up a Henry Ward Beecher to preach through an interpreter.

A pine tree towers lonely
  Far north on a barren height;
He drowses; the frost enrobes him
  In vesture chill and white.

He dreams of a yearning palm-tree
  That far in the morning land,
Tarries, sad and silent,
  Alone on the burning sand.

As to the sincerity of this mood of the poet, we may quote the Psalmist: "O that I had the wings of a dove! then would I fly away and be at rest." Again Lowell says:

"We're curus critters: now ain't jes' the minute
That ever fits us easy while we're in it;
Long ez 'twas futur', 'twould be perfect bliss—
Soon ez it's past, thet time's wuth ten o' this."

Yes, we are all yearning across some impassable gulf. We yearn backwards, and fill our songs with the word *old*. "My *Old* Kentucky Home," "The *Old* Oaken Bucket," "In Good *Old* Summer-Time," "Under the *Old* Apple-Tree," "The *Old* Folks at Home," and so on without limit. I take up the catalog of a publishing house, and find one hundred and thirty-four titles beginning with the word *old*. We yearn forwards; our church hymns play on this chord. "There is a happy land, *far, far away.*" The Germans sing, "*Die Heimat, die Ruhplatz, ist droben im Licht.*"

We have seen now that the Lyric is subjective, has to do with the heart, the inner life. The author and his emotions are its peculiar assets. The personal pronouns, that do not appear in the epic and ballad, except as in speeches put into the mouths of epic characters, are prevalent in the Lyric. The epic and ballad, which are to be handled in detail in subsequent papers, are objective. The epic is a poem that handles a story of complex but unified action of national or world interest, uses the grand style, moves leisurely, and indulges in fullness of detail. The ballad is a short story, or an incident, usually in four-lined stanzas. All three of these enter into the drama, which will also be handled in a separate paper.

When it comes to classifying the Lyric as to species, the lines are rather criss-cross. If the predominating emotion is one of romp and hilarity, of run and frolic, feasting, drinking, etc.

we have the Convivial Lyric. As drinking songs have largely gone by the board, and are not easily found, I shall quote freely. Alfred Austin, present laureate of England, has this in his "Haymakers' Song,"—

"Here's to him that grows it,
Drink, lads, drink,
That lays it in and mows it,
Clink, jugs, clink."

Tennyson, the laureate before Austin, has these lines to America in "Hands All Round,"—

"Gigantic daughter of the West,
We drink to thee across the flood!
We know thee, and we love thee best;
For art thou not of British blood?
Should war's mad blast again be blown,
Permit not thou the tyrant's powers
To fight thy Mother here alone,
But let thy broadsides roar with ours.
Hands all round!
God the tyrant's cause confound!
To our great kinsmen of the West, my friends,
And the great name of England, round and round.'

In Beaumont and Fletcher's "The Tragedy of Valentinian," this:

"God of youth, let this day here
Enter neither care nor fear;
From thy plenteous hand divine
Let a river run with wine."

In the Dodsley Collection is a "Panegyric on Ale," that also has a word for the pipe:

"My sober evening let the tankard bless,
With toast imbrowned, and fragrant nutmeg fraught,
While the rich draught, with oft-repeated whiffs,
Tobacco mild improves."

and so on for over a hundred lines. In Shakespeare's "Antony and Cleopatra," is a drinking song:

"Come, thou monarch of the vine,
Plumpy Bacchus with pink eyne,"

and they sing and drink until poor Lepidus has to be carried out. Other convivial lyrics are,—"Willie brewed a peck o' maut," by Robert Burns, "Sparkling and Bright," by Hoffman, "Then let me the cannikin clink," as sung by Iago in "Othello," when he was planning the downfall of Cassio. There is "John Barleycorn," author unknown, "*Vanitas! Vanitatum, Vanitas!*" by Goethe, and "*Lauriger Horatius*," sung by all students.

If the lyric be dominated by an emotion aroused by some aspect, phase, or activity of Nature, we have the Nature Lyric, such as the famous "Thrush's Song" by MacGillivray, "To a Waterfowl," and "The Melancholy Days are Come," by Bryant, the scores of season poems, "The Throstle," and the lyrical stanzas in "The Brook," by Tennyson. It is worth while noting in these stanzas of "The Brook" how Tennyson achieves the suggestion of diminutiveness. He uses such verbs, as, "sparkle, bicker, hurry, slip, slide, gloom, glance, chatter, bubble, babble, fret," etc. His nouns and adjectives are also suggestive, and are at the same time very musical: "sudden sally, little sharps and trebles, eddying bays, silver water-break, golden gravel," etc. There is not a superfluous vowel or consonant sound, not one lacking to make the music perfect. In the Nature Lyric great use is made of onomatopoea, or the suggestion of nature sounds. Browning says:

"That's the wise thrush; he sings each song twice over
Lest you should think he never could recapture
That first fine careless rapture."

Tennyson suggests this in his "Throstle":

"Summer is coming, summer is coming,
I know it, I know it, I know it.
Light again, leaf again, life again, love again,
Yes my wild little poet."

In the first three stanzas he quotes the bird, and suggests its frequent repetitions, that are commonly more than twice over. I took out my note-book one morning, and kept tab on a throstle, that sung the same song twenty-three times over, though three and four times hit the average. Tennyson has a far larger infusion of nature in his poetry than one might think. In the two hundred and ninety-three poems published in the Globe Edition, there are one hundred and eighty-three that use some nature word in the first line or first sentence.

Where the emotion takes a religious turn, we have the Religious Lyric. Here we find some of the most sublime

efforts of the lyric muse. At the head will likely stand Derzhavin's "God," that begins,—

"O Thou eternal One, whose presence bright,
All space doth occupy, all motion guide—
Unchanged through time's all-devastating flight.
Thou only God—there is no God beside."

Here come the following lofty hymns with which we all are familiar, and need merely to mention them to bring them before the mind: "Lead, Kindly Light," "God Moves in a Mysterious Way His Wonders to Perform," "Come, Holy Ghost, Our Hearts Inspire," "Abide With Me," "Blest Be the Tie That Binds," "Come, Thou Fount of Every Blessing," "Come Ye Disconsolate," "From Every Stormy Wind that Blows," "Guide Me, O Thou Great Jehovah!" "The Lord Our God is Clothed With Might," "If On a Quiet Sea," "Joy to the World," and the fine Latin hymn,—

"Dies irae dies illa!
Solvet saeclum in favilla,
Teste David cum Sybilla."

It is hard for a lover of the artistic and sincere in literature to understand why, with the splendid array of stately hymns to choose from, so many are content, yea, delighted, to sing religious doggerel and cheap clap-trap. We used to be fed on,—

"Far out upon the prairie,
Many children dwell,
Who never read the Bible,
Nor hear the Sabbath bell."

A Methodist bishop killed it off with the following paraphrase:

"Far out upon the prairie,
Many children dwell,
Who never eat an oyster,,
And never crack a shell."

Can't some more bishops come up to the help of the Lord against that that is mighty small? When one reads and sings these noble hymns, and gets their majesty into his spiritual life, and then hears people giving themselves heart and soul to the singing of Gospel ditties, one is moved to ask with Hamlet, "Could you on this fair mountain leave to feed, (that is, leave off feeding) and batten on this moor?" There are congregations where one dare not announce one of the old hymns, for neither the choir nor the congregation can sing it.

The Patriotic Lyric includes war songs, some campaign songs, revolutionary songs, songs for national days, national hymns, and all songs that spring from love of liberty, of country, or of native land. Of all the outbursts of revolutionary fire, "The Marseillaise" probably stands first. "C'a ira! c'a ira," a phrase caught from the lips of Ben Franklin, is the burden of another French patriotic lyric. We ourselves have a goodly array of national airs—"America," "The Star-Spangled Banner," "The Bonny Blue Flag," "The Red, White and Blue," "Columbia, the Gem of the Ocean," "A Thousand Years, my own Columbia," "Yankee Doodle," and the songs of the Civil War. The South gave to literature the finest lyric gift of those days of stress and storm; I refer to "Maryland, My Maryland," written by a school teacher in a very tempest of lyrical fire. At the head of the products of the northern muse of that period stands Julia Ward Howe's "The Battle Hymn of the Republic," a powerful hymn, but without the lyric abandon so characteristic of "Maryland, my Maryland." Most people are familiar with "Marching Through Georgia," "When Johnny Comes Marching Home," and "Dixie," and many are with "John Brown's Body," but we, who were children during the War period, remember, "Say, Darkeys, Hab You Seen My Massa, wid de Muftash on Him Face," "Rally Round the Flag, Boys," "Brave Boys Are They, Gone at Their Country's Call," "The Girl I Left Behind Me," "Tramp, Tramp, Tramp, the Boys are Marching," "They've Drafted Him Into the Army," "Columbia, Now and Evermore," "O, Wrap the Flag Around Me, Boys," "The Vacant Chair," and many more. At the head of the German national airs is "Wacht am Rhine." England has a purely national air, appealing to every Briton, "Rule Britannia," then one especially for the ruler, "God Save the King," and one for the soldier,—

"Blow the fife and beat the drum,
Lo! the conquering heroes come."

Ireland sings "Erin go Bragh," and "The Wearing of the Green." The Scotch have a national air three hundred years old, "The Thistle and the Rose," by Dunbar. Here is a stanza:

Slugird, sche said, awalk annone for schame,
And in my honour sum thyng thou go wryt;
The lark hes done the mirry day proclame,
To raise up luvaris with confort and delyt;
Yit nocht incressis thy curage to endyt,
Quhois hairt sum tyme hes glaid and blissful bene
Sangis to mak undir the levis grene.

In those days they knew no use of the quotation marks, and I have omitted them. One might not guess that "annone" means "at once," and that "Quhois" means "whose;" the other words the reader can make out. May tells him what to sing about the Thistle and the Rose.

"The Love Lyric is the lyric par-excellence." It has a wide field: the love of lovers, parental, filial, fraternal, conjugal love, and the love of friend for friend. One knows not where to begin gathering, nor where to leave off, in the opulence of this great garden of forget-me-nots. We have as touching exhibitions of parental love in the Bible as we shall find anywhere, and two of them have a decided lyric swing: "And Jacob rent his garments, and put sackcloth upon his loins, and mourned for his son many days.—and he said, "For I will go down to Sheol to my son mourning." The other is David's wail over the death of Absalom, that will be the Ultima Thule of parental grief while the world stands. Lyrics of filial love are not so easy to find, as children are not composers; but we have "Home, Sweet, Home," and Judah's outpour of filial love, when he is pleading with Joseph,—"Now, therefore, let thy servant, I pray thee, abide instead of the lad a bondman to my lord; and let the lad go up with his brethren. For how shall I go up to my father, if he be not with me? lest I see the evil that shall come upon my father." A note of fraternal love is found in "The Old Folks at Home." The love of friend for friend is voiced in the old, imperishable lyric, "Auld Lang Syne," that shall "roll from soul to soul, and grow forever and forever." Fitz-Greene Halleck has a fine stanza in memory of Joseph Rodman Drake, grandfather of the wife of the late Richard Watson Gilder:

"Green be the turf above thee,
Friend of my better days!
None knew thee but to love thee,
Nor named thee but to praise."

Then there is David's lyric in memory of Saul and Jonathan, in the first chapter of the Second Book of Samuel,—

"Thy love to me was wonderful,
Passing the love of women."

Of lyrics of the love of lovers, undoubtedly the most popular is "Annie Laurie," so easily and so perfectly understood that few care to know that "the gowan" is the mountain daisy. In "Annie Laurie" we have the loved one in view; in Burn's "O, my luve's like a red, red rose," we have the out-pourings of the lover of himself in utter abandon:

"And I will luve thee still my dear,
Till a' the seas gang dry.

"Till a' the seas gang dry, my dear,
And the rocks melt wi' the sun;
And I will luve thee still, my dear,
While the sands o' life shall run."

Of the same strain is Bayard Taylor's "Bedouin Love Song:"

"And the midnight hears my cry:
I love thee, I love but thee,
With a love that shall not die
Til' the sun grows cold,
And the stars are old,
And the leaves of the Judgment Book unfold."

Rather the sweetest American Love Lyric is "What My Lover Said," by Homer G. Greene, a lawyer, still living at Honesville, Penn:

"By the merest chance, in the twilight gloom,
In the orchard path he met me;
In the tall, wet grass, with its faint perfume,
And I tried to pass, but he made no room,
O, I tried, but he would not let me.
So I stood and blushed 'til the grass grew red,
With my face bent down above it,
While he took my hand, as he whispering said—
(How the clover lifted each pink, sweet head
To listen to all that my lover said,—
Oh, the clover in bloom, I love it!)"

In five perfect stanzas we are just about to hear each time what the lover says,

but are put off with a deft suggestion. In memory of a loved one dead, we have these strangely haunting lines in Poe's "To One in Paradise:"

"And all my days are trances,
And all my nightly dreams
Are where thy dark eye glances,
And where thy footstep gleams
In what ethereal dances,
By what eternal streams."

Dropping into the catalog style, I beg to pass over with mere mention Marlowe's "The Passionate Shepherd to His Love," Shakespeare's "Take, O Take Those Lips Away," Burn's "O, Whistle, an' I'll Come Till You, My Lad," Landor's "Rose Aylmer," Tennyson's "Ask Me No More," "The Miller's Daughter," the delightful succession of little lyrics in "The Window," and many more,—Keats's "The Eve of St. Agnes," Bourdillon's "Light," Mrs. Browning's "Sonnets From the Portuguese," Meredith's "Love in the Valley," Macartney's "Kathleen Mavourneen," Wordsworth's "She was a Phantom of Delight," Browning's "Song," in which he has this refined touch:

"Then why not witness, calmly gazing,
If earth holds aught—speak truth—above her?
Above this tress, and this, I touch
But cannot praise, I love so much."

and Lowell's tribute to his dead wife:

"Twas a smile, 'twas a garment's rustle
'Twas nothing that I can phrase
But the whole dumb dwelling grew conscious
And put on her looks and ways."

There are some fine Love Lyrics in the German, such an "*Die Besuch*," by Goethe, Heine's "*Berg Idyle*" Uhland's "*Der Wirthin Torchterlein*," and a semi-folk song,—"*Du, du, Liegst mir im Harzen.*"

Vers de Societe is usually founded on some foible or comic situation in social life, and shows a preference for the couplet, triplet, quatrain, and the French forms—the rondeau, rondel, roundel, rondelet, and triolet. Austin Dobson is a past master in Society Verse, and here is one of his best triolets:

"I intended an ode,
But it ran into triolets.
I begun a la mode,
I intended an ode;
But Rose crossed the road
With a bunch of fresh violets.
I intended an ode,
And it ran into triolets."

This from Harrison Robertson:

"To kiss a fan!
What a poky poet!
The stupid man
To kiss a fan,
When he knows—he—can,
Or ought to know it.
To kiss a fan!
What a poky poet!"

The rondolet uses only seven lines, riming—a, b, a, a, b, b, a, the first line usually being of two words, and this line always repeated in lines three and seven:

A rondelet,
The best of wine in purest gold;
A rondelet,
A star-beam caught in music's net,
A crystal thought in beauty's mould—
Your eyes, my love, deep in them hold
A rondelet.

In the roundel there are eleven lines, riming—a, b, a, b, b, a, b, a, b, a, b. the first half of line one repeating as lines four and eleven, the first and third stanzas being quatrains, and the second stanza a triplet. In the rondel there are two stanzas of eight and six lines, in which line one repeats in lines seven and thirteen, or else there are two four-lined and one five-lined stanza, in which line one repeats as before. As a representative of the rondeau I give H. C. Bunner's "September:"

"The summer's gone—how did it go?
And where has gone the dogwood's show?
The air is sharp upon the hill,
And with a tinkle sharp and chill
The icy little brooklets flow.

"What is it in the season, though,
Brings back the days of old, and so
Sets memory recalling still
The summer's gone?

"Why are my days so dark? for lo!
The maples with fresh glory glow,
Fair shimmering mists the valleys fill,
The keen air sets the blood a-thrill—
Ah! now that you are gone, I know
The summer's gone."

Any of these lyrics may show a reflective flush, but The Reflective Lyric is chiefly philosophical:

"Flower in the crannied wall,
I pluck you out of the crannies,
I hold you here, root and all, in my hand
Little flower,—but if I could understand
What you are, root and all, and all in all,
I should know what God and man is."

Wordsworth's "Ode on Immortality" is one of the best Reflective Lyrics. One who wishes to study Reflective Lyrics should make a study of odes: Shelley's "Ode to the West Wind," Keat's "Odes to the Nightingale," and "On a Grecian Urn," Lowell's "Commemmoration Ode," Fletcher's "Ode on Melancholy," and Campbell's "Ode on Winter."

The Plantation Melody and the Folk Song have some points in common. The Folk Song grew by passing from mouth to mouth, gathering here and there an increment, through generations, and is everybody's and nobody's. Many of the melting touches in the Plantation Melody have been gathered from the folk lore of the slave's cabin, and thus they have a strong flavor of the Folk Song. There are snatches of genuine Folk Song among the negroes; but in general the melody comes into existence as did Kipling's "Barrack Room Ballads." He says of them:

"When 'Omer smote 'is bloomin' lyre,
He'd 'eard men sing by land an' sea;
An' what 'e thought 'e might require,
He went an' took,—the same as me."

There is a haunting pathos attained in some of these Plantation Melodies that is as unexplainable as the strange fascination of the South itself. It dwells not in any northland; never did, and never will. What patient grief and unsatisfied longing are in these lines:

"O, I bar dis cross 'long many a road,
"Whar de pink ain't bloom, an' de grass done mowed."

Much is made of Tennyson's handling of the double loss of wife and child in

"All in white Italian marble, looking still as if she smiled.
Lies my Amy dead in child-birth, dead the mother, dead the child."

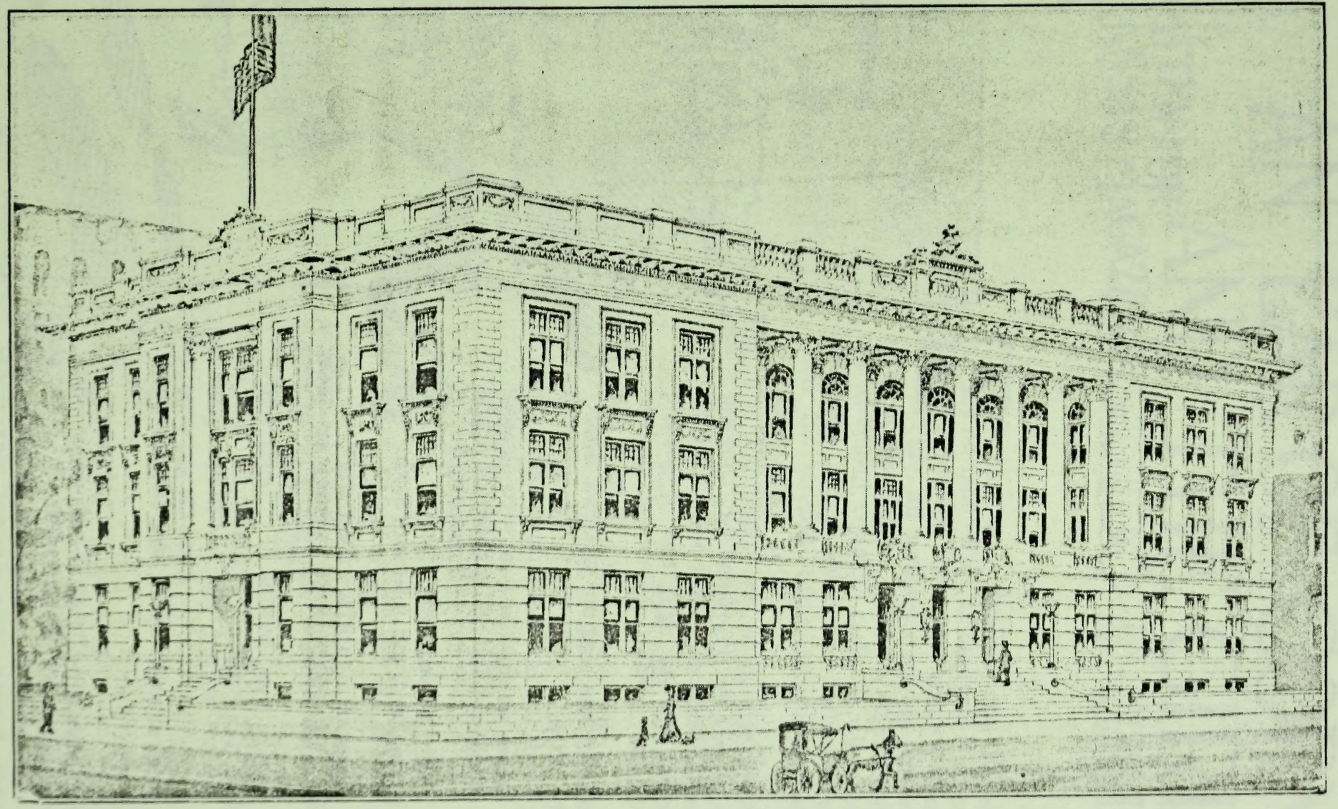
But in the following melody we have the same theme treated more delicately and with a deeper pathos:

"O, here lies my old cabin home;
Here lies my sister an' my brudder;
Here lies my wife, de joy ob ma life,
An' de chil' in de grave wid its mudder."

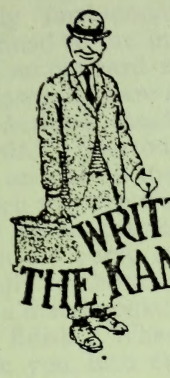
There is a seeming contradiction in classifying the Folk Song, that has no personal note, is not subjective, in the sense of being the work of one poet, with the lyrics that are distinguished particularly by their personal and subjective character. The Folk Song is personal, but it is the voice of the personality of a whole people for generations.

In the matter of form, the law of limitation for The Lyric is the poet's ingenuity. He may choose any of a hundred different forms, or if he be able, may invent a new form for every poem. However, when the writer once chooses a given stanza form, or movement, he must adhere to it through that poem. A common fault with unskilled writers is to lose track of the sort of movement with which they start out. This must not be done. The Ode, is, in some respects, an exception to this law: it may use in the same ode any length of line, mixed in any manner that suits the author, and may vary the rime-order. I have, however, never noted any ode in which the writer changed from an iambic to a trochaic novement, or *vice versa*. Keats, who was of a fine artistic nature, in his "Ode to a Nightingale," uses the same sort and number of feet to the line, the same number of lines to the stanza, and the same order of rimes through the entire ode. In his "Ode on a Grecian Urn," in ten-lined stanzas, he varies the order of rimes in the last three lines of some of the stanzas. In five out of six odes, Shelley chooses a form, and adheres to it. In seven of Wordsworth's ten odes, he varies the form and Lowell varies in five out of seven.

The Lyric, then, must be uniform in movement,—simple, sincere, elemental, in emotional quality,—must give an adequate presentation of the matter handled,—must be melodious and highly imaginative, and must, as a whole, be homogeneous. The poet-artist must not scorn to apply assiduously the fire, the hone, the acids, and the polisher. A great Kansan has truely said, "The diamond will gravitate to the one who can polish it."

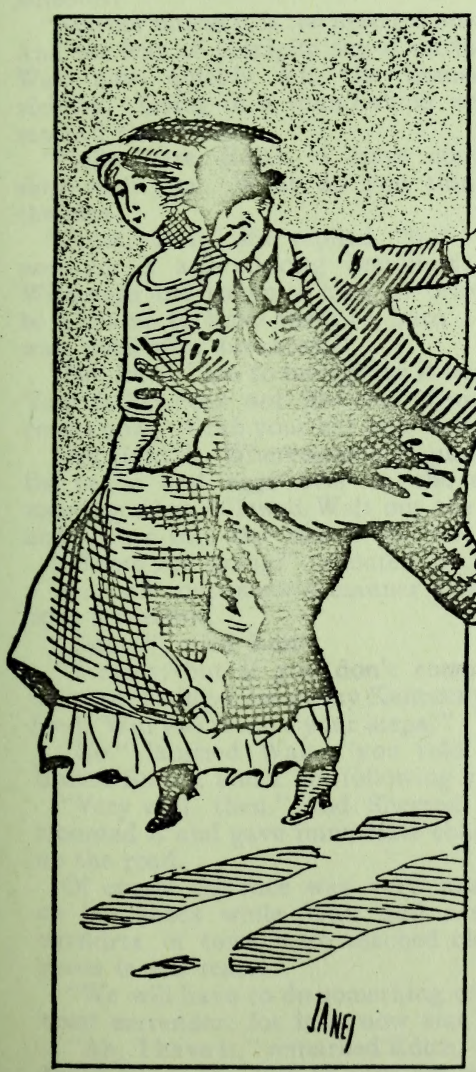


KANSAS MEMORIAL AND HISTORICAL BUILDING



AN EAR OF CORN AND THE GIRL

WRITTEN FOR THE KANSAS MAGAZINE BY GUIDO D. JANES



QUITE A DISTANCE UP THE ROAD

AS the sun strolled up the eastern horizon, Walt McDougull strolled into Anderson county with a dress-suit case, an umbrella on his person; and love in his heart. Yes; he sauntered into the aforesaid county early in the morning and kept going until he reached Garnett. Then he paused after registering at the Chatterton hotel.

"I'll marry her, or demise in the endeavor," he remarked to the landlord. "I know her father is sore on me for placing a mortgage on my farm and voting the wrong ticket; but nothing will stop me."

And washing his face and hands, and stroking his hair into a part with a chained comb and brush, he looked himself over in the looking glass; after which he made a bee line for the Sherrod homestead.

"I beg your pardon," he said, upon reaching his destination and coming upon Mr. Sherrod in the barn yard currying a horse. "But I want to marry your daughter. Have you any objections?"

"Objections? I should say y e s: too numerous to mention." Here Mr. Sherrod got busy again on his horses' toilet in a most ignoring manner.

"Nice animal you have there. New one isn't it?"

(No reply.)

"But," protested Walt, "I am your daughter's beau. I am proud of her: in love with Edith; Ah, the precious."

When this remark was uttered old man Sherrod wheeled around, and placing a cross expression upon his face and exhibiting same to the lover endeavored to frighten him from the place.



The fright of course was immediately forth-coming, but it was confined to the interior, and therefore no outward manifestations of a stampede were shown.

"Actions speak louder than words," Sherrod said. "And if the actions on my face don't show which way the wind is blowing, I will make matters clear to you with my curry comb and fist. So kindly withdraw and don't fool in a matrimonial sort of way with my Edith. Where do you wish me to kick you, into the state of Nebraska or Missouri?"

"Neither unless it is the married one." And for fear of precipitating a warfare Walt now quickly left the immediate vicinity. Going in a round-about way he reached the house.

"Hello there, Edith, I have come to elope with you. What do you think of the idea?"

"Great, dear," she replied, "but I can't just now for I am cooking breakfast for papa. With eggs and bacon so high in price it would be a shame to leave them to burn. Can't you wait until after breakfast?"

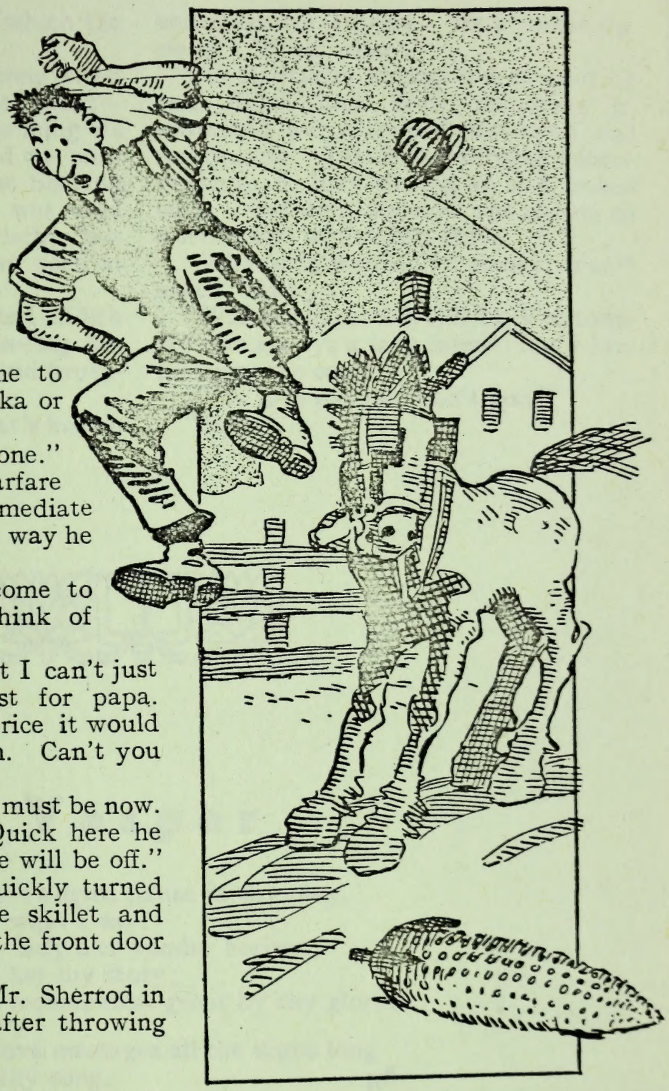
"No; for if I am to marry you it must be now. Your father does not like me. Quick here he comes now. Grab your hat and we will be off."

"All right." Whereupon she quickly turned the bacon and eggs over in the skillet and securing a hat followed Walt out the front door and thence into the street.

"Where you going?" shouted Mr. Sherrod in a sarcastic out-of-sorts manner after throwing open a window.

"Guess?" cried Edith.

"I can't; but if you don't come back this moment. I will pursue on my Kentucky thoroughbred. Will you retrace your steps?"



AND OF COURSE HE SHIED

"No," laughed Walt, "you told me just now to leave this portion of the United States, and I am following your instructions."

"Very well, then." And Sherrod went out, procured the horse, after which he mounted it and gave immediate chase to the lovers who were now quite a distance up the road.

Of course the race was very unequal because Edith wore high French heels on her shoes while Walt had a stone bruise on his left foot; so when the outskirts of town were reached old man Sherrod was but a couple of hundred yards in the rear.

"We will have to do something of a diplomatic nature," gasped Walt, "or we must surrender; for it is now too late to hide in that adjoining corn field.

"Ah, I have it," remarked Edith. "You know papa's horse was reared in Kentucky where the ears of corn are small. Quick, jump over the fence and pick out the largest ear you can find and place same in the road."

Walt did as directed, after which the two resumed their flight.

A moment later the galloping steed bearing the rider, dashed up and observing the ear of corn, and noticing its gigantic size became alarmed at once and of course shied, and threw Sherrod to the ground. The animal was used to diminutive ears in Kentucky but upon observing giant Kansas corn it grew very timid.

"My plan worked," shouted Edith looking hurriedly back and seeing her father get up out of the dust and brushing the dirt from his garments.

"I should say it did. Now let's hasten and make for Topeka. Here comes the steed. Whoa, there."

The Kentucky animal did as directed and Edith and Walt mounting it, sauntered away toward the town and matrimony. Just before turning a curve in the road, they slowed up and looked back. Old man Sherrod was sitting on a fence and whittling a stick.

"What's he waiting for honey, dear?" asked Walt.

"Waiting to catch a ride back to town. He was always a lazy fellow; but I love him just the same."

"You love me, too, don't you?"

"Sure."

Vesper

Breeze of the twlight, pause in thy play,
Heed what I say.
Speed to my lady o'er yonder horizon,
Waft her my story;
Rich by thy recompense, great by thy glory.

Weave my love messages all the night long
Into thy song.
Woo with a skill that was ne'er given mortal,
Till she confesses--
Won to my cause by thy subtle caresses.

Hasten to me with the answer that clings
Sweet to thy wings.
Turn from thy task with a blessing forever;
Leaving thy treasure
Sing to the world of my bliss beyond measure.

V. O. F.

Two Gentlemen of the Cloth

By Charles H. Morehouse

THE stage made the round of the hotels, took on the mail at the Post Office and headed out of town for El Dorado.

This stage was not an aristocratic Concord coach, with four or six horses and a driver on the box; it was of that plebian type known among stage folks as a "jerky" and sometimes as a "mud wagon," which at this particular time was an appropriate name.

To be sure it was hung on huge leather straps and entrance was made from the side, but the driver's seat and the two seats for passengers were on the same level, and although four miserable beasts were hitched before it on this occasion, with ordinary roads and weather it was drawn by two heavy horses.

The early morning air of the March day was laden with moisture and miserably cold. No sun cheered the scene and the clouds threatened to pour down more rain on the already sodden earth.

The horses floundered in the mud under a constant out-pouring of anathemy and malediction from a profane and unhappy driver, and chilled to the marrow by the penetrating wind, the five passengers shrunk deeper into their wraps and settled down for a wretched day's travel. Each so despised and hated his comrade that no word of conversation was spoken during the first half hour of the trip.

On the rear seat were two men, apparently strangers to each other—one a large man with close-cropped red beard and thin auburn hair on his dome-like cranium. His eves were blue, his jaw was firm, and the manner of his conversation was positive, vehement and jerky, and the manner in which his massive head was thrust forward from between broad and rounded shoulders denoted great force and energy.

In intellect and physique he was as rugged as the crags of Old Scotland, whose blood flowed in his veins, and he was easily classed at a scholar and a man of broad and extensive education.

Huddled in a corner beside him sat a small thin man—thin almost to emaciation, with hands thrust deep in to the pockets of his ulster, the turned-up collar of which tilted his Stetson hat, of frontier style, over a receding forehead and heavy brows, beneath which were small restless grey eyes whose furtive glances flashed from narrow slits between half-closed eyelids.

His pinched face was drawn in painful squint, and his eyelids were inflamed from long exposure to the glare of artificial light, and the wrinkles in his face and the grey in his soft brown hair were premature. His chin was light and weak and his teeth were yellow, but the expression of his face was that of shrewd and almost cunning intelligence and his voice was as soft as the purr of a cat.

The large man finally ventured a remark about the weather, which observation provoked an invective not only on the present storm but on the general climatic conditions.

An opinion as to meteorologic influence led to a discussion on that subject which disclosed that the little man was well versed in that science, and ended in an argument as to the efficiency and worth of the National Weather Bureau, he contending that it was a fraud, that is was useless and a waste of the people's money.

The big man's countenance lightened in anticipation. "Aha!" thought he, "unexpectedly I have found something here well worth while," and he proceeded gradually to exploit his discovery.

His next lead was toward politics. Their political views were exactly opposite. The large man wore a bronze button and the small man lost his father in the Confederate Army, and the discussion covered the ground from

Ante-bellum days down to the present, and the Constitution received some attention.

By this time the other passengers woke up and became intensely interested. The man on the opposite seat smiled satisfaction when the little man scored a point, and the woman who sat beside him scowled dissent; but when the big man poured forth an overwhelming argument, she grinned and nodded her approval.

The man seated with the driver turned half way around to better hear the controversy, and even the driver's interest became so absorbing that he forgot to curse and vilify his team.

On they went from politics to science, psychology, morals—and finally they reached the topic of religion, and there the battle raged in royal style.

The large man was a Presbyterian and a valiant defender of his faith. The small man was a materialist and an agnostic.

John Knox was, in his estimation, a meddlsome old scoundrel, and Calvin should have been burned at the stake instead of Servetus, and the Puritan Fathers were narrow-minded, witch-burning zealots.

The two men were diametric opposites—in physique—in manner and in mentality. The large man was forceful and logical in his arguments, and eloquent and overwhelming in his language and expression; the other was keen and incisive, his sentences shorn of all superfluous words, and his arguments edged like a knife were directed straight at the mark.

Thus the debate continued mile after mile, hour after hour, with vigor and warmth, but free from personalities and with great deference; it was a gentlemen's contest.

It resembled a battle with foils; the large man always leading with power and agressiveness; the other evasive and ever on guard; meeting the onslaught with a parry—a thrust and a side step, elusive, and perfectly trained in the art of defense.

At last the journey ended and late in the afternoon the steaming horess halted the stage in front of the old Alamo Hotel and the passengers laborously crawled out one by one and stretched their stiffened limbs. The two gentlemen from the back seat were the last to alight, and as they stood on the rough stone pavement they faced, each eager to get a good look at the other.

"Do you stop here?" inquired the large man.

"No."

Then as he towered over and looked down upon the other, he took in his powerful rugged grasp the thin soft hand of his new-found friend and said in his impetuous manner, "My name is Hewitt —John D. Hewitt; may I inquire you name, sir?"

"Yes, Doctor, I know who you are. My name is Miller, James Miller. They call me "Jim" Miller."

"Well I like you, Mr. Miller—I like you; I am glad to make your acquaintance, Sir. And might I ask—what is your business?"

The small man turned his head slightly, and his restless grey eyes looked far down the street toward the river as he replied in slow and measured words. "We are both professional men—we are both of the cloth,—but I am of the *green* cloth—I am a professional gambler."

"Well, I like you just the same—Mr. Miller—I like you just the same; Good day Sir,—Good day— I wish you well. —I wish you well," and with another hearty shake of the hand he had not yet released and a warm pressure, the two newly-formed friends parted, the two gentlemen of the cloth.

Our Point of View

A PERMANENT GOOD The prevailing high prices of foodstuffs, coupled with the determination of several hundred thousand individuals not to eat meat, may cause a serious disturbance in economic conditions, and yet at the same time, it is sure to result in permanent good. It will teach a great number of our people the value of a moderate diet. Normally we are gluttons—all of us—and a season of old-time fasting, even if we neglect the prayer, will bring to us a great benefit, as a nation. The average American eats more at one meal than he should eat in three meals. Fully seventy-five per cent of us become afflicted with "Stomach Trouble" before we reach the ripe age of two score years. The Arab will ride three hundred miles across a desert and subsist upon two handfuls of dates. If an American should be called upon to make a like journey, he would want a quarter of beef, three dozen eggs, seven pounds of butter, a bushel basket full of bread, some marmalade, and mayhap, a couple of cases of beer.

It will be remembered, that after the earthquake at San Francisco, the United States Government ordered the "lid" on securely while the town was occupied by the troops of the Regular Army. Hundreds of old topers, who hadn't lived a day in twenty years without taking several drinks of liquor. were put to work removing debris. Many of them whined, begged, and pleaded for booze, but the only reply was: "Get busy and sweat it out." As a result, according to the Official Report of the United States Army surgeon, over 50 per cent. of these beer-soaked citizens were completely cured of the drink habit, because they discovered that they were better off, physically, without liquor.

Practically, the same result will obtain after we have foregone, for a season, the pleasure of consuming large quantities of porterhouse, flank steak, and "round." In other words, we will discover that we are better off mentally physically and morally, by eating less meat.

In the meantime, we will give our dormant, opulent friends —"The Agriculturalists"—a chance to wake up and keep up with the consumer by producing more.

With a more even balance then, between production and consumption prices will of necessity assume a normal condition.

O WISE JUDGE! A Missouri Judge has had the brains and likewise the courage to declare that a man who does not read newspapers is unfit for jury service. This will come as refreshing news to the foreman, who after being up all night with the jury, requested the bailiff to bring in eleven breakfasts and one bale of hay.

Our ideal jury in the past has been one in which the majority included antiquated mossbacks who wouldn't know a point of evidence from the point of a fence post.

A man without intelligence certainly cannot be very long on reason, and a man who cannot reason has no place on a jury.

A QUESTION OF CIVILIZATION Strange as it may seem, the general reform movement is reaching our larger institutions of education, and the indications are that the ferocious game of foot-ball will soon be relegated to the past, along with other gladiatorial contests. The annual toll of death resulting from the brutal game is quickening the conscience of some of our college presidents, and they have quit lying about the "Value of Foot-ball to College Training," etc.

Foot-ball is war, and already we have been told what war is. We have practically outlawed the prize-fight, and yet the average contest in the ring is a tame affair compared with a game on the gridiron. We shame the Spaniard for his brutal bull-fight, and at the same time, yell ourselves hoarse at our own gridiron bull-fights.

We'll continue this brutal sport a few more seasons—very few—and then by unanimous consent it will be abolished entirely.

We are wondering what our Ex-President, Theodore, will think when he learns of the fact that he has been suggested as the best qualified referee obtainable for the coming brutal fistic encounter, between black Johnson and Jim Jeffries. Will he resent the insult of these avaricious advertisers, or manifest pleasure in being tendered the honor of refereeing a so-called sport that has been outlawed in every state in the Union, save three?

With Kansas Bards

THE MAN BY THE SEA

Eye of a seer and heart of a babe,
Will which the Iron-Gods forged,
Lover of curling, white-capped waves,
Priest of the green ice gorge,
Tell me the lesson the Black Winds taught,
Tell me the message the wreck's drift brought,
Tell me the whispers which come to thee—
Dreamer of dreams as you sit by the sea.

THE ANSWER

I have heard the roar of the throttled fiends as they fawn at the feet of God;
I have heard the shriek of the bursted sheet, and the engine's muffled sob;
I have felt the beck of the unknown grip strong on the heart of me;
And I know do I wait, be it soon or late. I shall bring a word from the sea.

The way is drear and the stars are cold,
The warmth of no love is thine.
Men look black when they speak of thee—
Thou prophet of Uncome Time.
Tell me the vision that lights thy night,
Tell me the way to see the sight
That a hope like thine may be given me—
Oh dreamer of dreams as you sit by the sea.

THE ANSWER

There's a face which comes as the days gold crown but gleams o'er the edge of the sea:
There's a voice which sounds in the ripple's laugh far sweeter than Fame to me;
There's the love of my life for the Great Unknown that lies in the blue fog tryst;
Come soon or late there's a word for me which the men of the earth have missed.

* * * * * *

Hope is the word of the winds and waves;
Hope is the word from the ocean's graves.

GEO. S. FULCHER.

THE CALL OF THE CANYON

Oh! great grey rocks, and rushing stream,
The odor of the pines,
The turquoise of the smiling sky,
The sighing of the winds.
The shaking of the aspen tree,
The purple through it all,
The chattering of the chipmunk,
The fluttering blue-jay's call.
In everything a subtle voice
Speaks to the heeding ear,
And in my heart a memory,
Of one to me so dear.

CLARA HUMPHREY CROWDER.

THE PATRIOT

It matters not when Death intrudes
Its presence on the brave
His breast is bared to meet the foe
Nor trembles at the grave.
To-day he mounts the crest of fame
The glory of his race,
Nor death, nor time, nor accident
May rob him of his place.

To-morrow when his dust returns
Unto the parent clay
His countrymen yet have his deeds
To guide their destiny.
Upon the marble monument
In words of living flame
Within a people's thankful heart
The ages keep his name.

The nation which he loves may fall
With him before the foe;
His name shall be remembered when
Its glories are laid low.
And he shall live when from the dust
New nations spring to life
When all the world shall be at peace
And God has banished strife.

GEORGE L. BALSLEY.

LET ME NOT LIVE

Let me not live when life has burned to ashes
And years troop by, a hodden coated crew;
When song is gone and sweet bells of emotion
Wake not again to golden cadence true;
Let me not drowse a creature in the sunlight
Deaf to the eager calling of the soul—
Content to find the passing day's completeness
Within its bubbling tankard and its bowl.

Bid me not pause upon the well-worn thershold
When Time has closed the inner swinging door,
Bid me not stay without a cherished portal
Which I may pass a welcome guest no more;
I would not be as wreckage on the sea shore
Hard by where swift far-going feet shall bend,
Left on the sands by breakers in their frolic,
Unmanned and waiting dumbly for the end.

Death has no blight like heart of man grown paltry
While yet he dwells a living being here—
A thing of flesh yet barren of fruition—
Unto the clod a kindred station near;
Let me not loom a shadow in the highway
A-stoop when early morning limns the East,
Bereft of dreams where dreaming wields enchantment—
Unfed where sensate spirit spreads a feast.

MAUDE DE VERSE NEWTON.

ODE TO KANSAS

She's the geographic center
  Of our Sister-hood of States;
When her domain once you enter,
  Then your very soul dilates;
For there's everything to charm you,
And there's nothing now to harm you:
Native red-men won't alarm you,
From her stores of wealth she'll arm you;
  If you live upon her soil,
  Live and love, and not despoil;
  Pay the price of honest toil,
  Mine her coal, or pump her oil;
    Sow vast fields,
    Reap rich yields,
In the geographic center
Of the Sister-hood of States.

Out in Kansas you must "show 'em,"
  Like Missouri at her gate;
Preach a sermon, write a poem,
  Drive a plow, or run the state:—
  Being useful lends one weight;
  Being useful's being great;
  Be a drone, and "pay the freight."

What shall we say of her early days,
When 'hoppers nearly dispeopled her plains?
Say: "Only a tale of that time remains,
And all of her sons are loud in her praise;—
She leads the world in crops of maize,
She holds her own in crops of wheat;
And now she grows the sugar beet,
Alfalfa too, has come to stay,—"
At least that's what the farmers say:
And all she grows, from "pigs in clover,"
To girls and boys, make mankind love her.

Every herd of sheep and cattle,
  Every crop they plant and pull,
Makes their banking counters rattle,
  Makes all Kansas coffers full,
"Let old miners talk bonanzas,"
Say the farmers out in Kansas:
    "We have gold at home,
    In our Kansas loam!
E'en our Sunflower, famed, and olden,
Wears a hue most truly golden;
And our lakes are liquid silver in our sight,
Where sunbeams dance all day, and moonbeams
    dance all night.
Here jewels grow on blades of grasses,
Rose-tints bloom on cheeks of lasses;
    And our wooded hills,
    And rippling rills;
    Our summer flowers,
    Our viny bowers,
    Our sluggard streams,
    Are Poet's dreams—
      In Kansas!"

Kansas youth, with thirst for knowledge,
Stay at home and go to college;
Kansas wives and maids romantic,
Need not seek for ports Atlantic;
Kansas men with coin and brains,
Build great factories on her plains;
And Kansas men, for trading born,
Buy and sell much wheat and corn-;
They'll buy a store, or buy a town,
They'll buy "on time" or pay "cash down;"
Buy and sell in all directions,
Buy up land by miles or sections.
Yet they'll tell you out in Kansas:
"Higher aim than wealth commands us."
These simple people love the truth,
For Kansas still is in her youth.

  Her soil and skies,
  Invite the wise,
  Worn Eastern jades—
  Young men and maids—
  For better home,
  In turn to come,
  To turn their backs
  On fumid shacks
  And dingy streets,
  For country seats—
  In Kansas!

M. D. ELLEDGE.

¶

OSAWATOMIE

O many towns to fame belong,
  Thank fortune and their foes!
And some are marts the busy throng
  And some are nooks that doze;
They bore the brunt and show the scars
  Of battle for the free,
And immortality is theirs,
  But, Osawatomie?

To towns the burly Briton came
  And blustered for his "cause,"
To show his fealty to the same,
  He broke the moral laws;
He razed the towns, their ruins fired,
  Yet, Phoenix-like, they be
Arisen and of all admired,
  But, Osawatomie?

Lo, Trenton, Boston, Valley Forge,
  In annals red are names,
And Falmouth fair, that Old King George
  Sent licking up in flames;
Savannah, Yorktown, Lexington
  And Monmouth by the sea,
Are all as glorious as the sun,
  But, Osawatomie?

One hears of ancient Babylon
  And of Jerusalem—
Though they are far and foreign, one
  Devoutly stands by them—
All these and those in memory's store,
  That bled for Liberty,
Are drunk to, ducked to, o'er and o'er,
  But, Osawatomie?

ASHLEY O. SPALDING.

¶

WHY HE SAT

A woman in a trolley car,
    What of that?
A strap above her head she caught
    And stood pat.
Had I held aces so would I,
    You may bet,
But, hang the luck, the three spots are
    All I get.

MAUDE MEREDITH.

Kansas Kernels

LOOKING FORWARD

Thomas A. Edison, the wizard, says that living will be much cheaper 200 years hence. It takes a wise man to be consoled by the reflection that it will not cost the great-great-grandchildren of his great-great-grandchildren so much to live as it does the people of this country as present. Such a man may be truly called a philosopher.—Winfield Daily Free Press.

A MERE ACQUAINTANCE

The Smith County Pioneer, whose editor must be a mean old thing, insists that a girl should not allow her "steady" to call more than three times a week, even if she is engaged to him. But how, we would like to know, is a girl to become engaged to a mere acquaintance who calls only three times a week?—Jamestown Optimist.

WE'VE ALL BEEN TANNED

The Kansas City man who has tanned human skin needn't be so exclusive. There are mighty few boys in this world who have escaped without having at least a portion of their anatomy tanned. —Lawrence Daily World.

HIS HIGH AIM

We know a young fellow in this town who started out about two vears ago with the idea of becoming a sport. By staying out late nights. smoking cigarettes continually and doing nothing in school, he has reached the stage where the old people think he is tough and the girls think he is cute, so he is a sport. --Beloit Call.

PARADOXICAL

The town of Paradise is in despair for want of coal. The idea of shoveling coal in Paradise is pretty much out of the question, anyhow, according to generally accepted ideas on the subject.—Beloit Gazette.

NOT TIGHT WADS

Up to date Mr. Rockefeller and Mr. Carnegie have given away nearly $400,000,000. Enough to keep them out of the tight-wad class, at all events. —Beloit Daily Gazette.

SOUNDS FUNNY

It sounds funny to hear Missouri Democrats wrangling about redeeming the state. They mean reclaiming. To redeem means to better.—Lawrence Daily Journal.

PREFERRED ART

A school teacher having instructed a pupil to purchase a grammar, the next day received a note thus worded from the child's mother: "I do not desire for Lulu shall ingage in grammar, as I prefer her ingage in yuseful studies and can learn her how to spoke and write properly myself. I have went through two grammars and I can't say as they did me no good, I prefer her ingage in german and drawing and vocal music on the peano."—Burr Oak Herald.

POOR PRESSMEN!

Henry J. Allen writes: "The sympathy of the world will go out to the starving newspaper pressmen of Denver, who struck because they could get only the beggarly wage of $5 per day for seven long hours of slavery."

PRICES IN OTHER DAYS

Says John Lawrence, a farmer of Chapman: "Speaking of the prices of farm products years ago, brings to my mind the time when I hauled a load of wheat 12 miles and received 28 cents per bushel for it, after having paid 7 cents per bushel for threshing it. I have sold several hundred bushels of good corn for 13 cents per bushel, paying 3 cents per bushel to have it hauled. I once sold a nice bunch of shoats at 3 cents per pound."--Abilene Reflector.

HOPE FOR HIM YET

If Dr. Cook will send us an addressed post-paid envelope we can furnish him the names of a number of localities where there are not more than half a dozen doctors.—Holton Recorder.

A SERIES SUGGESTED

A Salina minister preached Sunday evening on the subject "Heads or Tails." This ought to be the first of a series, for which the following subjects are suggested: "Seven Come Eleven." "Ante Up" and "Can You Open It?"—Salina Journal.

A GOOD SUGGESTION

The best time to brag about the things one did "back yonder" is after one makes good "out here."—Pratt Union.

"EVERY KNOCK," ETC.

Chicago is the best knocked city in the United States, in the mind of the chief of police of that town. He is also of the opinion that it is one of the finest cities in the country. This would appear to bear out the theory that every knock is in reality a boost.—Topeka Daily Journal.

A MERE TRIFLE

It seems too bad that people will so often make so much of mere trifles. For instance it appears that the artist Christy knocked his wife down only occasionally and sat upon her while she in turn only swore and broke up the furniture. And yet just for little things like that they want to get a divorce.—Marion Record.

GOOD ADVICE

Don't whine. If you get the worst of it, make the best of it.—Marion Review.

AN AWFUL TASK

Some women are petitioning to have a woman's head put on the two-cent postage stamp. Of course a woman can carry the news fast enough, but we rebel at the thought of having to lick one every time we want to mail a letter.—Glen Elder Sentinel.

MIGHT DO FOR HIM

A Philadelphia professor has come out with the suggestion that little pigs make the best sort of pets and playmates for children. Presumably this announcement is the result of many sleepless nights on the part of the distinguished gentleman in his endeavors to say something that would attract attention to him.—Topeka Journal.

COOK SCORES ONE

Tom Morgan wants to know if the fact that Commander Peary froze his ears in Maryland the other day does not make it all the more necessary that he submit his Pole proofs to the University of Copenhagen? "How could a man accustomed to Arctic cold ever get his ears frozen in Maryland?" he asks.

LET THE OLD BOYS GET FRISKY

Some of the old soldiers at the Dodge City Home want to marry some of the widows at the Bickerdyke Home, and there have been some objections put in their way. Why not let the old boys and the frisky young war widows get married so one coffee pot will do for both and they can sit by a cosy warm fire and be happy. Nothing is too good for the old soldiers and if getting married adds a day of happiness to the few remaining ones left to them, carry out their wishes.—Eldorado Republican.

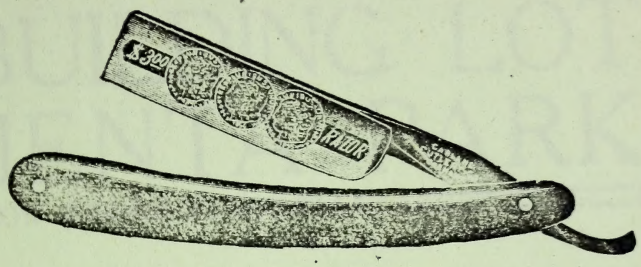
AN IMPORTANT QUESTION

From the publicity which the newspapers are giving to the matter it would appear that one of the paramount questions to be settled in Washington these days is as to whether or not Charlie Taft should have "long pants."—Topeka Journal.

WE MUST HAVE PEACE

Just to show that we are in dead earnest about our message of Peace on Earth, we launched the "fightinest" ship in the world the day before we began to celebrate Christmas. Which means that this country is going to see to it that there is peace on earth, no matter how much fighting it takes to bring about that order of things.—Lawrence Gazette.

A BANKRUPT SALE OF High-Class Razors



¶ We have taken over a bankrupt stock of a large Cutlery company in which is included two gross of the famous **Garland Razors**, made and guaranteed by the Garland Cutlery Co. of Germany.

¶ This razor is full hollow ground, magnetized, finely finished and guaranteed to give full and entire satisfaction. The retail price of this razor is never less than $3.00 and it is a gilt edge value at this figure. We will close this entire lot of razors out

At $1.00 Each

¶ If after using this razor for ten days you do not find that it gives entire satisfaction, return it at our expense and we will gladly refund your dollar.

¶ Fill out this coupon and the razor will be mailed you at once.

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NOW SUBURB TO WICHITA

¶ Have you heard of it? If so, have you told your friends about it?

LISTEN!

HERE IT IS!

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Terms, $3.00 down and 50c. per week.
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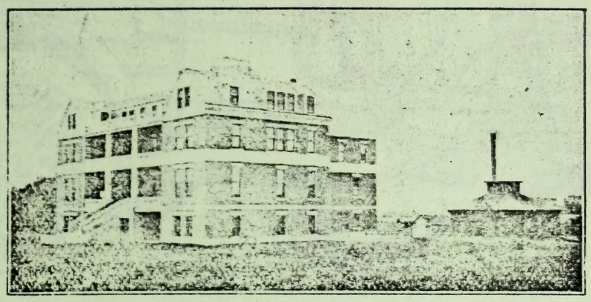

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We can furnish wireless telegraph apparatus, both for commercial and experimental installations. We cater especially to schools and colleges. Send for descriptive circulars and particulars.

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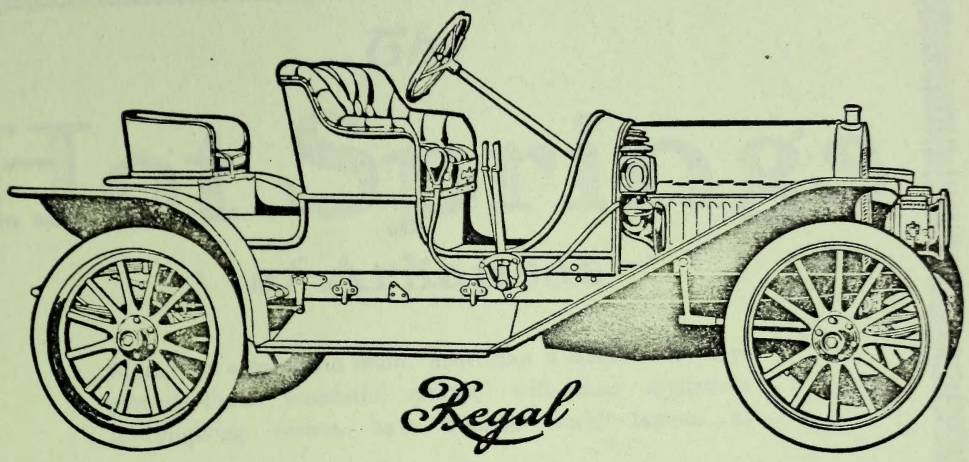
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The evolution of the REGAL leading up to the 1910 cars, represents a simple and harmonious relation, coupled with such refinements in design as 2,000 well behaved cars in actual service would naturally indicate.

With the accumulated experience of 2,000 satisfied users at our back, it required no undue confidence to undertake 3,000 REGAL cars for 1910, but we find ourselves confronted by a 6,000 car demand.

Obviously, there will be a shortage and to be sure of a '10 REGAL, means ORDER NOW.

$1,250
Which Includes

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- 5-Passenger Body
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Water cooled motor with 4x4 cylinders, integral camshaft, large valves, and a liberal crankshaft properly made.

Thermo syphon cooling with special means of preventing steaming which will attract discriminating notice.

Lubrication by splash, with a reservoir to take the excess, and a master pump to maintain a constant level. The tell-tale works with a float, is high up and can be seen.

Roller Bearing transmission, selective type, sliding gear, on rear axle, gives three speeds forward and revarse.

Metal body, assures stability, presents lines, and a roomy tonneau.

Tires, 32x3½.

YES, alloy and special grades of heat treated steel and other proper selections for parts, PRODUCING A STANDARD CAR AT WHAT SHOULD BE THE STANDARD PRICE.

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FIVE-YEAR MEN

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The Rock Island Lines pay cash for printing this communication to you.

The Rock Island Line expends thousands of dollars every year to acquaint thrifty producers in the congested sections of the United States with the advantages of the great Southwest.

You can help in this work. You can share in its benefits.

Your letter will be read by thousands. The story of your progress and success is of vital human interest. It will inform and convince.

Write briefly—

Why you located Southwest and where.
What the climate is like, the crops you raise and the present prices of land.
Tell what you have gained in comfort and security.
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Describe the character of schools, churches and roads.

Three hundred words is enough. Write letters to-day.

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United States, State, County and City Depository

WICHITA, KANSAS

Condensed statement of its condition at the close of business, September 1, 1909.

RESOURCES

Loans and Disocunts		$1,696,386.94
Banking House		35,000.00
Redemption Fund		10,000.00
Cash Resources—		
U. S. Bonds at par	$ 275,000.00	
Other High Class Bonds at par	166,291.82	
Cash and Sight Exchange	1,694,056.79	
		$2,135,348.61
Total		$3,876,735.55

LIABILITIES

Capital Stock		$ 200,000.00
Surplus		150,000.00
Circulation		200,000.00
Undivided Profits		21,326.27
Deposits—		
Individuals	$1,986,737.55	
Banks	1,317,671.73	
Government	1,000.00	
		$3,305,409.28
Total		$3,876,735.55

The above is correct,

V. H. BRANCH,
Cashier.

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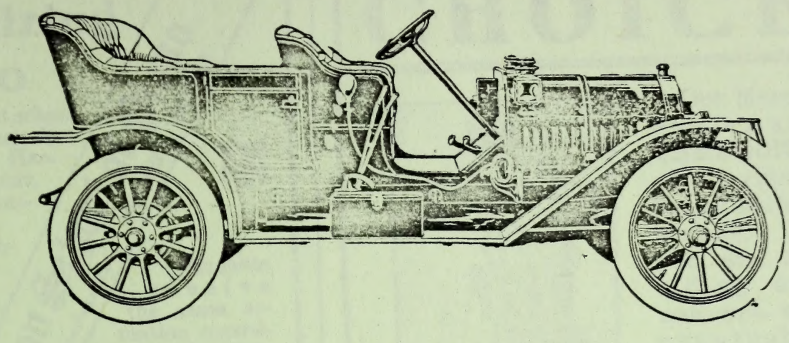
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MOTOR. Four cylinder. Cylinders cast in pairs with three bearing crank shaft; 4½ inch bore and 4½-inch stroke. Valves inclined at 45 degrees in cylinder heads, and operated by overhead cam shaft. Unit power plant, with self-contained oiling system. The motor is water cooled, circulation by the thermo-syphon system.

TRANSMISSION. Selective sliding gear, three speeds and reverse. Transmission housing incorporated in unit power plant, with multiple disc clutch running in oil. Both transmission shafts on annular ball bearings of the separated ball type.

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CARBURETOR. Schebler.

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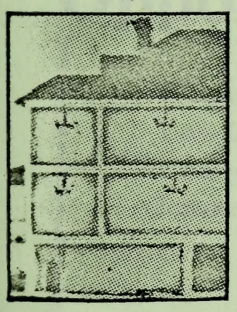
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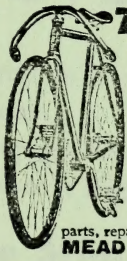


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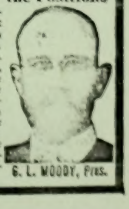
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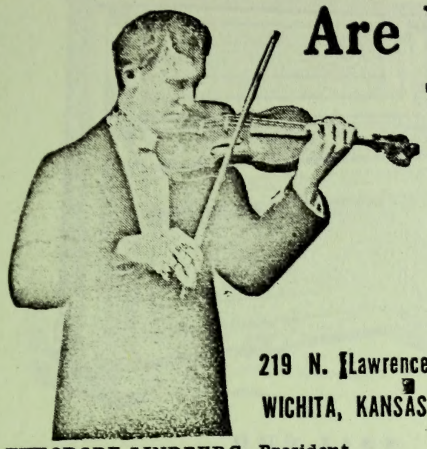
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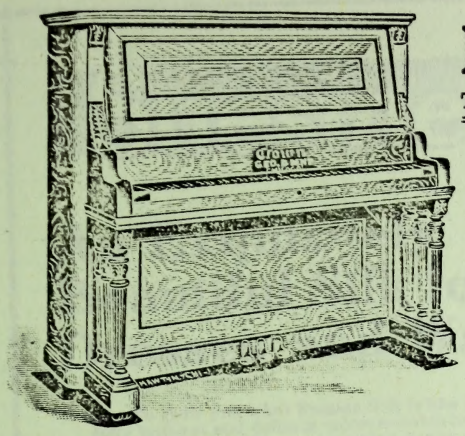
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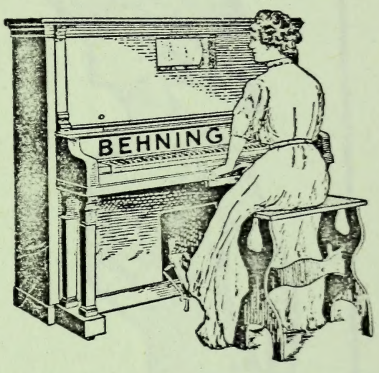
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Suesine Silk IS Silk. We cannot emphasise that too strongly. Do not confuse it with the scores of "look-like" silks. Suesine is real silk. Woven inside the pure silk is a fine, strong, silky filament of Egyptian cotton—giving double strength and double wear without detraction from the exquisite beauty and fineness of the silk itself. That is the "Suesine Idea." It is ours. Nobody can copy or imitate it. That is why Suesine, while costing much less than Jap or China silk, gives better service and holds its beauty longer. It proves its value better, not only at first sight, but by actual wear Suesine will not crack or split at creases, nor will it develop pinholes like adulterated silk.

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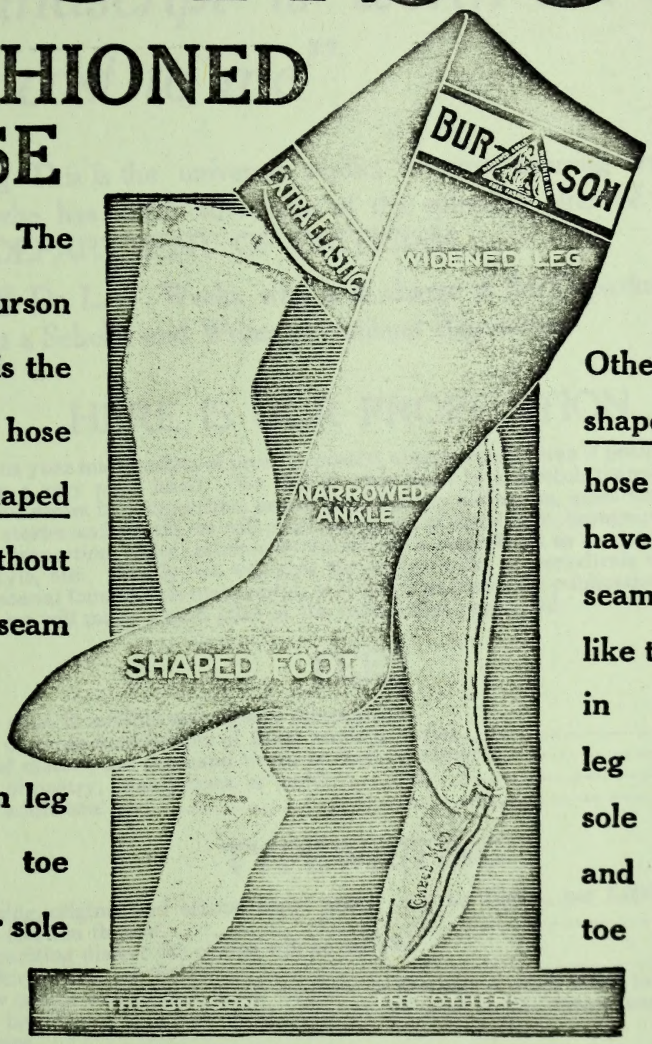
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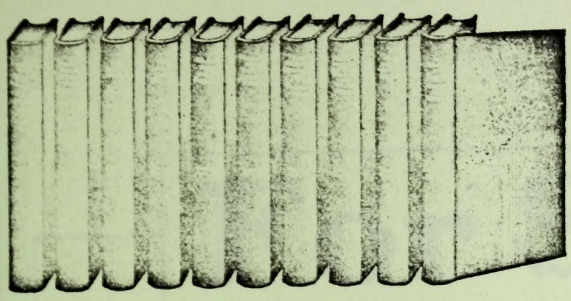
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Wichita, Kansas

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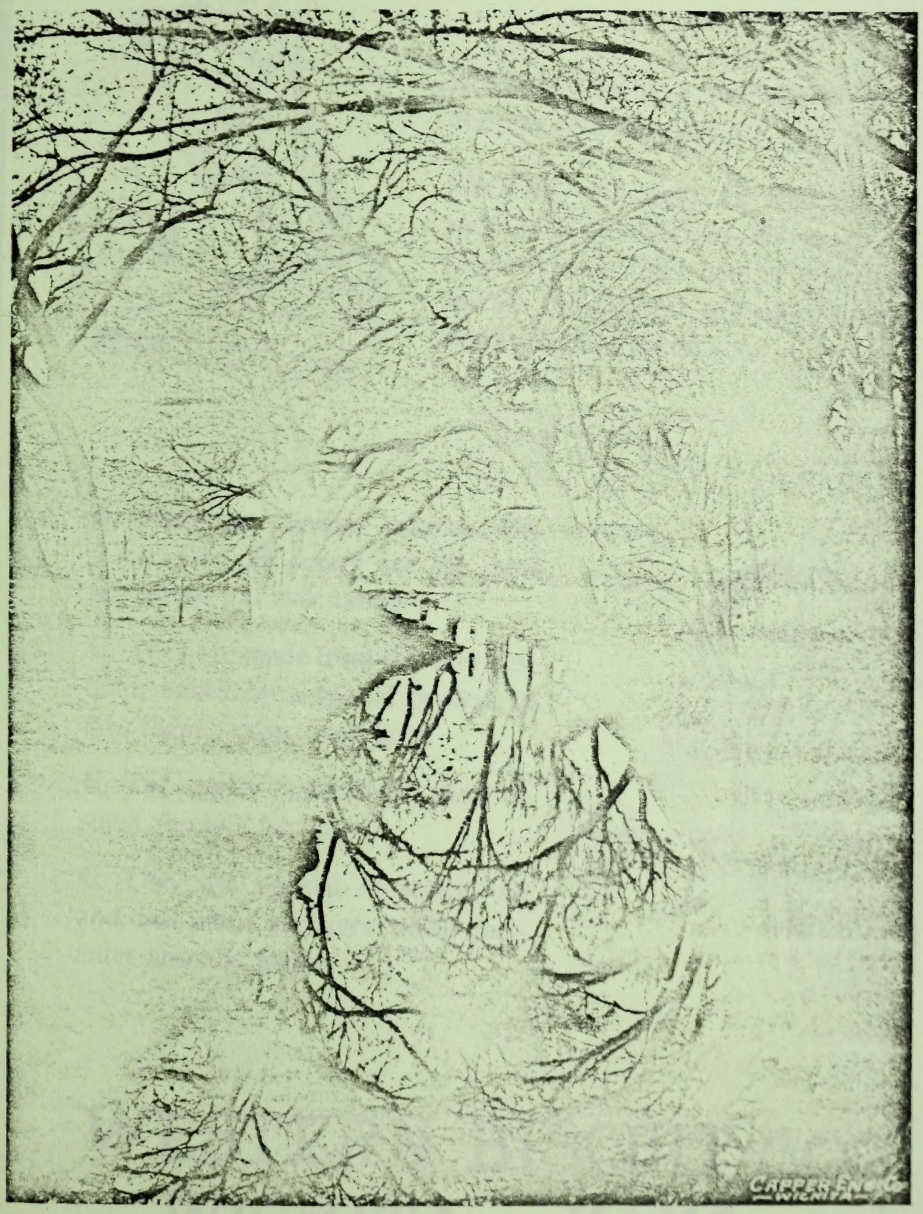
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KANSAS MAGAZINE



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MARCH, 1910

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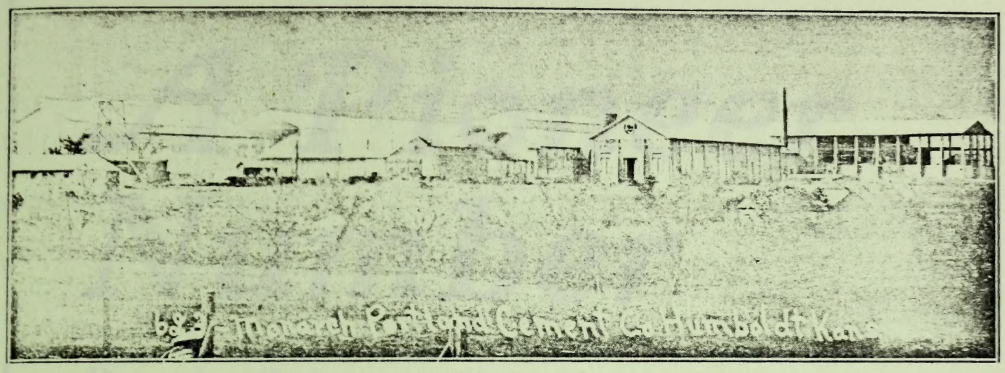
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Our April issue will contain some of the best "Pioneer Literature" ever presented to the reading public of the West. True tales of the frontier, more tragical and interesting than the wildest fiction will be told by old frontiersmen who lived the life about which they write.

¶ ¶ ¶

John Russel Miller and A. B. Caldwell, one of the oldest living scouts, will contribute to the April number.

¶ ¶ ¶

There will be many other attractive features but the Pioneer Lore alone will make this number a record of early Kansas history that should be preserved by every citizen of the commonwealth.

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WICHITA KANSAS

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WRITE OR SEE

MARSHALL BARLOW, Coldwater, Kans.

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Among our thousands of customers the present demand decidedly favors Reclamation bonds---six per cent farm lien securities.

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All of these classes when wisely selected, form ideal investments. One can hardly conceive of any better security.

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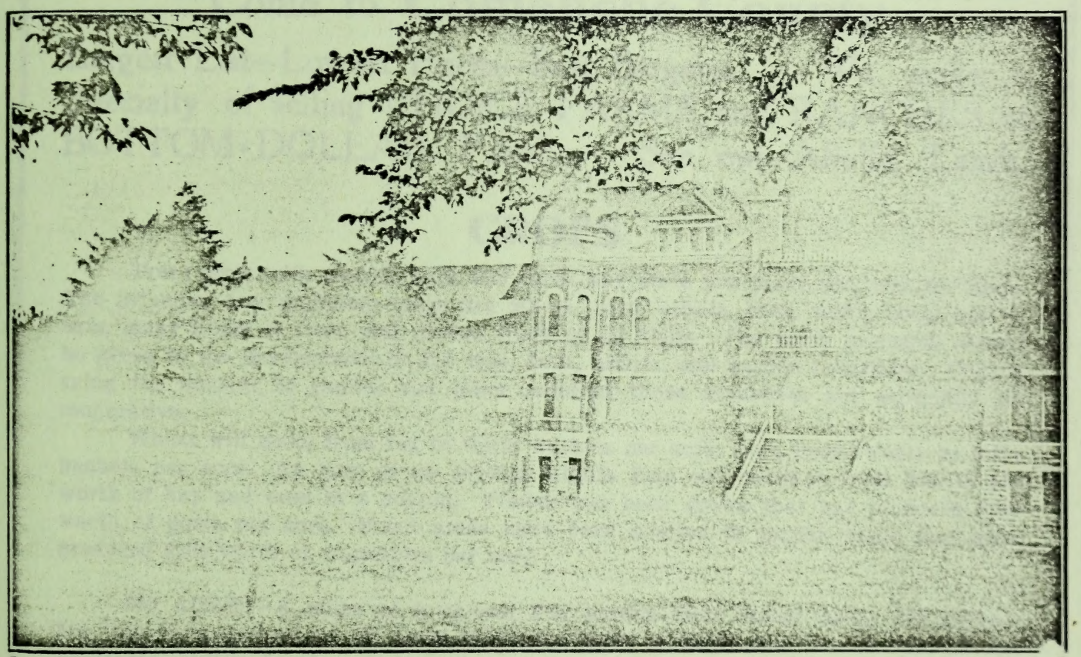
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HALF SECTION—3 miles of town—very productive sandy loam soil—all tillable—about 70 acres in wheat—near neighbors and school—SNAP at $8,000. EASY TERMS.

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KANSAS MAGAZINE

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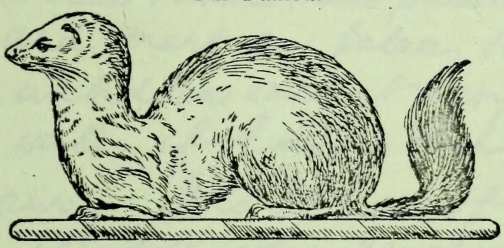
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Cities and fields I walk. I penetrate
Deserts and seas remote, and passing by
Hovel and mart and palace, soon or late
I knock unbidden once at every gate!
If sleeping, wake; if feasting rise before
I turn away. It is the hour of fate,
And they who follow me reach every state
Mortals desire and conquer every foe
Save death but those who doubt or hesitate
Condemned to failure, penury and woe
Seek me in vain and uselessly implore
I answer not, and I return no more

John J. Ingalls.

ck-3

Kansas Magazine

VOL. III MARCH, 1910 NO. 3

THE NATIONAL GUARD

The Nation's Reserve

By Captain Fred L. Lemmon

IT is the theory in a republican form of government that every citizen must become a soldier in time of war. In our country it is generally thought that volunteers would come forward in time of need in sufficient numbers to carry on any war. But to be of value as a soldier, the man must be trained and disciplined, and this training requires a large amount of time and the discipline, repeated practice. After war has been declared, it is too late to commence such training. Hence, it is necessary that drills, encampments, and other instruction be given to the citizen soldiery during times of peace. They learn how to live properly in camp. They come to know all the tactical movements and with a few practice marches they would become, to all intents and purposes, regular soldiers, ready for any campaign.

Our forefathers realized that our regular army would never be large enough to constitute even the first line of defense in case of foreign invasion, so they passed the first militia legislation in 1792 and three years later the Militia Law of 1795 was enacted. The purpose of this law was to provide for the training in time of peace of such portion of the people as might be needed in time of war. This law stipulated that every able bodied male citizen between the ages of eighteen and forty-five was required to be enrolled and to drill on certain muster days each year. It was not long till this plan was abandoned although it was reasonable and just, giving as it did the service of all to the country. This law remained on our statute books for one hundred and eight years and was not superseded till the Militia Law of 1903 was passed. This law prescribes that all male citizens between eighteen and forty-five are members of the militia in the large sense, and are subject to service in case of necessity. However, this law has particularly to do with the organized militia or National Guard, and it especially provides that the National Guard is the only existing force that can become immediately available as a reserve to our small standing army.

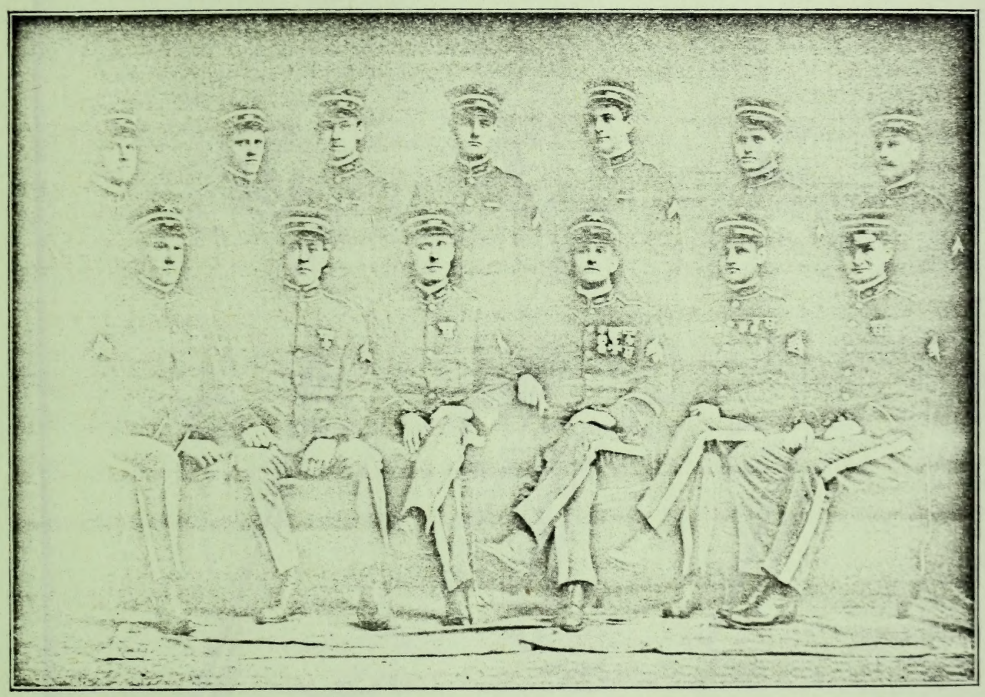
For over one hundred years Congress neglected the militia and this neglect is doubtless responsible for the inglorious career of the militia on several occasions when it was used. The constitution gives Congress the right to call forth the militia to execute the laws of the Union, suppress insurrections, and repel invasions. The old Militia Law was entirely inadequate to accomplish these ends, and after many years of inaction Congress passed the Act of January 21, 1903, called the "Dick Law" from the

fact that the bill was introduced in Congress by Major General Charles Dick, United States senator from Ohio.

There is now a vast difference between the old militiaman and the present National Guardsman. Previous to the passage of the "Dick Law," the organized militia was not a national guard but a state force. The position of the National Guard at the present time is little understood by the public generally. The Dick bill was chiefly concerned with the organization of the militia to make it conform to the regular army as a condition to its sharing in the appropriations of Congress. However, the law with its amendments has made every soldier in the organized militia a true National Guardsman.

By the passage of the Act of May 27, 1908, the state forces became a part of the first line of defense with the regular army. When the National Guard is called out in the future, it will mean a strict realization of military duty, and the citizen soldier must be prepared to go whenever required. When the call comes he immediately goes into the national service without a new enlistment and he must stay till the expiration of his original enlistment. The new law provides for service in war of the organized militia whenever the president shall call it, anywhere he may choose to employ that force, either within or without the borders of the United States, and without a new enlistment. Another provision of the law is that the National Guard must be called into service before any volunteer force is raised. Besides being a national reserve army, the Guard retains its function as a state force and can be used in case of breaches of peace, tumult, or riot. It thus serves in a dual capacity of state and national guard.

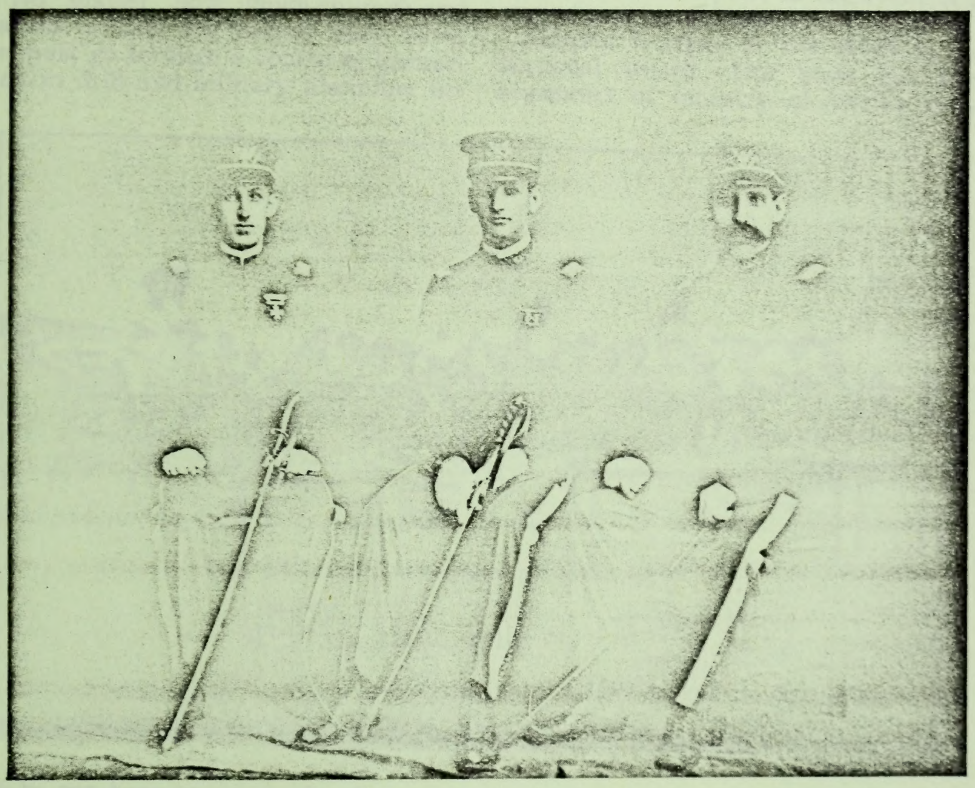
The Act of May 27, 1908, required that on and after January 21, 1910, the



NON-COMMISSIONED OFFICERS, CO. E, 2ND K. N. G.

FROM LEFT TO RIGHT—(Standing) Lance Corporal Archie Stewart, Corporals Joseph E. Houston, James R. Fowler, Alfred R. Justice, William C. Sanders, Elmer H. Justice and Frank J. Benscotter. (Sitting) Sergeants Rollin R. G. McLane, Dall W. Mitchell, Ezra J. Wilson, Adolph D. Altenreid, Albert C. Townsend and George C. Little.

organization, armament, and discipline of the organized militia in the several states should be the same as that which is prescribed for the regular army. In compliance with this requirement the National Guard organizations have been made to conform exactly with like units in the regular army. The national government has supplied the arms and equipment to make the armament him. He must be trained and disciplined or he will fail us at the critical time of war. It takes at least a year to make a soldier out of a volunteer who has never had military training and discipline. A uniform and a rifle cannot make a soldier. Raw recruits always cause disaster in battle. Kipling's protest against the raw, unselected undisciplined material England was en-



OFFICERS, COMPANY E, 2ND INFANTRY, K. N. G.
FROM LEFT TO RIGHT—Captain Fred L. Lemmon First Lieutenant William R. Fleeman and Second Lieutenant Charles A. Bainum.

dentical in both branches of the service. The last requirement, that of discipline, is the most difficult of attainment.

The National Guard companies drill scarcely more than two hours a week and go into military camp for only ten days each year. Nevertheless, very excellent results are being obtained along the lines of discipline and training. One of our great mistakes in the past was the belief that we could make a soldier out of a citizen by simply clothing and arming deavoring to turn suddenly into soldiers is well put:

"Sons of the sheltered city, unmade, unhandled, unmeet,
Ye pushed them raw to the battle as ye picked them raw from the street.
And what did ye look they should compass? Warcraft learned in a breath,
Knowledge unto occasion at the first far veiw of death?"

And then note his plea for selected and trained men;



"Soberly and by custom taken and trained for
the same,
Each man born in the Island, entered at youth to
the game,
As it were almost cricket, not to be mastered in
haste,
But after trial and labor, by temperance, living
chaste;
As it were almost cricket, as it were even your
play,
Weighed and pondered and worshipped and prac-
ticed day and day."

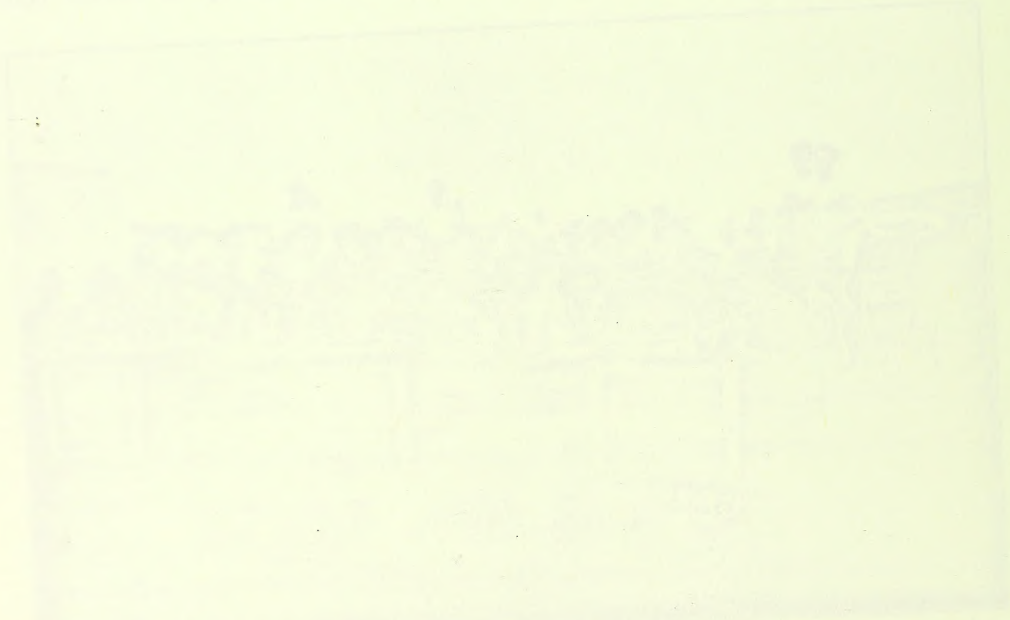
No matter how much courage and natural ability the recruit may have, he must go through a course of instruction in drill and military discipline before he can hope to prove effective as a soldier in battle.



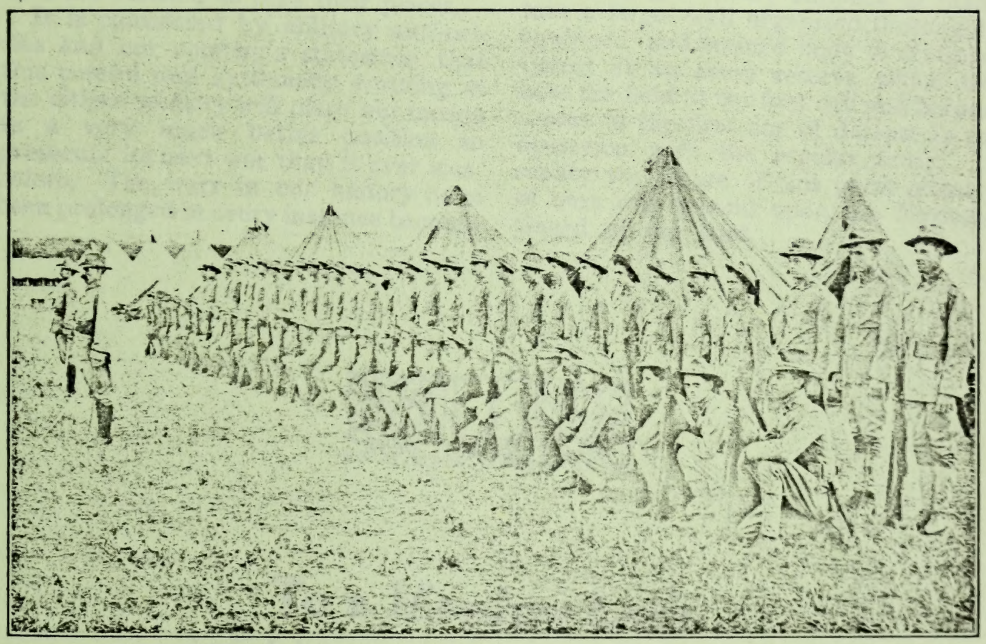
The necessity of having a trained body of volunteer soldiers ready to form a part of the first line in case of war is the great argument for the maintaining of a large and efficient National Guard. The National Guard of the country can be just as effective a force in war time as the regular army and is maintained at vastly less expense. It costs $1 000 a man each year to maintain the regular army, while it requires scarcely any expenditure at all to keep the National Guard. At present the regular army numbers about 80 000, while the entire National Guard of the country is 115,000. These two forces should be increased so that we would have a standing army of 100,000 and not less than 250 000 national guardsmen ready for instant service to act as a supplement to the small standing army. Then we would have a first line of some consequence, behind which could be built up, trained, and made ready for the field the large volunteer army upon which this nation would have to depend in the event of a war of any magnitude.

Kansas is right to the front in its National Guard. Our state has two regiments of infantry of twelve companies each, two batteries of artillery, two bands, a well organized hospital corps, and a very excellent signal corps. The administration of the state's guard is through The Adjutant General and the regimental commanders. The present Adjutant General of Kansas is Brigadier General Charles I. Martin. Colonel Wilder S. Metcalf is commander of the First Regiment, and Colonel Perry M. Hoisington is the commander of the Second Regiment.

Each summer the Kansas troops go into camp of instruction at Fort Riley. Every other year the encampment is in conjunction with the regular army, and then the army maneuvers take place.



On the alternate years a state encampment is held. At these camps of instruction the men are drilled in the various tactical problems in field service. They are taught methods of attack and defense, the value of cover during battle, the construction and use of trenches, and all the things that a soldier should know when employed in actual warfare. As a result of such training these citizens soldiers would know how to take care of themselves, and how to render the most efficient service to their country if they should ever be called out as a fighting army.



Throughout the year each company of the National Guard holds a weekly drill at its armory. The chief purposes of these drills are to teach the fundamental principles of the military art and to inculcate into the men the discipline that is required to make real soldiers. Bismark said, "An army without discipline is useless in war and dangerous in peace." Military discipline is simply a habit, and is chiefly learned through the exact performance of the different drills. When once thoroughly learned, it becomes a part of a soldier and he can then be relied upon under the most trying circumstances. As a result of discipline men can be held on the firing line, while without it they would run at the first evidence of danger and thus cause disaster and great loss.

From May 1st to September 30th of each year the companies of the Kansas Guard carry on systematic rifle practice. Much care and attention are given towards making each guardsman a good marksman. The shooting qualities of a company in time of war would in large measure indicate its usefulness. Many very excellent riflemen are developed on the home ranges. An effort is usually made to have as large a percentage of average marksmen as possible rather than a few expert riflemen. In our next war it will be very evident that each National Guardsman understands the use of his rifle as a fire arm.

In dealing with the organization of a single military company, reference will be made to that company of which I have the honor to be captain, namely, Company E, Second Infantry, Kansas National Guard. The maximum peace strength allowed is three officers and sixty-five enlisted men. We have persistently maintained the maximum strength for the past two years. The company is composed of one captain,

one first lieutenant, one second lieutenant, being the officers, and one first sergeant, one quarter-master sergeant, four sergeants, six corporals, two cooks, two musicians, and forty-nine privates. In time of war the company would immediately be recruited up to one hundred and ten enlisted men. The major part of the additional men for war strength would very probably be made up of men who had at some time served in the National Guard. In Company E we have during a year an average of more than one hundred men under training. Soldiers are discharged by reason of removal and other causes, and other men are enlisted to take their places.

It is considered by military authorities and our country's statesmen that this careful and systematic training of the citizen soldiery will place our nation in a very much better position to prosecute its next war than it ever was before. The wars in our history have been prolonged in every instance because those who volunteered were not trained soldiers. The War of the Revolution lasted seven years, the War of 1812 three years, the Florida War seven years, the Mexican War two years, the Rebellion four years, and the War with Spain with the Philippine Insurrection four years. In other words since the publication of the Declaration of Independence to this time these figures show that for every four years of peace we have had one year of actual war.

Inasmuch as there is a feeling of opposition in our country against a large regular or standing army, we should, as a nation, give every support to maintain a large, well organized, thoroughly equipped, and trained body of National Guard as an army reserve which will take the field at the first call and become a part of the first line of defense in cooperation with the regular army. In reality the future of this great country of ours will depend upon the National Guard of the land.

To a Meadow Lark

Lyrical lover of light and life and love
Carolling far o'er the lonely and desolate plain,
or the redolent meadows of clover.
Glad art thou for the light and the blue above,
Singing for joy in the trail of the petulant rain
when the lowering showers are over.

Formless thy song as the spring that leaps to a
musical rill;
Wordless and 'wildering, purling and ripplingly
clear, the call of the prairies investing.
Love is awakening life in that passionate trill,
Telling the marvel that lulleth o'ershadowing
fear to the peace of an infinite resting.

MARY HALL DAVISON.

The Battle on the Boggy

By M. H. Donoho

BART POPE was a Creek Indian with some considerable negro blood in his veins. He first gained notoriety, by murdering an old man who was traveling alone from Fort Gibson, going to Texas Just before arriving at Trotters Ford on Red River, the old man had camped one night, and was found next morning with a bullet hole through his head, and the team and wagon gone. A few days later Pope drove the team into Fort Gibson and sold it and then disappeared. Six months later with two companions he held up a surveying party and robbed them of all they possessed and they were compelled to walk more than a hundred miles before they could get assistance or report the matter to the Government. From this time Pope was rated as one of the bad men of the Nation. Many attempts were made to get him but all were unsuccessful and he continued to pillage and rob until his name inspired terror throughout the Indian Nation.

Finally a deputy United States Marshal was assigned to that part of the country and he determined if possible to exterminate this band of thieves. He secured a warrant for the arrest of Pope and after getting information which he thought would lead him to his man, procured one of the best horses in the country and armed with repeating rifle and revolvers, he started out on his perilous mission. The officer used the greatest precaution, for he realized that many of the inhabitants were friendly to Pope and would warn him if possible.

While riding through a dense forest one afternoon, he saw an Indian coming toward him, and as he approacehd nearer discovered that the Indian was wrapped in a blanket and riding a poor scrawny little pony, without saddle or bridle, and apparently unarmed. The marshal approached with his rifle ready to be thrown in position at the least sign of hostilities but no suspicious movements occurred; on the contrary, the Indian rode with his head down and seemed disposed to pass the white man without speaking. Thinking he might obtain some useful information from the Indian the marshal hailed him as he was about to pass.

"Do you live near here?" he inquired.

"Yes," from the Indian.

"Know all the people about here?" inquired the officer.

An affirmative nod was the only answer he received to this question.

"Heard of any stealing or robbing in this country lately?" asked the marshal.

"No," from the Indian.

"Have you ever heard of Bart Pope?" asked the marshal.

"Yes," and to his surprise the marshal found himself looking into the muzzle of a 44-caliber Winchester which the Indian had adroitly pulled from under his blanket. "Yes, I am Bart Pope and you are a Government officer sent here to arrest me. Is that right?"

"Yes," replied the marshal, "but as you have the drop on me I guess I had better postpone the matter."

"You have a warrant for my arrest?"

"Yes."

"Well produce it, and be mighty careful what you do with your hands for I won't stand any foolishness."

The warrant was exhibited and the marshal was next ordered to roll it up carefully and stick it in the muzzle of the outlaw's gun, which was done.

"Now dismount and put your belt and guns on the ground," commanded the outlaw.

When this was done he continued: "Now I will exchange horses with you, and you take my advice and get out of this country as fast as you can for if you

are ever seen here again you will be killed."

The marshal rode back to Fort Smith on the little pony, obtained work in a different part of the country, and the efforts of the Government to capture the outlaw and his band temporarily ceased. These outlaws were operating along the Texas border, raiding the Red river country almost all of the time. The people finally became so exasperated that they appealed to the state of Texas to protect them and for a time a company of Texas Rangers was stationed along the river to assist the settlers, but when several months had passed and no further raids were made, the Rangers were withdrawn and immediately the depredations were renewed. The people in that country suffered from these raids quite as much as they did from the raids of the Comanche Indians which were of such frequent occurrence.

In one of these raids they were pursued by three cowboys, Bill Parker, Jim Bruce and a cowboy known only by the name of Sandy. These boys were well armed and well mounted and as they were not more than one hour behind the thieves they felt confident that they would overtake them. The cowboys crossed Red river into the Nation without hesitation and followed the trail until they came to the timber bordering on the Boggy River. Here they felt sure they would find the outlaws and it was also certain that a desperate fight would ensue for they were determined to rescue their horses and also if possible to exterminate this band of thieves, and murderers.

The marauders believing they were now safe from pursuit, had stopped to rest and prepare their dinner. They tied their horses to a long swinging grape vine about ten yards from the river and started a fire on the banks of the stream.

When the cowboys arrived at the timber they discovered smoke curling up above the tops of the trees and they knew they had located their men.

They dismounted and cautiously approached the raiders, who were concealed behind a thick clump of bushes, and they succeeded in reaching a point about two hundred yards distant before the outlaws were discovered. They were busily engaged with their cooking, having no sentinel to watch for pursuing foes. They undoubtedly felt secure in this stronghold and were giving no thought to the possibilities of being attacked. The boys hastily discussed their plans. Knowing that the river was not fordable at that point, they determined to so surround the thieves that they would be forced to surrender or to fight to a finish.

Bill deployed to the left and Sandy to the right leaving Jim to hold the center.

The other two had been gone but a few seconds, when Jim in trying to get a tree a little nearer the robbers, stepped upon a dry stick, which cracked under his feet, making a distinct noise that was heard by the outlaws. They quickly sprang to their feet and made a rush toward Jim, who boldly stepped out from behind the tree and fired. Fearing that others were in concealment with him, they turned and fled toward the river, intending to get their horses, but Sandy was ready for them there and two or three rapid shots drove them behind trees, when they began returning the fire. The crack of Bill's rifle from the left and Sandy's from the right, alarmed the thieves, while in front of them was Jim and they knew not how many more. The shots coming from these different directions made it impossible for them to screen themselves entirely, but they stubbornly held their positions for about thirty minutes, while the cowboys continued to creep up from tree to tree, drawing the circle closer about the outlaws, until it was apparent that they must make a rush for liberty or be shot down by the cowboys.

At a signal from Pope, the three sprang from their places and made a rush for the horses, but they were met in front by Jim, who fired killing the foremost robber. The other two returned the fire and Jim fell mortally wounded, but in another moment the remaining outlaws were riddled with bullets from the rifles of Bill and Sandy.

The battle on the Boggy is an important factor in the criminal history of the Southwest, and it is conceded by all to have been the most sanguinary conflict

that ever occurred between cowboys and Indian Territory desperadoes.

After the battle the two cowboys approached Jim who was lying in the shade of a tree with his head resting upon a decayed log. When they were within reach Jim feebly extended a hand to each of them and after a short conversation died in Sandy's arms as he was trying to hold him up so that he could breathe more freely.

The bandits were buried where they fell by some cowboys who next day visited the battle ground, but Jim was tenderly carried on a rude stretcher prepared for the occasion, to the banks of Red river, where on Texas soil, encased in a rough box, without a sheet or shroud, his body was deposited in the grave. Never did mortal man go down into his grave with two more sincerely sorrowing friends at the sepulcher, than did this brave young cowboy.

Bill and Sandy were inconsolable, and feeling that in some vague and mysterious way their presence at the grave the first night might tend to cheer the spirit of their departed comrade, they staid by the fresh little mound, without sleep or rest, until the morning sun was shining through the trees, when with many tears and sorrowing hearts they departed. For many long years after his death, when memory recalled to them this tragic incident, they could not refrain from weeping.

A headstone of native cotton rock bearing the following inscription rudely cut in the soft stone, was subsequently placed at the head of his grave.

SACRED TO THE MEMORY OF

JIM BRUCE

THE HERO OF THE BATTLE ON THE BOGGY

This rough little monument, stands in the wood in the river bottom like a sentinel in the wilderness, guarding the grave of this heroic youth.

AFTER THE BATTLE

"I'm glad yeh got heah befoah I died, boys,
The stuff is all off with me.
Froze out of the game, but satisfied
To cash in my checks, as you see.
I wuz afeered I'd hev to cash in
Befoah I could tell yeh, good-bye,
But now I am easy like, an' kin
Purty soon be ready to die.

"Yeh kin drive a pen, kinder smooth, Bill,
Please write word up to Arkansaw,
To dad an' mam at the ole saw-mill
At the head uv the big spring draw.
Tell dad, that I died with my boots on,
But I fit only for the right;
An' now though life is nearly gone
I hev no regrets fer the fight.
When he goes to call the hawgs at night,
An' milks the cows at the dawnin',
His po ole haht will neveh feel right—
He'll neveh furgit this mawnin.'

"An' thah's Mam, dear ole lovin' Mam,
Who trundled me on heh knee,
Soothin' my grief like a summeh calm,
Causin' pain an' sorrow to flee.
She al'lus loved me an' took my paht,
An' she nussed me when sick ur soah,
But now hit will break heh po ole heart
To think she will see me no moah.
Tell heh as I lay heah on the groun'
That I neveh moah will roam,—
From my side the life-blood trickles down
As I think uv heh, dad, an' home.

"I'm like a po ole maverick
When driv frum hits familiar range,
Hits lookin' fur watah an' grass then,
But dislikes to make the change.
But hit seems to me like I kin see
Watah an' grass oveh the way.
I believe the stahs will shine fur me
Uv a night, an' the sun by day.
So the path will be easy to trail
Fur the sunshine an' clouds will blend
Makin' hit so light I can not fail
To foller the road to the end.

"Boys, I'll wait an' watch along the way
When I hev reached this unknown land,
Ready to reach yeh my rope some day,
Ur to give yeh my helpin' hand.
To savvy the game I'll give the dope,
An' my haht will eveh bound up,
Fur I'll put yeh next to teh trail, I hope,
When yeh drive into that great round-up.
An' the Boss uv the ranch oveh thah
May know I'm a tenderfoot, too,
When he'll give me an easy job,
Whah thah's somethin' a greenhorn kin do."

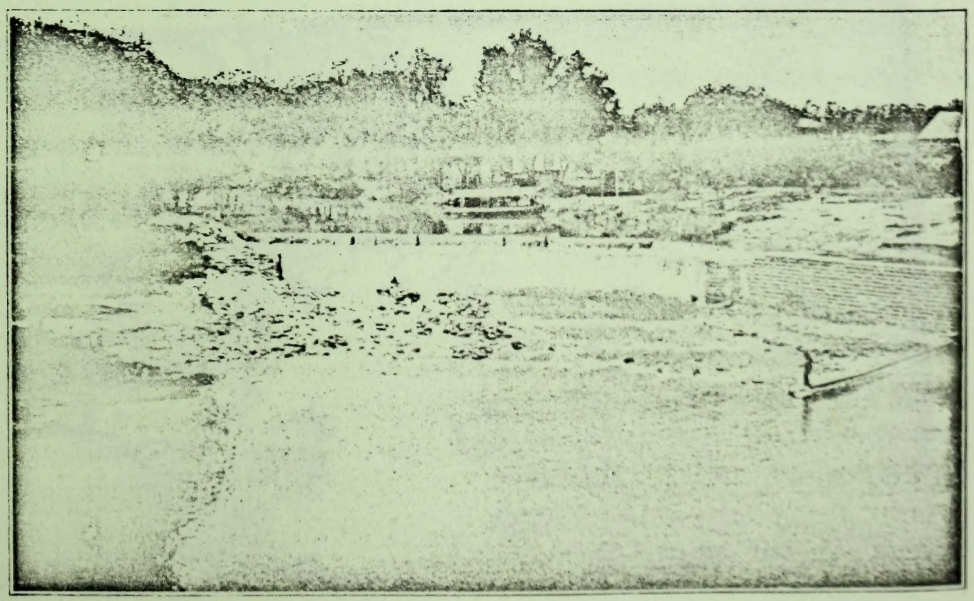
Exhausted, he lay gasping for breath,
And whispered: "Hit's all fur the best,"
Then gently closed his eyes as in death
And peacefully passed to his rest.

And now the coyotes may snarl and howl,
The Northers may whistle and blow;
The herds may stampede in storms, most foul,
But Jim, he'll never know.
He has traveled across the Great Divide,
To that unknown far away land,
No more with friend or foe to ride
Nor in the battle front to stand.
He'll slake his thirst in the Crystal Streams
That flow through that evergreen land,
Basking in the bright hallowed sunbeams,
His brow by zephyrs fanned.
Over there, strife and war are unknown
Its Vices the traveler soon forgets—
For the Seeds of Sin are never sown,
And the Sun of Peace never sets.

Kansas Magazine Prize Scenery Contest

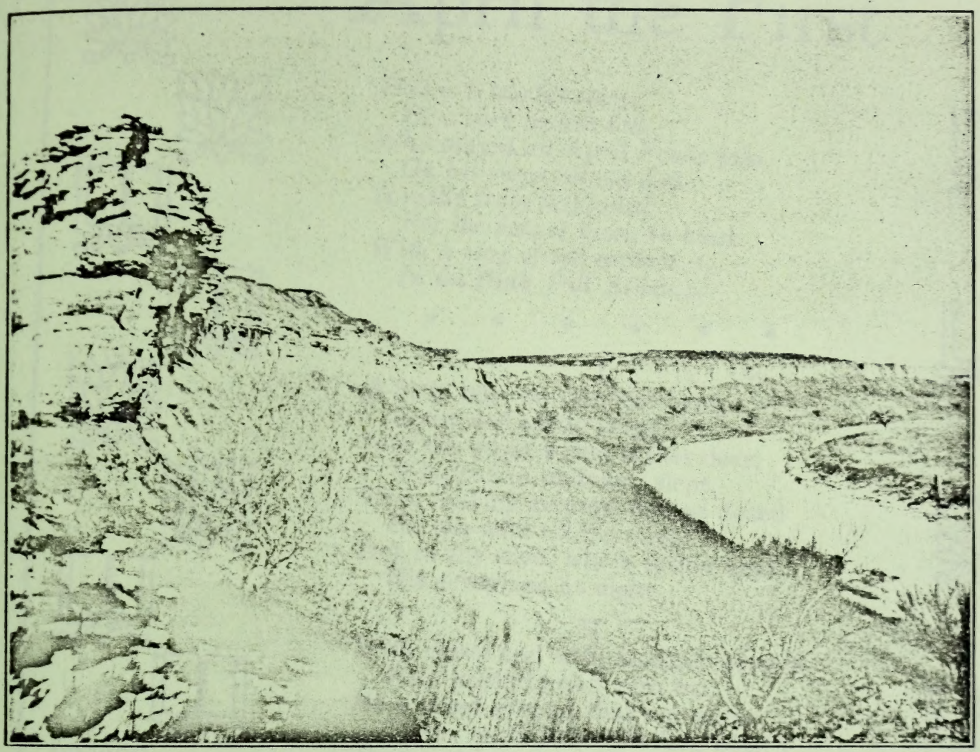


CANYON ONE MILE SOUTHWEST OF WINFIELD
Winner Third Prize, 1 year's subscription to Kansas Magazine.
Photo by M. W. Baden.



A beautiful view near Chautauqua Park, Beloit. Winner Third Prize. 1 year's subscription to Kansas Magazine. Photo by L. T. Weeks.

Kansas Magazine Prize Scenery Contest



"BLUE BLUFF"
On Smoky Hill River, in Western Russell County. Winner 2nd prize. $1
Photo by F. D. Nichols, Larned.

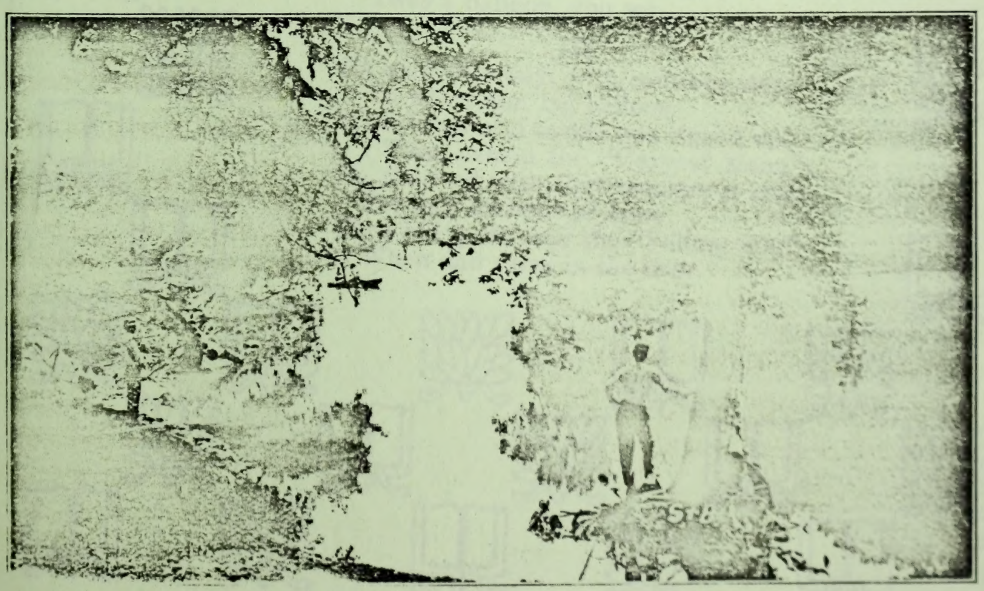


Photo submitted by W. C. Miller.
Scene on the beautiful Walnut River, near Winfield. Winner First Prize, $1.50.

April the First

This is a tearful story,
Of a very foolish lad,
Who played an April Fool's joke
On his innocent old dad.
It really truly happened
For the date is down in black
With a ring of red around it,
In the Pink Pill Almanac:

* * * * * *

I

A little boy, on mischief bent,
Arose and softly crept
Into the room where father dear,
Wrapped in oblivion, slept.
Then making sure his parent dozed
He ran with all his might
Out to the shed, where father kept
His aeroplane at night.

II

With chisel and with monkey wrench,
With hammer and with bar
He worked around that aeroplane,
('Twas named the "Falling Star")
Then making sure his work was done
Quoth he, with dev'lish glee:
"Next I must 'fix' our sailing car"—
'Twas a balloon, you see.

III

He made his way, with cautious step,
To where the big balloon
With block and tackle was rigged up,
('Twas named the "Harvest Moon")
He tinkered with that monstrous craft
For half an hour or more;
Then hid quite near the "Falling Star"
When dad came in the door.

Nineteen-thirty

IV

His unsuspecting father came
To mount the aeroplane,
That to his office he might fly
And speculate in grain.
But strange to say, his goodly craft
Would turn no wheel or shaft,
Poor father swore with might and main
But sonny only laughed.

V

"There's something wrong," thus father spoke,
"It's plainly to be seen
That I can't fly the aeroplane--
I'll try the big machine."
And so he tried the "Harvest Moon"
He tried it till he sweat—
But 'twas no use for all too soon
The "Harvest Moon" had "set."

VI

Then father bowed his head in grief,
Ah well, too well he knew
That he must resurrect again
His automobile. Whew!
That rattletrap, that creeping snail,
That quaint antiquity—
Vintage of Nineteen Twenty-two
Or Nineteen Twenty-three!

VII

Let us pass o'er his irksome ride,
The agony and shame—
Enough to say, that very day
He ruined his good name.
For people thought, if he could not
Afford to fly to town,
The candle was not worth the game
And so they threw him down.

LEONARD YOUNG.

The Success of the Small College

By Ida Ahlborn Weeks

IT is frequently asserted that the small colleges produce the greatest number of men who, according to popular judgment, achieve success. This assertion even great university presidents under the spell of public opinion have repeated in a semi-apologetic way. Popular judgment, of course, is not to be despised; neither is it to be taken too seriously. Thoughtful men and women, students of life and history, know well that there is a higher judgment and that measured by it, popular success may be dire defeat and popular failure may be real success. It is for this higher and limited range of achievement that the leading universities must stand. They alone survey the entire field of life and knowledge; and out of that survey comes the quiet power to wait if need be, through long, obscure, and unappreciated years while truth works her way to service and to recognition. It is this sublime patience, this superiority to immediate results that we have a right to expect as an asset from schools of the foremost rank.

Leaving, however, the higher standard of success and descending to the popular level, it is, if true, a matter of congratulation that the majority of the prominent offices in our government, that most of the influential places in the professions and pursuits are filled by the graduates from the small colleges? May it not rather be a matter of regret? One who knew the American people well said that they liked to be "humbugged." Perhaps they like to be humbugged in their choice of men, preferring those of the second grade to those of the first grade. Such preference occurs, in one way or another, in many walks of life; and it is the more likely to occur because strong persistency not seldom characterizes natures of the lower order of culture.

In harmony with this statement, one writer maintains that the graduate of the small college is trained by his limited environment to a spirit of confidence and self-assertion and that this accounts for his superior success. No doubt he does sometimes triumph over the man of finer spirit, trained in the reserved scholarly and tolerant atmosphere of a great institution of learning. But such trimuph may involve losses not at all evident to the undiscriminating multitude. The following facts may furnish a case in point:

In one of our rich middle States there are twenty-eight counties that are without a public library of any sort. The State does not have a Library Commission though efforts have been made to secure one. The governor and other men of influence connected with public affairs were graduated from a small denominational college. Educated under the wretched library system of that institution—a system wretched in every detail that pertains to a well equipped and well managed library—they could not readily acquire intelligent ideas on books and their value to the people. To say the least, the chances are that such college men will be indifferent to a Library Commission and unappreciative of its work. Thus, in many ways often unseen and unsuspected, the limitations of the small colleges, let it be under whatever management it will, may count against the larger intellectual life of the people.

It may be well to consider farther a few of the claims made for small colleges.

One often reiterated claim is that the small college premits and fosters intimate personal contact between instructor and student. There is much truth in this claim. At the same time we must remember that the professors

in colleges with meagre endowments are very commonly overworked. They carry too many classes, nor do these classes always enroll few in numbers. They are usually underpaid, so that they are even compelled to eke out their slender salaries by work outside of their profession. "My professor in history," said a student, "puts in about as much time in raising chickens as in teaching." There was good reason for such an industry but it did not tend to the leisure out of which comes social intercourse.

And we must admit that sometimes a learned university teacher has very small classes, and builds up an intimacy that becomes deeply significant. Moreover, modern universitiy methods provide ever more and more for personal contact with the undergraduate student. The large universities are often charged, in sharp contrast to the small colleges, with favoritism toward vast wealth and high birth. Beyond a question these do at times win over merit and just desert; but even small colleges have their own methods of favoritism. They may promote favorite sons by a liberal bestowal of degrees, as one instance will illustrate. This alumnus has half a dozen learned degrees after his name, yet only his bachelor's degree represents class room work in college. Two other degrees stand for private study courses pursued at home, and the remaining three are honorary. The emancipating effect of intimate contact with eminent scholars, the holder of these many titles has never known, a fact soon evident. All of these literary decorations are from schools of his own denomination and four of them are from his alma mater. Thus do school and church too often set themselves to the unworthy task of bedecking a man in the undiscerning popular eye with the tinsel imitations of scholarship.

Other claims are made by the small colleges; such as, cheaper living, superior class instruction, democratic spirit, independence of thought. In all of these claims there is more or less of truth, but to all of them on careful investigation some modifying circumstances will be found to attach. Of course whatever the modifications are, they do not in the least change the fact that the small colleges have done a most important educational service. Distributed widely over the country, they have brought higher instruction within the grasp of the many. The number reached over an extensive area alone accounts, in part, for the boasted roll of successful men. In every locality a certain percentage must rise above the average—a necessity that favors the trained classes, let these come from whatever source they will. If the university proposition, all things considered, is not what it ought to be, then the penalty for shortage will not long be wanting.

Comparison of the two types of schools is hardly fair. They differ, even where courses of study are identical in tone and spirit. In its place the small college will continue to exist doing its work—it is to be hoped—with ever better facilities and with rather more modesty of claim. The university will go on ministering to its own class of students; for the educational world is not a world of chance: it, too, lies within the realm of law, of Providence. "The life in any small denominational college in America," said a graduate of a German university, "was crude and provincial; much that I learned there I had to unlearn, but, none the less, I there received the impressions that determined my career." He found himself in the little school, and after that the large school came to his aid in shaping himself for scholastic service.

There is need of all kinds of good schools, and there is ample room for improvement in all those that we now have. To that end loose and vague claims and assertions, that mislead the general public, should give place to accurate reports based upon government inspection and supervision. That will bring about fair test and fair play for both colleges and universities for if the investigation is profound enough it will strike below mere figures, and fetch up the deeper truths that transcend all reckonings.

The American Navy

By Claud E. Ely, Ex-Quarter-master U. S. N.

Introductory Note—We believe we are facing the light of a newer and better era. We believe this because in the light of human experience we have progressed that way. That this age is better than the preceding one we cannot doubt but by the same sign we must realize its imperfections. It is an historical fact that success, culture, liberty ever attend the strong; that failure, ignorance, slavery wait quickly upon the weak. "There is no way of judging the future but by the past," and it is throwing to the winds the counsel of the ages to declare this age the perfect one in which war is to have no part and armaments are to be relegated to the junk heap.

If we will but base our conclusions on what we know rather than on what we would like to believe, we will quickly realize that the price of a living peace is to be something more than faith in God or man alone. To have faith in human strength is well but to lose sight of human weakness entirely is folly, especially are we reminded of this fact when we remember the early struggles of the Republic to free itself from European domination that threatened its political existence.

THE Navy needs no apology, nor is it my purpose to seek an excuse for its existence. Born, as it was, of necessity, amid the chaos of a revolution, it was destined to become the greatest factor among the forces that make for peace and order. Not only was it to give security to its own people, but it was to extend the same blessing to the whole of the Western Hemisphere. These are uncontrovertible facts, not of my invention, but of history. If we are to believe with Patrick Henry that "There is no way of judging the future but by the past," we will necessarily conclude; that the time will again come, as it has so often in the past, when this people will once more lean heavily on that great arm of national defense.

Searching the pages of history, we find, that the debt we owe our Navy finds an apt parallel in the debt civilization owes to the navies of all free governments since civilization first chose enlightened Athens as its abiding place. In the dark days when the might of despotic Persia threatened that first flame of human liberty, and its people saw no security, no power to which they could turn in a crisis that was to decide not only their own fate but the fate of human progress as well, in their despair they appealed to the oracle at Delphi, and its truly prophetic words have not yet lost their meaning to the true lovers of their country, though Athens long ago crumbled into dust and many centuries divide the first republic from the last. "Athens will be saved by her wooden walls," said the oracle, and Athens was saved by her wooden walls. With her army hopelessly defeated in the field and her fair city in ruins, her navy came to her aid, and placed her again amid the ruins, free to work out her destiny, the accomplishment of which first made this world a good place to live in.

As you already know, this is no isolated case. In all the great crises of history, the Navy has been the deciding factor. When Carthage and Rome faced each other in a death grapple, Europe, Rome and civilization triumphed because Rome controlled the sea, and even the skill of a peerless Hannibal was powerless to break the chains of an isolation made possible by a superior navy.

We need not hark back to the early days of civilization for precedents. We remember how, when a new civilization arose in the island of Britain,

dedicated to the achievement of human liberty, it had at once to defend itself against the old Roman idea which Latin Europe had inherited and whose chief exponent was despotic Spain. The story of the destruction of the great Armada is as familiar to us as the battle of Manila Bay, in fact, the destruction of that great armament influenced our destinies more greatly, by far, than any battle since the American Revolution, because it decided the fate of a race, as yet, unborn, that race to which you and I belong. Again the invincible Napoleon, greatest of modern warriors, before whom the armies of Europe melted away like snow before the hot breath of the sirocco, failed miserably in the consummation of his desires, the accomplishment of which would have enslaved Europe, because he could not gain control of the sea. From that day forth, England wisely dedicated herself to the policy of maintaining a superior naval force and as a result, we find her first in the world's councils of peace and war.

Militarism, the bane of the old world, is the fear of the new, and rightly. But let us ask ourselves: do navies create militarism? On reflection we find that since the dawn of civilization, a navy has never yet disrupted a civil government, yet we have cases innumerable, where a country's liberties have become the puppet of its unrestrained army. A navy, unlike an army, can not become, by reason of its strength, a menace to its country's institutions, for, on the one hand, an army is quartered among the people and take part in its politics; on the other hand, navies are away from home in foreign ports or on the high seas, taking no part in its country's politics, not even voting at its elections. And again, for an army to be efficient, it must be numerically strong, while an efficient navy does not necessarily need to be so; yet the eight hundred men who man a modern man o' war are much superior as a fighting unit to ten times that number of land forces, not to speak of the mobile qualities which enable a fleet to meet an enemy a thousand miles from its base without, in the least, impairing its fighting efficiency. It has been said that both armies and navies drain their country's industries of the young men who should be producing something of an economic value to the country. This may be and is true to a great extent of large standing armies, but cannot be made to apply to the navy any more than it could to schools and colleges. The navy is the largest trade school in the world. I say this without qualification. The navy carries on more varied industries, with the aid of a more complete equipment than any industrial school on earth, and it produces large quantities of that rare article which Napoleon referred to when he said: "Good God! how rare men are."

Not many years have elapsed since we fought a great conflict at home. We saw a country laid waste, women outraged, children homeless. All this besides the suffering endured by the men who composed the armies in the field. That lesson should be enough. We should not want to meet our enemies at home. Why should we not meet them on their own ground, that they, and not we, should bear the brunt of a wasting war. This can only be accomplished through the medium of a superior and adequate naval force.

Ours is not an aggressive navy. Never has it been guilty of outrage on weaker maritime nations and never has it been the instrument of involving its own country in a foreign war. Most European armies are aggressive and as instruments of depotism are a standing menace to free institutions. Our weakness, far from exercising pacific influences, only invite aggression.

The doctrine of maintaining a weak navy is, unfortunately, not a new one among us. That policy originated by Jefferson and carried on by Madison, came very near involving the country in ruin. In those days the name, "American" formed the butt of European gibes and insults, and in the end the country was forced to go to war, trusting to that broken reed, an untrained militia force. But we had a navy, small and inadequate though it was, which had been provided chiefly through the foresight of Washington and Adams. It came to its country's rescue and sounded the death knell of "Peaceable Coercion," a

principle of government indefensible and cowardly. We remember how, just before the Spanish-American war, the Spaniards referred to us so feelingly as "Yankee Pigs." Of course we resented the imputation, but, after all we know that in a measure we had earned the title. It had come to us like an heirloom, from the days when America was another name for greed. Going back we find that was by no means original with the Spaniards. We find that just before the war of 1812, when "Peaceable Coercion" was in the last stages of dissolution, the French minister to the U. S. wrote: "The American people are a people that conceive no idea of glory, of grandeur, of justice. * That is disposed to suffer every kind of humilation, provided it can satisfy its sordid avarice." (Henry Adams)

The failure of "Peaceable Coercion" led us into a war for which we were totally unprepared. The British Navy Register carried 1042 ships in commission the Americans could muster but seventeen and many of these were very inferior and none were ships of the "Line." The country had failed to heed the warning of the great statesman, Washington, when he said, "To secure respect to a neutral flag requires a naval force, organized and ready to vindicate it from aggression. This may even prevent the necessity for a war by discouraging belligerent powers from committing such violations of the rights of neutral parties as may first or last leave no other option." In spite of its disadvantages, the Navy claimed victory after victory from a superior foe, at a time when British regulars were inflicting one stinging defeat after another on our poorly trained, poorly organized and wholly inefficient army. Certainly the most sluggish blood must stir at the recital of our sailors' deeds during those stirring times. Out of eighteen single ship actions our ships triumphed in fifteen. We read how the newspapers printed alongside of the ignominious surrender of Hull at Detroit. the first fruits of American prowess on the high seas. I refer to the capture of the Guerriere by the Constitution. Capt. Isaac Hull did more than destroy a single frigate; he destroyed the spirit of sectionalism that threatened to wreck the Union.

If we go back further we find the term "Yankee Pigs" antidated the period we have just been considering. When the Revolution ended we possessed but one ship of war, the Alliance. If you should go to Pellets Island in the Delaware you would find the bones of our Revolutionary Navy still discernible in the ooze of the river. Delving into the Congressional records of that period, you find the Alliance was ordered to be sold, the vote standing eighteen to four. Yet, while the Alliance slowly yielded to the elements there on the beach, American seamen were working under a tropical sun, forced by the cruel lash of a Barbary slave driver.

And we paid them tribute—two million dollars, and gave them an armed frigate as a peace offering. (It would seem that whatever fears Congress entertained about a navy creating militarism at home, they evidently had no such fears in placing such a force in the hands of the enemies of their country.) The memory of what Congress said and did during the debates on the advisability of rebuilding the Navy is still humiliating. But the people woke up to the fact that that august body was trifling with its honor, and Congress was forced to construct the ships necessary to vindicate American honor on the high seas. That force paid for itself many times over in actual dollars and cents. With it we forced the French to respect neutrals in 1798. It released us from the servile position of vassals of the Barbary Pirates, and it saved the country in the econd great war for American Independence, the conflict of 1812. Yes, we as a nation, have striven hard to do without a Navy, but we do not like to recall the time when Jefferson asked Congress for an appropriation to build a place where our ships could be laid up "Dry and under cover from the sun."

We can not forget how, during our great civil strife, our Navy rendered services vitally important to its country. While the battle of Gettysburg decided the fate of the Confederacy, yet its happy outcome was, in a large measure, due to the tireless vigilance with which our

naval ships guarded each southern port. Day and night the relentless grip tightened until the Confederate army in the field had not the wherewith to carry on a successful resistance. There never was a more successful blockade recorded in the pages of history. This fact, coupled with England's knowledge of our great naval strength alone prevented that country from recognizing Southern independence; a thing they were more than anxous to do, but dared not.

At intervals European governments have endeavored to plant their institutions in the New World. A notable example was that of Louis Napoleon in Mexico. Taking advantage of our domestic troubles France undertook to stifle liberty in that unhappy country, but when we emerged triumphant from our great civil strife, we demanded that France withdraw from Mexico and France lost little time in complying, because she did not desire war with a government that possessed, at that time, the largest and most efficient navy afloat.

A foreign war at that period would have been, even with the strained condition of our resources, the most glorious in our history. Every man in that Navy had been under fire and they would have swept the seas of European armament as the house wife brushes the crumbs from the table.

What a change a short period can make. Ten years after the Civil War our Navy was a myth,—the laughing stock of the world. A machinist in one of the seaports of Japan is said to have remarked that without the American Navy the workmen of those parts would have surely starved for want of employment. He referred to the junk heaps we persisted in calling men-o'-war, vessels that spent most of their time in the ship yards of the Orient. Eight years after the great conflict American citizens were shot to death at Santiago de Cuba by the Spanish authorities, while the American minister was prevented from investigating the attending circumstances by a guard of Spanish soldiers. This act aroused the country to a sense of its peril. We have much for which to thank the ill-fated crew of the Virginius. They pointed out our national weakness in such a way that the warning could not go unheeded.

For the third time we began to build a navy. That was in 1881, and tho' those first ships were poor affairs of foreign design, yet they and those of a later type, auch as the Oregon class, were destined to thrust Spanish dominion from the Western Hemisphere. Not only did we, by that one stroke, raise the country to first rank, but we removed the stain that had clung to us so long and which the Spanish Press characterized as "Yankee" greed.

As for you, Mr. Business Man; let me figure a while with you; your greatest interest is your home; after that your business. We live in a civilized community, yet you send your valuables to a bank that offers adequate protection and security from loss.

Yet there is thirty-seven billions of property laying within easy reach of an enemy along our sea coast and other accessible waterways. That European cupidity should be aroused is not curious, neither is it hard to understand. We read in Holy Writ (IIKings 13:19) how Isaiah reproved king Hezekiah of Juda for allowing the Babylonish agents to inspect his treasures, for, said he, "they will possess all these things."

Isaiah was more than a prophet; he was a statesman and realized the extreme peril and weakness of his country. As for the so-called law of nations that is a myth and its statutes are no more binding on a nation now than in the days of Isaiah, provided a nation is strong enough to hazard the breaking of them. If your business takes you beyond the protection of the law, you have no hesitation in carrying arms, yet this is the exact state of affairs among nations, and the only court with the authority to enforce its decrees is as it always has been —War. It remains for you to decide whether the United States as a nation that stands for peace and justice shall decide the issues of the world's councils of peace and war or whether we shall, like the "Lamb Rampant," merely talk and allow those nations founded in iniquity and carried on for the sole purpose of aggrandizement, without justice or principle, to work their will, free from the fear of a just retribution.

If we do not fear aggression ourselves still we have an unmistakable duty to our outlying dependencies and to those countries of the Western Hemisphere, living under the protection of that great policy, the Monroe Doctrine. The maintainance of this policy depends for its enforcement on our power and position. It is on these two elements that the Monroe Doctrine rests and we can well heed the warning of our present Chief Executive when he says, "If we now propose to assume a load, we must see to it that the national forces are organized to endure it." In other words, an armament capable of aggressive warfare is necessary to its continued recognition by the great world powers.

So many have asked where the race of ship building is to end. This we cannot definitely answer; but we do know that the United States controls half of the world's banking capital and can therefore challenge the world to a race and beat them at it. A certain Congressman puts it, "They will go bankrupt about two thousand years before we begin to feel the strain on our resources." Let the world tax themselves to the limit, until the burden becomes unbearable; we can still outstrip them all, for in addition to maintaining large navies, they must keep up large armies, something we know nothing about. When the world sees that we will be supreme on the sea, they will cease to try for a preponderance that they cannot possibly attain. In the end we will be just that much nearer the goal of World Peace for which we have been so long striving, and with such little hope of ultimate attainment. The Navy will then be what it has always been in a smaller sense,—A police force that will effectually maintain the world's peace.

Persistency of Art

I marvel at persistency of art.
Though for an age the poet has been hooted,
And made to measure all his dreams by feet
So they may pass in a commercial age;
Still does the soul of poetry persist,
Much like the spirit of true liberty
Amid the destitution and the bondage
That everywhere prevails. It is not coddled,
As is the art of music, but all papers
Are flooded with it, pouring from all sources.
Often it halts and limps; oft it is crude,
And garbed grotesquely, tempting one to smile.
Oft pitifully weak; still it is proof
That the sweet art appeals to all the world,
Pleading in broken words for chance to grow
And speak its message. Like an ignorant child,
The more pathetic for its ignorance,
It speaks of possibilities and power,
If it were only trained and had a chance.

CHARLES LINCOLN PHIFER.

Some Prickly Pears

By Mack Cretcher

Poets are born, but as a rule section hands are better paid.

The man with nothing to do usually attends to it personally.

It is better to cheer one man than to be cheered by thousands.

The belle in the choir often brings more people to church than the one in the steeple.

Mrs. Howard Chandler Christy evidently thinks it humiliating to be spanked, even by a genius.

If people depend too much on faith and hope they may finish with nothing but charity

Some men do not fully realize their worth until they are tangled up in a breach of promise suit.

Money may not be everything, but like a man, it is a pretty handy thing to have around the house

It is easy for a girl to marry a shiftless man. When she has to take in washing to support him—there's the rub.

You are not necessarily smart because you make a living with your head. The woodpecker does the same thing.

The woman who has never watched her husband while he is out fishing fails to realize what a very patient man she has married.

Politeness pays. Just think of the hard training Jeff and Jack will endure in order to be in condition to strike each other favorably.

When the dog wags his tail it is a sure sign that he is pleased, When the cat humps its back it may mean either a fight or a frolic.

"Don't walk to fast" said the girl to her steady. "You will soon be so far ahead that people will think we are old married folks."

The letter "M" in front of a Frenchman's name signifies "Monsieur." In front of an Irishman's name it usually stands for "Mike."

Times have changed. Fifty years ago the business man always "took his pen in hand" when starting to write a letter. These days he occasionally takes his typewriter in his arms.

Bee Keeping in Kansas

By J. C. Frank

APICULTURE is becoming an important industry in the state of Kansas. Thousands of colonies of bees are kept for the purpose of fertilizing the fruit and alfalfa bloom, tons of the finest and most delicious honey are marketed annually. An advancing civilization and increasing population make their demands upon the natural productiveness of the earth; we who are informed stand amazed at the natural resources of the great empire known as the state of Kansas. Oil in inexhaustible quantities has awaited for centuries the magic touch of the driller's wand to burst forth to fill the multifarious channels of its usefulness. Coal, zinc, lead, and nearly all other metals known to science, have been discovered within our confines; and they only await the necessary preparation for their extraction to enrich the world. The virgin soil of our western tier of counties only needs the plowshare's tickling process to yield all of the known cereals in a quantity sufficient to support a population as dense as that which finds a livlihood in Europe's most favored section. The eastern and central part is composed of soil that will produce wheat enough to feed more people than at present call themselves Americans, while the fruit that comes from this same section is more than is needed in the state and is sent to neighboring states not only by the car but by the train load.

The statements are simply those of facts, and it is a source of great pride to us that we are thus supplied with all the staples of life. In fact, such a condition may be regarded as the sure foundation for any exultation we may feel when our attention is called to the possibilities of our state as a prodcuer of any article or commodity that may be classed among the luxuries. Especially is this true when one of those luxuries may be produced in such abundance as to be entitled to classification among our staple products; and this may be said of honey. Demonstrated results have already placed it almost in a class by itself, while the possibilities of its development promise to make of it one of our chief sources of revenue. Indeed and in truth is Kansas like the Canaan of old, a land that flows with milk and honey.

The vast number of wild bees that were found in eastern Kansas attracted the attention of naturalists from very early days, but the raising of bees and the harvesting of honey on scientific principles is of recent inauguration. The importation of the large Italian bee, that seems to have found its natural home in Kansas, was an experiment that has proven a blessing. Her product probably is not superior to that of the native little black bee, but it is greater in quantity, and she is found to adapt herself more readily to domestication and improved methods for saving the result of her tireless energy. The result has been that nearly all of those who have made bee-keeping a business have the best bees, and have prepared themselves to conduct their business in order to reap the greatest financial benefit from it, and their success has been greater than they anticipated. As evidence of this, it may be stated that according to the most reliable statistics, Kansas produced during 1897 and 1898 nearly $200.000.00 worth of honey, or 1,157,-628 pounds of the most delicious sweets on earth.

The above figures are nearly twelve years old, and since that date bee-keeping has kept on developing at a rate that makes it safe to say that the value of the product for 1910 will be over $400 000.00 and promises to progress until it becomes one of the chief industries of the state, rivaling in its financial returns any of

the staples of which we boast so much.

The charm of the propositon, to go into the bee business is the fact that it requires very little capital. and the further fact that the application of the most scientific methods really requires but very little time of the farmer who is sufficiently up to date to take advantage of every means to enhance his income, and at the same time diversify his sources of revenue to such an extent that he has no fear that his farm will fail to reward him for his labors from year to year. All he has to do is to furnish his numberless little workers with a properly equipped home; they will board themselves while hoarding up a valuable store for their owner. Nearly every bud in this flower-decked region is dripping with nectar awaiting the busy bee in order to be saved for man's benefit. The time will never come when there will be enough of the energetic workers to put a stop to this waste; and there will never come a time when the supply furnished forth by these dew-kissed blossoms will be of such magnitude as to preclude the possibility of a good price being paid for the delightful fruit of the efforts of the unselfish little laborers. These facts have attracted attention, and the number of people who are going into the business in a scientific way is daily increasing; and yet, in the light of present conditions, it is safe to say that it is utterly impossible for there to be too many bees, or that the supply of honey will be greater than the demand for it. As it now stands, there are hundreds of car loads of the delicate food going to waste every year, which could be saved and marketed at good price if the number of high class bees were increased and received the proper attention. It may surprise some to know that even now there are in Kansas bee-keepers who own over two hundred colonies of bees. Within a few years such a number will not be an unusual thing.

While bee-keeping is remunerative, it is at the same time very interesting, and it costs very little time and money to conduct it, even where it is depended upon for a livelihood. While you are resting or asleep your thousands of little workers are busy in your interest and all they ask is to be let alone in their determination to serve you. Their hives can be left on the summer stands the whole winter through with but very little protection; chaff hives are unknown to the Kansas bee. The fields from which they reap are co-extensive with the power of their flight, and hardly a plant grows in Kansas that does not yield nectar fit for the gods to sup. For this reason I will not undertake to name those that are best adapted for the production of honey; the list of those plants not laid under tribute by the bees would be short indeed as compared with that of those that almost drip with honey throughout the summer.

Indeed and in truth is Kansas a blessed state. The husbandman has only to tickle the surface of the earth to reap his reward; the miner goes down but a few feet to be paid in the gushing stream of oil, or to bring forth the valuable metals; while the bee-keeper has only to make a few inexpensive preparations to find a flow of honey in sufficient quantities to fill his stomach, clothe his body and furnish all the other necessities of life. Allow me to repeat, Kansas is the promised land, and, like the Canaan of old, a land that flows with milk and honey.

The "Dope" that People Take

By Lloyd A. Clary, B. S., M. D.

IT is said that a drug trust is being formed to control the entire drug business of this country. No wonder! The American people annually consume unbelievable quantities of medicine. Barrels and barrels of drugs are swallowed yearly—tons even—how many tons one would hesitate to guess. Our stomachs are continually being loaded with every conceivable form of medicinal substance. It seems we all need our "dope."

Here are some sample conversations taken at random which illustrate this tendency of our people. If these examples do not seem to fit, just remember the ones you heard yesterday—they will do just as well.

"Headache? Now, I'll tell you what you do. Go to the drug store and ask for some five-grain acetanilid tablets. They always cure me, and I have fierce headaches sometimes."

"How often do you take them?"

"O, every hour or so, I guess. I never pay much attention; just take them 'til my headache's gone."

"Well, I'll try some. Are they any better than 'Smith's Headache Healers?'

"Yes. Lots better. I used to take them but they don't do me any good now."

"What you looking so grumpy about, Old Top? Lose on the game to-day?"

"Naw. Got the malaria—feel like the devil. I'm bilious and my liver's upside down and my kidneys are all out of order and I don't know what all is the matter. Look at that tongue. How's that for coat? Suppose I'll have to get out of this climate. It don't agree with me."

"Say, you go down and get some salts and some quinine and go home and go to bed and take them and you will be all right by to-morrow. I **know**. I felt just that way last year.—O, I don't remember what size capsules I used. Ask the druggist. He'll tell you."

"I've been takin' 'Peter's Pile, Liver and Pneumonia Curer,' but it don't seem to do no good."

"Well, you do as I say and you'll be allright in a little wh le. I've told lots of fellows about that combination and they all got well."

"Wish I could find somethin' to put on this sore that would heal it up. The blame thing's been botherin' me fur two weeks now an' don't seem to git no better. Ma says to put a terbaccer poultis on it, which I done, but shoot, it seemed to make it wuss. Then Pap Jones, he dug up some kind o' greens an' biled 'em down an' we soaked her fur an hour, but that didn't do no good. Willie an' me wus fixin' the medder fence whur Davises hawgs busted it an' Willie he let a rail fall on my thumb an' smashed it an' then I went an' pounded it an' now it's all swole up an' full o' matter an' I'm afeard to pick it fear as I might git blood-pizened. Mary, she got some mud in a tin can an' put that on—but law, it didn't do no good. What 'ud you do fur it?"

"Tell yuh what' Yuh go over tuh Ben Boley's an' hev Ben fix yuh up some of that salve he fixed fur my ol' woman las' sumer. It dun her more good than anything she ever did use an' yuh know she's had exeemy bad fur the las' ten year."

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Did you ever notice the funny side of it—this rush for medicines the ingredients, doses and uses of which are absolutely unknown to the purchasers—this calling for drugs whose properties are as little understood by the average

person as are the fine points of aeronautics by a sleepy-eyed donkey? It has its funny side and many are the amusing occurrences happening daily in any drug store in the land. Let's refer to the examples given above. None of these advisers knows what he it talking about. The first advised a dangerous drug (acetanilid) in full doses, frequently repeated. He was absolutely ignorant as to its depressing qualities, or the condition of his friend's heart. The second prescribed safer remedies, though quinine is by no means as simple as some people think. The third recommended a salve, which had been prepared for eczema, to be applied to a bruised hand. "Ridiculous" is too mild a word to use in describing it.

The "Prescription for Home Mixture" is an amusing thing. Some clever fellow got up this scheme a few years ago and since then quite a number of others have followed his example. An advertisement made to look like regular reading matter appears in the newspaper. The name of the advertised article is kept as unobtrusive as possible. One reads that a "prescription," to be compounded at home, will do wonders for some disease or diseases prevalent at that particular season of the year, or will "restore a perfectly moulded form," or do some other marvelous stunt. The reader is directed to go to the pharmacy and secure the various ingredients separately, then take them home and mix them himself, "to avoid substitution," and be sure the druggist has not cheated him. It all looks very simple and serves to take the reader's mind away from the true issue and make him think he is doing his own mixing, so there can be no chance of mistake. The ingredients he is asked to buy are generally three in number, one of which is a well known substance such as glycerine, whiskey, syrup of sarsaparilla, or peppermint water, while another is some regular pharmaceutical product found in every pharmacy. The third ingredient is the "joker." The name is printed no larger than the names of the others and there is nothing to cause the unwary to suspect anything out of the ordinary.

One is asked to see that it is in its "original one ounce package" with the label unbroken. What this wonderful substance is, no druggist could say unless he had analyzed it. A name has been invented by the makers. The catch is simple. The owners of the advertized remedy by this method create a demand for it and are enabled to sell it at an enormous profit.

It would seem superfluous to warn intelligent people that the so-called "prescriptions" and "free medical advice" they find in the papers are not printed gratis, and that the one who inserted them must "get his" some way. Yet, judging from the number of such "ads" continually seen, one it compelled to the belief that such warning would not go amiss.

But there is another more serious side to this subject. Many a poor infant has been literally *killed* by well-meaning parents who have poured down the crying child's throat dose after dose of some heavily advertised "soothing" concoction containing as its principal ingredient opium. Many a poor wreck was started on his habit-bound course by taking a morphine or cocaine filled preparation which someone had recommended. Thousands of women are to-day slaves to the powerful heart-depressant, acetanilid, or to one of its sisters of like effect. Headache remedies by the hundreds flood the market, nearly all of which contain this dangerous drug as their chief ingredient, and in percentage high enough to make it really a formidable menace. Homes in every hamlet contain inmates who have been in some way physically damaged, whether permanently or not. by the injudicious use of "patent medicines."

One would think that by this time the man with a touch of insomnia would know the danger of taking the numerous coal-tar products offered in the shops. It seems that any man who reads at all should be enlightened thereon. Time and again have their depressant effects been pointed out, yet he goes serenely on taking his nightly dose and gradually doing himself an irreparable injury.

A word about the coal-tar products, chief of which is acetanilid. These products have been introduced into medicine within the last twenty-five years.

For a number of years they were known to and used only by physicians. Within the last few years, however, manufacturers of "patent medicines" have used great quantities of the coal-tar products in their nostrums. "headache cures," "brain foods," and "cold cures" being the most heavily filled, and the public has consumed these nostrums indiscriminately. Recently the habit of taking these drugs has greatly increased and the number of cases of poisoning therefrom has become so plentiful that the Bureau of Chemistry at Washington has issued a bulletin entitled, "The Harmful Effects of Acetanilid, Antipyrin, and Phenacetin" by L. F. Kebler, Ph. C., M. D., chief Division of Drugs, Bureau of Chemistry, with the collaboration of Drs. F. P. Morgan and Phillip Rupp, assistant chemists. The authors of the bulletin say: "The purpose of the inquiry was not to depreciate in any way the value of these substances as medicinal agents, but rather to furnish information to the public which would enable them to understand that these remedies should be employed with caution in the absence of reliable medical advice?" All those interested in their own welfare and who wish to know something about the drugs they take should write to Washington for this bulletin.

Alcohol is used more widely and in larger quantities than any other drug which people take. One way by which the craving for this stimulant is satisfied is through the preparations found on the druggists' shelves containing large percentages of alcohol. These are sold everywhere, though sporadic attempts have been made to suppress their sale. "Tonics," "blood purifiers," "bitters," etc., are found in liberal numbers in the drug stores and the people partake of them copiously. Many do not know that the medicines they buy contain practically no other ingredient than alcohol. However that does not alter the fact that it is the alcohol they are seeking They are taking dope just as surely as though they took it plainly labeled.

The bromides and chloral—sleep producers and sedatives—each find a ready market. These two forms of dope are rarely sold "straight"--that is without being mixed with something else. But one or the other is found concealed in many a bottle whose label promises relief to the suffering and rest to the weary. They are dangerous substances and should not be tampered with.

And on the pharmacist's shelves we find bottle after bottle of preparations for various ailments which contain, perhaps, none of these noxious drugs but which are practically inert *non est*, as to medicinal properties. Kidney, liver, heart, dyspepsia, and asthma cures blood "purifiers;" codliver-oil products; throat and lung preparations; skin "foods;" and ague, consumption and cough "cures" abound. In fact every disease prevalent enough to insure a market or any organ likely enough to get out of repair has each its host of "cures." One "cure" generally does duty for more than one ailment. It may even cover the field wonderfully, "And one 'cure' in its time plays many parts." (with apologies.)

The poor washer-woman laboriously saves up her pennies and purchases a bottle of "female tonic" which does her about as much good as a quart of hydrant water would do--internally applied.

Almost every woman you meet takes regularly, periodically, spasmodically, systematically, or promiscuously some form of laxative or cathartic. She is chronically constipated and does nothing to obtain permanent relief or cure. She either has some pet method of her own for relieving herself or takes the advice of her neighbor and secures a "pleasant purgative"--pill or otherwise.

This anti-constipation business is one of tremenduous proportions. There are perhaps more remedies on the market for this ailment than for any other. Mineral waters from hundreds of springs —or factories— and bottled under many fanciful names; pills of awful and intricate combination; salty mixtures of like composition but sold under different names; tablets differing little or not at all from the pills aforementioned; masses and muddled mixtures of number beyond belief help to supply this market. Old drugs under new names are constantly

being offered. Many and various are the ways of the human animal as regards this bodily function.

Rheumatism, that dread disease of which authorities speak with awe, has been the source of much wealth for those who have exploited "cures" for the same. The newspapers daily appeal to sufferers with offers of cure. Circulars flood the mails and tell all who receive them of some new and wonderful "discovery" which will drive away this terrible disease. Our magazines reach us laden down with advertisements of resorts where we may boil out to our heart's content--at fancy hotel prices and so much a boil. The street-corner medicine-show never fails to have a few bottles of glorious, effective rheumatism remedy--effective enough to bring one dollar a bottle. "Uric acid solvents" compete for business with the "harmless v e g e t a b l e compounds." "Electric pads" are offered for our shoes' insides and belts of equal fake are sold to us to fasten 'round our waists. It's a sweet field for the faker--this one of catering to the rheumatic individual's desire to take something.

And gout! Oh me! Oh, my! Judging from the number of preparations found in any druggist's stock and promising to cure gout, one would think that every poor laborer must be afflicted with this Wealthy Swelling of the Great Toe.

Then there are the "hair-tonics." Of course there is such a thing as a hair tonic. No one will deny that certain substances properly applied exert a beneficial influence upon the hair-follicles and encourage the growth of hair. But did you ever notice how the barber never fails to ask the man with silky, flowing locks if he'll "have a little tonic sir?" No matter whether he needs to take medicine through his scalp of not, the chance is always there and never lacks for someone to urge its acceptance.

"Private diseases" afford an extremely fertile field for the grafter in drugs. They also give the victim an opportunity to punish himself with many pounds of dope. There is a chance here to play upon the imagination and to hint dire disaster if the afflicted one fails to take such and such bottled fraud. The horrors of faliure in this respect are dipicted graphically and promises, the fulfillment of which would indeed be wonderful, are unhesitatingly made. One cannot help feeling a sort of pity for the poor, callow youth who is thus victimized, and who cheerfully takes the stuff he buys and proceeds therewith to derange his stomach, while the disease for which it is taken goes unchecked, merrily along. Yet they don't deserve any pity--these people who minister to their own wants in this class of trouble. Here surely they should have sense enough to go to a physician and be properly treated. But who ever heard of anyone having any sense when dealing with his bodily needs?

Education, too, is badly needed by the public in regard to cancer. Particularly do women suffering from these malignant growths need to be instructed. A very common practice of women so affiictd is to take some form of internal treatment, or to apply some advertised salve or "combination oil treatment" or "marvelous discovery" to the affected part. This is rank nonsense. No one ever cured a cancer in this way. A woman thus treating herself, or allowing some advertising "quack" to minister to her, finds no relief. The tumor continues to spread and to send out microscopic fragments through the lymph-vessels which start new growths in other parts of the body. When at last the patient reaches the surgeon she is, in a large percentage of cases, beyond relief. The growth has progressed beyond the point where the surgeon can remove it and he, being conscientious, must tell her there is no hope for cure, and he can employ only paliative measures. Much can be accomplished if the surgeon is consulted early, for: "In the beginning a cancer is a local lesion; but it soon attacks related lymph-glands and by means of the lymph is carried to other structures, producing secondary tumors and diseases and enlargement of adjacent and finally of more distant lymph-glands." (Da Costa.) Early and free excision with removal of implicated glands affords the best chance for cure. Surgeous are

agreed upon this. A considerable proportion of cases can be cured if operation is early and thorough. The facts, if understood, would help many a sufferer. That they are not understood is due largely to the efforts of conscienceless "quacks," who claim their methods will cure "without the use of the knife," and in so great dread do many people hold surgical interference that a never-ending stream goes ever to these "quacks" where they obtain nothing but promises. Then, when the disease has reached the incurable stage and the patient visits the surgeon and learns there is no hope, surgery invariably gets a "black eye." The "quack" is seldom censured.

As to the cause of cancer numerous theories are advanced. It would take up too much space to mention these theories. Pathologists are constantly working to throw new light upon the subject and we hope to know the exact cause soon and to find a cure. Until that time has been reached proper surgical interference is our only stand-by. The man or woman who takes a "quack's treatment is obtaining, in practically every instance, some form or another of the old arsenical paste--generally the ointment of the oleate of arsenic or of arsenious acid. Arsenious acid produces no changes when applied to normal skin, but it destroys the tissues to a considerable extent if the surface of the skin is broken or a sore or wound exists. This is the reason the "quacks" use it. They claim it takes the disease "out by the roots." This ointment, absolutely useless in true cancer, combined with promises, is what the "quack" sells you.

A traveling man tells an interesting, though in no way unique, story of a friend of his who is an advertising "specialist"—a cancer "quack." He one day asked his friend how he did it --how he "got away" with his graft.

"Well," answered the 'specialist,' "when any one comes to me with an ordinary wart or sore or lump of any kind I cure it up and tell him it's a cancer. But when one comes with a real cancer, why I don't take the case. I tell him it's too far gone, or something like that."

There you have quackery and its methods in a nutshell.

So we might follow down the list of all the ailments. Every disease has its dope—some more dopey than others.

Note the average person buying his daily dope. He enters the pharmacy, confidently and calls for a "patent medicine" the virtues of which are gaudily displayed on its cover; or he asks for some chemically complex drug of whose dosage and composition he knows nothing; or he demands a drug known to him by name only and which his friend has recommended. And so they come, painfully ignorant of what they buy, and go away happily content to take, in unknown quantities, unknown substances. Will they ever learn better.

People, many of them, seem incapable of seeing the difference between downing medicines promiscuously and taking them as they should be taken—strictly under a physician's advice. They do not see why they should be examined carefully and prescribed for intelligently. They see no need of making a diagnosis. All diseases bearing the same name look alike to them. The fine points of the physician's skilled work (supplemented by the pharmacist no less skilled in his branch) are lost to these people. They do not understand the necessity of bringing a trained mind to bear upon the work of ministering to a sick body. Such a thing as *idiosyncrasy* they never heard of, and *incompatibility* (outside of the divorce courts) is an unknown quantity.

Just here is where people make the greatest mistake when they take their "doctoring" into their own hands. That each case is a law unto itself; that every sickness has its own peculiar phases; that the course of disease varies and the unexpected may at any time happen; that each individual is an individual and that no two people are exactly alike; that a remedy that may prove efficient in one case may be of no value in another case which appears identically the same; that in certain individuals a peculiar effect—poisonous or resembling an overdose—is produced by certain drugs in quantities so small that most people could take them without any apparent effect; that many diseases resemble each other so closely

that to distinguish between them is difficult, yet the treatment one requires may be just opposite that demanded by the other; that what may do one person good may harm another; that certain drugs having opposite action may, when taken together, each destroy or hinder the action of the other; that headache may come from any of dozens of causes and that apparently minor ailments may not be by any means as simple as they appear—all these and more are reasons why the practice of self-medication is a dangerous and pernicious one. Many are the sufferers from serious disease who flit about from one crude mixture to another, sipping like butter-flies, now here, now there, till finally it is too late to successfully combat the real trouble and they pass, weakened by the things they have soiinjudiciously taken, the victims of their own ignorance. Infants of tender age are not exempt from this lack of proper treatment nor do they all go down to their graves unassisted toward that end. Deaths from noxious "soothing syrups" are by no means rare, though you find scarcely any mention made of them in our daily press.

Habit-forming drugs are numerous, those treacherous substances that, soothing at first and innocent enough in their effect, gradually fasten their clutches upon the victim, blighting his mental and moral faculties, making of him a slave to ever increasing amounts and steadily and surely breaking down his will-power and leading him, unless checked by some outside influence, to a piteous, filthy, degraded end. Sublime is the exaltation and beautiful the delusions produced by some of these drugs. The habitues may be raised in imaginative flights to visions the grandeur of which evade all attempts at description. Strange musical sounds of entrancing beauty, dancing lights surpassing in brilliance our common mundane systems, colors of lovely hue, dreams and dreams and dreams, blessed forgetfulness of troubles and cares of work-a-day human life—pleasures that man in normal state cannot hope to understand entice and hold these unhappy victims. And, continually increasing the dose and growing ever more restless and ever more enslaved, they drift along till finally their beautiful dreams become horrible nightmares, their visions of grandeur fade and miserable, creepy, nasty THINGS surround them and they live in wretched, oblivion-seeking squalor asking of the world only a dose sufficient to bring forgetfulness.

It's a terrible existence, this one of habit. One must be ever on the watch to keep it from overtaking him. It comes in the most innocent way some times and so insidiously attacks you that you are not aware of its presence till suddenly the desire for the particular drug rushes on you and you find yourself like the man bitten by the poisonous snake, saturated by the poison which rushes madly through the system no matter how quickly those slimy fangs are removed.

The majority of the habit-forming drugs belong to the sedatives and hypnotics. Insomnia and pain are the two principal conditions that primarily bring on these habits. When one cannot sleep almost anything that will bring rest is welcome. And it is so easy nowadays to obtain hypnotics that it is scarcely any wonder so many people use them. A few restless nights are sufficient to drive any but the strong-willed to the nearest drug shop in search of a sleep producing potion. The other condition, pain, drives many to the use of opiates. Headache ranks high as an incentive for the use of sedatives. The discomfort it produces cries loudly for relief. It takes good "nerve" to "grin and bear it" when one has an aching head or a throbbing, grinding pain in any portion of the body. Relief we want at any price.

There are certain habits that are veey curious. They are peculiar because out of the ordinary and interesting because so rarely found. Some of these strange habits may be very harmful while others are practically harmless. It would be interesting to take up the dirt-eating habits of those suffering with hook-worm disease. These dirt-eaters consume clay, sand, soot, and the like. The chalk-eaters might also be mentioned. But these types do not properly come under this

head. A few examples of the habits we refer to may prove of interest.

In China ginseng is largely used as a restoraitve; in this country sometimes it is chewed for the taste. Calamus root (sweet flag) is used by some, over long periods of time, as a tonic and for flatulence. The natives of Mexico are said to chew cactus apples for the relief of dropsy. Gentian, a bitter tonic, is taken by people who are trying to break themselves of the tabacco habit. And speaking of the tobacco habit it may be interesting to note that lobelia leaves are chewed for their narcotic effect in place of tobacco. Especially do you find these leaves in use among the Kiowa Indians.

A certain druggist tells of a woman who lives near his store. Periodically she gets on one grand spree. For three days she drinks whiskey, then she takes essence of Jamaica ginger for a couple of days, after which she gradually sobers up This is something like the old man who comes into a drug store with a horrible expression of pain on his countenance and huskily begs for a little Jamaica ginger to relieve the terrible cramps he is experiencing. It looks real allright, and few druggists refuse to give the poor "bum" a dose of the medicine he asks for. He is a Jamaica ginger fiend pure and simple and takes this way to obtain the drug he craves.

A habit quite old but rarely met is that of chewing the root of euonymus or wahoo. The person addicted to this habit carries a portion of the root in his pocket, chewing it regularly as an anti-constipation remedy. More rarely encountered is the habit of chewing gum camphor for its stimulant effect upon the heart and sedative effect upon the nerves.

An interesting case came to our attention recently. An old toper was suddenly deprived of his "booze." It did not take him long to find a substitute He sought a druggist and had some capsules filled with powdered capsicum, commonly called cayenne or red-pepper. This he took in doses as high as five grains. At this point it occurs to us that the explanation of the extensive ingestion of *chili* and other dishes of the sort is not far removed from the explanation of this particular case. Capsicum exerts a stimulating influence upon the stomach causing an increased flow of gastric juice, increase in appetite, and better digestion. It also acts as a heart stimulant to some extent, and even as a stimulant to the general nervous system. Then, its effect in large doses is somewhat narcotic. It is a drug that is used perhaps more than any other in the treating of alcoholism. The sense of warmth and well being it gives seems to approach more closely to the effect of alcohol than does the effect produced by anyother drug.

The inhabitants of hot countries such as Mexico use cayenne-pepper in great quantities in the foods they take. It is not unreasonable to believe that the reason for this is the stimulation the capsicum gives. Now it occurs to us that here we have the reason for the use of *chili con carne* etc., by people who do not use alcohol. Take for instance the boy of sixteen who could not purchase alcohol even were he where it was sold. He is a good customer of the *chili* restaurant—especially at night. Could not this be a form of dope habit, the youth eating his hot dish while unconsciously expecting a stimulating effect?

Cocaine is one of the worst of our habit-forming drugs and quite extensively used by the negroes in the lower sections of the larger cities. It is obtained from the leaves of Erythroxylon coca, a small tree of Peru and Bolivia. In these countries the natives chew the leaves to sustain their strength during long journeys and to invigorate them when fatigued. Thus they can perform wonderful feats of endurance and can go for days without food. A druggist of thirty years experience n his present location relates an instance of addiction to the use of this drug in a very unusual form, the only one which he has ever known. The man using the drug was at one time prominent in politics in a large Eastern city--a man of large mental calibre and magnificent physique. He was taking, when this druggist became acquainted with him, the fluid extract of coca in large doses. For days he would work, sleepless and without hunger or fatigue, while under the influence of his drug. Then the reaction would come and he would become morose and mur-

derous. The peculiarity here is in the form in which he took his cocaine-containing drug.

A physician had a curious case of drug habit brought to his notice. A druggists son, a lad of twelve, was gradually becoming emaciated, anemic, and losing his appetite. He was pale and haggard looking, took no interest in life and was rapidly causing his parents much alarm. For a long time they searched for the cause and finally found it to be the chewing of chinchona bark. The youngster did not know it was hurting him and never thought to attribute his illness to this cause. He formed the habit of taking a piece of this bark—from which quinine is obtained—from the drawer in which his father kept it and chewed it as he went about.

These are only a few examples of peculiar drug habits. Many more could be cited, as could many strange ways of obtaining and taking the well known drugs. One habit quite common but of which many people are ignorant is the Cannabis Indica habit. Cannabis Indica or Indian Hemp is the flowering tops of the female plant of Cannabis Sativa and is grown in the East Indies. Hashish is a confection made from the leaves and small stalks mixed with aromatics and fruits. It is used in the preparation of various beverages, and is also smoked. Ganja is the dried leaf and tops as sold for smoking. When taken in full doses the first effect is exhilaration, laughter being induced from the slightest cause. This exhilaration lasts for some hours, then sleep occurs. During this sleep the imagination is active, visions are plentiful and ideas exaggerated. Later, hallucinations and delerium follow. "The subsequent results from indulgence in this drug as an intoxicant are dullness and lassitude, vertigo and headache, diuresis, but not constipation. Frequent use of the drug brings about mental deterioration and unfitness for labor. The abuse of Cannabis Indica is a prolific cause of insanity in Eastern countries." (Shoemaker.)

The arsenic habit is another rarely seen in this country, though numerous cases of chronic poisoning from this substance are seen among workmen who are compelled to handle arsenic, local effects such as ulcers at the roots of the hair and eruptions appearing. The habit of eating arsenic is seen in Styria and the Tyrol where those using it are known as "arsenic-eaters." Some can tolerate very large doses—as high as eight to ten grains a day. It is taken as a stimulant and aids the users to perform very strenuous tasks. They even give it to their horses to cause them to perform more work. People attempting to imitate the "asrenic-eaters" eventually experience the toxic effect of the drug.

But we will not attempt even to mention all the dangers of taking "patent medicines" or other forms of dope. It would take a large volume to adequately point out the pitfalls and really formidable dangers lurking unseen in innocent looking liquid or pill. All that should be necessary for the intelligent person is to have the attention drawn to that phase of the subject. It should then be easy to avoid those preparations containing harmful ingredients.

Why cannot people learn to read the labels on the packages containing their medicines? Why do they not use discretion and fear instead of tampering unthinkingly with that most intricate and delicate of organisms, the human body? Why will they never learn to care for themselves as well as they care for their live-stock, watch or knife? Only a brief while ago one could find excuse for taking such drugs as morphine, cocaine, chloral hydrate, acetanilid, etc., because they had practically no way of knowing what preparations contained these substances or in what proportion. To-day the Pure Food and Drugs Act provides that the manufacturer shall indicate the percentage of these several substances plainly upon the label. The Pure Food and Drugs Act, June 30, 1906, makes extensive provision: "For preventing the manufacture, sale or transportation of adulterated or misbranded or poisonous or deleterious foods, drugs, medicines and liquors, and for regulating traffic therein and for other purposes." In regard to drugs, people are interested principally in the interdicted substances; they want to know what drugs are considered injurious or poisonous enough so that manufacturers are compelled

to mention them on the labels of packages and tell the percentages in which they occur. It is well that people should show an interest in this subject. Under section 8 of the Pure Food and Drugs Act the following appears:

"A drug or food product except in respect to alcohol is misbranded in case it fails to bear a statement on the label of the quantity or proportion of any alcohol, morphine, opium, heroin, cocaine, alpha or beta eucaine, chloroform, cannabis indica, chloral hydrate, or acetanilid or any derivative or preparation of any such substance contained therein."

Perhaps you are ignorant of the effect of certain of these drugs. Possibly you know little if anything about any of them. Yet there is no longer any excuse for a person to dope up with any preparation having habit-forming, dangerous ingredients. By looking on the label you can readily find out whether your medicine contains any of the drugs mentioned in the Pure Food and Drugs Act, and though "twelve grains of this or twenty minims of that" per ounce means little to you you can at least be cautious of all bottles so labeled.

We do not mean to condemn all drugs. Far from it. If it were not for the medicinal substances used to-day scarce any progress could be made in the healing of the sick and the prevention of disease. Grandly effective is our materia medica, containing as it does hundreds of substances the healing effects of which are little less than marvelous. Especially wonderful are the effects produced by the newer things in medicine—antitoxins, serums and glandular products. These substances obtained from animals are revolutionizing our methods of relieving the sick. With them we now cure certain diseases that were a few years ago practically always fatal.

Drugs we could not do without. The misuse of them we can readily dispense with. Because carelessly used they should not be condemned. We deplore not the taking of drugs, but the taking of them in an improper way.

Not Guilty

A True Fish Story of a Real Fish Tail

By Lewis Albert Harding

SHAPE fish! Shape fish! Shape fish!"

It was a river or lake town, it doesn't matter much which. Near a busy crossing, Old Enrico, an Italian vender, imposed his cart and burden. In manner and person he betokened his nativity "in some foreign port." Italian sun had tanned him dusky brown, and on his hands were shining scales, and even on his face.

"Shape fish! Shape fish!" he cries aloud.

A workman, child or woman stops to ask the price. They "split the hair" and pay the cash and wend away to have their fry. Yip Se, Chinaman, in white vesture stands aloof by old Enrico's counter. The motley knot is waiting there to get their breakfast fry. Enrico is busy and Yip Se knows it.

"Fishee, me wantee fishee, goodee fishee!"

Anon Yip Se is traipsing down the street at a "risky gait" and casts his cross-cut glance askance. Suddenly

the Italian's two orbs look daggers.

"By the holy stars of Italy!" exclaimed the vender, "yonder goes a Chinaman, pig tail, and a fish!"

The fish market is tight there in a minute. A top trout has disappeared. That fish was in Enrico's cart two minutes before. And it was a fine one; half as long as yonder unwashed urchin and quite as broad as that Irish lass's shoulders. Some one had that scaly prize and held it secreted no doubt close to his anxious heart.

* * * * *

This incident of the street was observed by a dentist from the second floor opposite. In the next evening's edition of the "Daily Register," appeared, among other items of court news, the following:

FROM LACK OF EVIDENCE

JUDGE PAT PELICAN ACQUITS A CHINAMAN

UNDER CHARGE OF STEALING A FISH —HUMOROUS INCIDENT

"This afternoon Judge Pelican's court heard the preliminaries in the case of Merrill W. Joslin vs. M. P. & W. R'y. The case of Enrico Sino vs. Yip Se, defendant, charged, with petit larceny, was then called. This case, for one reason at least, may be noted as the remarkable one of the docket for this term.

"From the circumstances it seemed that one Yip Se, Chinaman, in a dark way had made theft of a fish from the street stand of one Enrico Sino, Italian. Estal Bigby, counsel for the defendant, argued that although the fish was on the cart before Yip Se passed the vender, and not there immediaely after, yet no one saw him take the fish, and urged that the evidence offered against Yip Se, was, for that reason only sheer—thin--circumstantial. The wily young attorney was just concluding his plea; and as he closed the case to the court, he struck a last lick for the Chinaman.

" 'Every iota of evidence,' he said, 'brought by the plaintiff against this yellow son of the Orient is weakly circumstantial, and as far as shown, either witness in that motley knot about the cunning Italian trader, might, at this very minute in this very court room have that very fish concealed under his coat tail. My contention is that the defendant is not guilty. The case is yours.'

"Yip Se waited with some anxiety for the verdict. Judge Pelican briefly stated the case and pronounced the verdict, 'not guilty.'

"In an instant there was a roar, a perfect broadside of laughter, which nearly set the symbolic balances atremble in their dignity above the bar. The son of Confucius, with a sharp air of absolute justification, exhibited his usual comic smile of the draw-string type, and as he attempted to make a quaint ado. lo, and behold a fishtail there protruded from beneath his vest.

"But the verdict cast the die. And it was with a real twinkle in his Irish eye, that Judge Pelican concluded the proceedings with: "Not guilty owing to lack of evidence. But sir, I would advise you the next time you steal a fish to be a little bit more careful to keep the thing's tail out of sight, at least while you are in the court room."

Evening Soliloquy at Panama

By George Warburton Lewis

The sun-strewn gold-dust on a west-blown cloud
    Is swept from sight as by a magic broom;
Day folds tired wings within its twilight shroud,
    And yester moment's light is merged in gloom.

Out from the vacant, velvet dome of night,
    As through an azure portal there ajar,
With twinkling radiance the gods to light,
    Swings forth His Majesty the Evening Star.

Low down, as to illume my native spires,
    The North Star hangs his faintly-glowing light.
How wan thy blessing from these frontier fires,
    How heavenly thy homeland dow'r to-night!

Square-trimmed against the turquoise firmament,
    The Southern Cross rides like a phantom kite.
Oh, for a stairway to thy low-hung shrine,
    My prim, bejeweled Empress of the Night!

Close o'er the mount where bold Balboa went,
    The Giant Dipper lifts his vacant bowl
That yawns as on a ghastly mission sent
    To swallow up the combination whole.

Some favored seraph's diamond-clustered toy,
    The Little Dipper stares, unwinking, down,
And bluely clamped above mad Morgan's Buoy,
    Job's Coffin dour bepalls the stellar crown.

The cricket and the night-bird cease from song,
    A slow wind, moaning, drones up from the coast,
And silence all unseemly and awrong
    Descends upon Night's multi-mannered host.

A sullen cloud-rack northward flies apace,
    (A message from some groaning ship at sea),
And as a veil drawn hides a siren's face,
    The Wonder-world of Night is lost to me!

his bounding spirits and droll conservation, pointed by the ready wit of Wessie, generally kept the company in constant peals of laughter. Thus employed and entertained, Professor Flynt had no cause to regret the day he came to Illinois.

Once the professor had taken a short run into the country and, meeting with poor success, returned before the middle of the day rather discouraged. After the noon-day meal he strolled about the yard looking at the flowers and otherwise trying to amuse himself. Presently he was joined by Wessie to whom he expressed some regret that he had not found anything of interest in the way of Indian relics remarking that he feared the archeological cabinet of the college museum would not be much the better for his summer vacation. It was then for the first time that Wessie thought to call his attention to the mounds near Hush Lagoon.

"How far is it to the mounds?" he inquired, consulting his watch.

"Not more than three fourths of a mile, I should guess." answered Wessie.

"It is now half past two. Shall we go and examine them?" inquired he.

"If you wish to go at once, Mr. Flynt, I presume I can go and show you where they are. Perhaps you would rather wait until Billy comes over. He might be able to help you find others. I seldom pay attention to such matters, but if you desire to go and consider them of value or interest, I am ready to accompany you."

"Thank you," said Prof. Flynt, "They may prove very interesting. I believe I will avail myself of your kindness and go at once."

"Very well, Mr. Flynt, this way." and our young friends were soon walking leisurely down the road that passed the end of Hush Lagoon.

"Yes." remarked the professor when they had arrived at the spot, "Those are the tumuli of the ancient mound-builders. I have examined and excavated many of them in Ohio. To me they possess a fascinating interest. I have given much thought to them, their gruesome inhabitants and their long forgotten builders. It is unusual to find them on low grounds, however, and so close to the water's edge. I should rather expect to find them near the summit of a small elevation. There must have been some special reason for burial at this place; some mysterious reason which, so far as we are concerned, must forever remain hidden, I presume. Those people, known to us only by dim and fast-fading foot-prints found in the domain of archeology, were, indeed, a peculiar people. They differed from the present races in that they had a well defined purpose in all that they did. In viewing their ruins and mounds, the purpose is not always apparent at first glance, as is the case here; but in most of their works it requires but slight effort to discover their designs. In fact, archeologists have become so well acquainted with their methods that often the discovery of a portion of their works or a fragment of an implement will enable them to restore the whole with great accuracy. Uniformity of design, rather than variety, was the rule with those people almost unto dreariness.

"Ho, ho! What is this? Here is a departure, however, and no mistake. A double mound—twin tumuli. It is remarkable. The only thing of the kind ever discovered so far as I know. I shall do some excavating here if permission can be obtained. This may prove a rare field for the antiquary."

"Permission will be easily obtained, Mr. Flynt; my father owns all of this land."

"Thank you," said the professor. "I think I shall avail myself of your kindness; but let us look about us for further evidence of those ancients, who seem to have lived and perished before the beginning of American history. I never tire studying the records, relics and ruins—all that remains of a once numerous semi-civilized race of mankind, who inhabited a large portion of the two Americas thousands of years, perhaps, before the discoveries of Columbus. In some parts of Ohio, they have left ruins, marvelous both as to extent and design. Can you give me any further information about them in this vicinity, Miss Wessie?"

"Nothing except the legend of Hush Lagoon."

"A legend?" inquired the professor, rather more eagerly than one would expect from a learned scientist. "Please tell it to me while we sit upon the mounds. I confess a weakness for legends. They have a mystic charm that makes them extremely interesting to me."

"Oh, no, Mr. Flynt, you will have to excuse me." replied Wessie. "I cannot tell a story well and it is really a very pretty legend. I want you to hear it, but I prefer to have Billy Osgood tell it to you. He tells it so very much better than I could hope to do."

"But we are on the legendary ground and I am quite sure you will not deny me the pleasure."

"I would only deny you the pleasure that you might enjoy a greater." said Wessie, "But if you insist I will tell it as well as I can; feeling however, that you have lost one half in interest by your intemperate haste."

"For the present, I shall be content with your version of it." replied he, re-assuringly. Yielding to his importunities, Wessie related the legend as it had been told to her, the sweet musical tones of her well modulated voice adding much to the charm of the legend. The soft, gentle pathos employed in describing the lovers, her sterner accents when detailing the facts leading up to the awful tragedy, and finally, her graphic description of its periodical re-enactment by the spectres, would have done credit to one of greater histrionic pretentions..

"Capital!" exclaimed the professor, "A pretty myth prettily told." Then he stood upon the larger mound and looked toward the bluff. "Of course," continued he after a pause, "science cannot take into account legends in forming conceptions and judgments, but I confess this one has stimulated my ardor somewhat, and made me more eager to explore the surrounding country for evidences of an ancient civilization. Would not it seem remarkable, if an old legend like that could be verified?"

"It would, indeed," answered Wessie, "But I do not understand that those people had a written language, and it would seem impossible to prove the legend unless some portions of their history could be found."

"They used pictograph writing for some purposes, but such records are rarely found and more rarely understood replied the professor. "I notice," he continued, what appears to be two depressions extending into the bluff just opposite, in a way to indicate that they may prove to be artificial. Shall we walk over there and examine them?"

"Yes," said Wessie, smiling, "You have aroused my curiosity and you know a woman's curiosity laughs at inconveniences. I am ready to brave brushwood, brier and bramble to see where the ancients digged."

Picking their way through the thick underbrush, they soon stood by the depressions which had attracted the professor's notice, and an examination was at once commenced. The scientist raked the sticks and accumulated leaves from the ravines and examined carefully their sides and bottoms for evidences of their origin. He then walked a few yards down the bluff, noticing critically every feature of the surface of the ground, after which he walked an equal distance from the depressions in the opposite direction. Then he climbed the steep bluff and stood at the head of the excavations and looked down into their depth which was upon a level with the bottoms from which he had ascended. Here Prof. Flynt stood for full twenty minutes in silent reverie. Noting his complete abstraction. Wessie seated herself upon a log near the base of the bluff and quietly waited, watching him narrowly, and, as it would seem, with mischievous intent, the meanwhile. Presently he raised his eyes and gazed about him in a sort of semi-stupor until they fell upon his little friend, when he aroused himself, gave a start as if he had forgotten her presence, and then blushed like a girl, in his confusion.

"I was slightly absorbed... he said when he saw Wessie convulsed with laughter.

"Slightly." repeated Wessie, still laughing.

Ignoring her levity, Prof. Flynt, in the most serious tones and with the utmost composure, went on:

"These ditches or ravines are not, as would at first view, appear natural depressions, but, upon the contrary, I

am convinced that they were made by human hands."

'Why do you think so?" inquired Wessie, innocently enough, "I can see no difference between them and dozens of others washed out from the hill-sides."

"There are numerous proofs." answered the professor, "I find clay deposited upon the original soil at the edges and sides, and in it I can detect numerous flakes and fragments of flint. The bluff probably contains quantities of flint rocks, and it is possible that these excavations were made for the purpose of taking them out to be wrought into weapons and implements for use in war and the chase, and for agricultural purposes. I also noticed great quantities of these flint chips strewn upon the ground at the openings of the ravines, where the rocks were taken out and broken up into sizes convenient for removal to their shops and lapidaries. You can see them all about you."

"Oh, yes," said Wessie, "I can see them, but may not they have washed out of the hills? I find these little flint flakes everywhere."

"That is possible, or course," replied Prof. Flynt, good naturedly, "But there are other evidences connected with which, the fact is fairly established. A few yards to the right of the excavation is a ridge of earth, now about three feet high and perhaps ten feet wide at the base, which extends from the margin of the bluff to the lagoon. On the left, at an equal distance, is another exactly like it. These embankments, now mere ridges or swells of earth, are regular in their proportions and must have been from eight to ten feet high when made. They, with the steep bluff and the lagoon form a complete enclosure comprising the mines, the spring and the mounds. This all signifies something. This enclosure was designed, perhaps, for a rampart to protect the miners engaged in digging and breaking the rock. The mounds, as I remarked before, I would not expect to find on the low grounds; nor, indeed, would I expect to find a mound presenting the appearance of being a double sepulcher; and in that respect alone, perhaps, they differ from hundreds of others I have visited. Some popular chieftain, while gallantly defending the fort and his people, may have fallen at the spot where the large mound stands, and the mound may have been built there for a double purpose of commemorating the deed and furnishing the usual covering for the corpse—a sort of primative mausoleum. The twin mounds may shelter the ashes of persons dear to each other in life—husband and wife, or brothers, perhaps. We cannot know, we can only conjecture It means something, beyond question, for the Mound-builders were not given to fads."

"In casting about for reasons, you seem wholly to ignore the legend, Mr. Flynt," said Wessie.

"The legend is very interesting as such, but of little value in the field of scientific research." replied the professor. "We will not lose sight of it, however, as we proceed with our investigation. If we should succeed in finding the ancient pathway, that would, in some way, support the legend. It would, at least, prove that the poor girl might have come down to meet her lover, had there been one here to meet, so far as being supplied with a pathway was concerned. Be that as it may, I am convinced that there was a village not far from this place, and if we can find the pathawy, we may be able to follow it to the spot where the village was located."

"Wait until I come up there and I will help you find it." said Wessie as she clambered up the steep ascent. "Would it not stir one's emotions to find the old, old pathway where pretty maidens and brave lads walked and laughed and talked and sang when this old world was young? Oh, it would afford me a delightful thrill to behold with my own eyes, the very path where the Dart-maker's daughter, humming, maybe, some ancient love ditty, tripped lightly along to meet her Indian lover and her doom! By all means, Mr. Flynt, let us hunt for a thrill."

And, half in earnest, half in jest, she joined the professor in his search for the ancient thoroughfare.

"Such thoughts as you have just uttered," said the professor gravely, "are indeed fascinating from a romantic view, but far more interesting to me

from a scientific point of observation would be the discovery of that narrow highway of antiquity."

For sometime succeeding this conversation, Professor Flynt and Wessie Livers wandered about in divers directions, among the trees looking for evidence of the old pathway, the former prompted by the ambition of the scientist, the latter by romantic curiosity. Presently Prof. Flynt, who had strolled some yards into the woods, called:

"Oh, Miss Wessie! Will you come here, please? I believe I have found it."

"No, I shall not do it," promptly replied Wessie, in mock hauteur. "I do not recognize the right of science to prevail over sentiment. It was more fitting that I should discover the ancient pathway, that its discovery might be accredited to the enterprise of romance in whose domain it belongs. I feel that I have been badly treated. I should have been permitted to make the discovery."

"O please do," said the professor coaxingly, "and we will accredit the find to both science and romance; for did not your romantic legend, after all, lead to its discovery?"

"Ah, that is a very ingenious argument but I have no compromise to make with your cold science." replied Wessie, dramatically, "The two, you ought to know, Mr. Flynt, cannot go together. You might as well try to amalgamate ice and fire. I am very skeptical, anyhow, and have some doubts if you have really found it." she added, as she walked slowly toward the professor, affecting a pout. "Bah! that is not an ancient pathway." said she, when she had come up with him, "A rivulet washed it out as it came rushing down the hill in times of freshets."

"But permit me to direct your attention to the fact that the depression extends back over the summit of the bluff and down the slope beyond, so that your rivulet would have to run up hill part of the way to make this depression." coolly retorted the professor.

"Well, then it is quite clear to me that it is a cow-path made by the cows of the old settlers some years ago; for, really, it doesn't look one bit ancient."

"You are a far better tease than observer." replied Professor Flynt, pleasantly. "Do you not see that large trees are standing directly in this path, at some points? That would indicate some age, would it not?"

"Sure enough!" exclaimed Wessie, laughing, "I had not noticed that; but, after all, it only proves that the path was probably made by elk and deer, or maybe, buffaloes, before the present forest was grown. In any event, I shall require more convincing proof before yielding."

"Well, how about the legend? Is not that some proof?" inquired Prof. Flynt, his usually grave eyes dancing merrily.

"Oh, no, not in this controversy." answered Wessie. "Science has assumed a position, which, challenged, must be maintained solely upon scientific grounds. So you see it does not matter what I may think about the legend, it proves nothing for you who, as a philosopher, cannot cite evidence of that character."

"Ah, I see, you mean to put me upon the proof. Very well; we shall see if I can find any evidence *de hors* the legend, as the lawyers would say. If we should find the ancient town-site at the other end of this pathway, I presume you would be quite willing to yield the point?"

"Oh, yes, indeed," said Wessie, "For that would also establish or at least, corroborate the legend."

"I shall be only too happy to establish your legend, provided I can do it in a scientific way—by that high quality of evidence to which you are inclined to confine me in my endeavors to prove my points. I would not care to venture upon the innovation of proving ancient landmarks by the aid of folk-lore alone; especially when it comes through a long line of savages. But come, if you do not object to being convinced, we will trace the trail a little way, and if it leads us too long a chase— if it prove a will-o'-the-wisp, or, if you should become tired, we can turn back and try it some other day."

"Do not fear that I shall become weary," said Wessie, "so long as there is a remote chance for either an argument or a thrill. Let us pursue these

ancient people by all means and with the utmost expedition to their hiding place and compel them to give up the secrets of antiquity. They are a wonderfully fascinating people, to be so old. Oh, see! the path becomes plainer as we proceed. I can see it many yards ahead of us as it meanders through the woods. Why, here the depression, after all these years of accumulated leaves and dirt, exceeds a foot in depth and is nearly three feet in width! What, do you think, caused the frequent sharp turns where there are no obstacles to turn it aside?"

"In the first place," replied the professor, "it is a curious law of nature that neither man nor beast, in his natural state, walks in straight lines. We do not do it now without constant effort, after all these thousands of years of civilization; but I suspect there may have been trees where many of the sharpest bends occur, which, in all reasonable probability, caused the diversions. That old elm standing directly in the path is, perhaps, four hundred years old. That, I judge, is about the age of the present forest; but how many forests before it have grown and decayed to form the deep, rich mould upon which we are walking, would be quite as hard to prove as your legend. There have been many no doubt. See how much deeper the path is worn where it passes over that small ridge. In the low grounds it is filled up to some extent with leaves and dead twigs, drifted into it by wind and water, but it is quite distinct everywhere. It is easy to imagine how it is worn away by the constant patter of moccasined or sandaled feet from generation to generation throughout long ages."

The conversation continued in this strain as the young people followed the meanderings of the path over hill and dale, through the open forest and dense copse-wood, where, indeed, was food for thought and inspiration to utterance. The living colonades, their shimmering canopy above, the leaf tapestry below, the spice wood aroma, the divine bird-song, the sylvan echoes, the sturdy majesty of abounding nature—all contributed to the uplift of the soul and the unloosing of the tongue.

Often in my youth, have I sat for an hour upon the trunk of a fallen tree, in the depths of this old forest, my gun lying unthought of across my lap, living in fancy among the spirit trees of many centuries ago, while the saucy little squirrels I had gone thither to shoot skipped nimbly over the somber carpet —the fallen foliage of the preceding year—stopping now and then to sit upon their tawny haunches, then hurrying on, their generous, flossy tails undulating in poetic harmony with the graceful movements of their bodies. Up and down the great tree trunks they would chase one another in frisky, sportive impudence, or dart from branch to branch in mad frolic only again to descend to the ground, head downward a few feet at a time, barking, chattering and flirting with their silken banners as they held fast to the rough bark with unerring claws. It was thus the little creatures would gambol in my presence, becoming less timid and more curious, until, maybe, one more venturesome than the rest would spring upon the log upon which I sat and peep into the very muzzle of the murderous weapon, unharmed. At such times, methinks, my young soul must have been absent in its astral body, walking, maybe, with the shades of the ancients among the forest aisles and beneath the soughing boughs of an ertswhile wood, grown and decayed in the younger centuries. But I should apologize for this departure. It was not my purpose to garnish these pages—encumber them, perhaps, would sound better—with the day-dreams of my youth.

Following the path for nearly a mile, our young friends finally emerged from the woods and found themselves in an open glade surrounded by a wall of forest. Here luxuriant grasses covered the ground upon which the neighborhood cattle were complacently feeding. It is, perhaps, unnecessary to say that no stately columns or imposing ruins of antiquity were in sight, only a level tract of untimbered land several acres in extent, and its usual complement of lazy kine greeted our enthusiastic searchers after the ruins of old civilization.

Prof. Flynt walked out from the wood a few paces and stood gazing in silence

across the glade. Wessie busied herself gathering some wild flowers and wandering aimlessly about the place, evidently, with all her pretended indifference, sharing the professor's disappointment. After a few minutes she came up with the professor, and, with a half mischievous smile, said:

"Don't you think this meadow with its rich pasturage, at the termination of the pathway, rather proves my theory?"

"In what way, pray?" inquired the professor, starting from his abstraction.

"Why, great herds of deer and elk and buffalo were accustomed to feed here until their hunger was appeased and then go down over the bluff to the springs to quench their thirst; and, in that way, doubtless, made the cold trail we have been following all afternoon. It may have been—must have been—many hundreds of years ago, before the present forest was grown, since you have found trees in its wake, but it was done in that way certainly. I am glad to prevail in the argument, of course, but I feel like crying for my poor blighted legend."

"It looks rather discouraging, I admit," said the professor, "But we will walk across the glade and make further observations. We could hardly expect to find imposing ruins in a state of preservation corresponding with those in Mexico and Central America, in this humid climate. Neither do I expect to find prominent ruins of any kind. The Mound-builders of the Ohio and Mississippi valleys did not use the solid masonry employed by their southern neighbors, if, indeed, they were not their descendents; but had resort to less durable materials, such as adobe, timber and earthworks. Ah, here is a small stream through the meadow. That is good luck, indeed, for it will enable me to make an examination without the expense and labor of excavation. I will get down into the channel and you can walk along the banks as we follow its course a few rods. We may find some relics, if nothing more."

"Ha, ha," laughed Wessie, "I see you are not greatly impressed with my buffalo theory."

"Not convinced, at any rate," said he pleasantly. "Ah, what is this?" exclaimed the professor as he took hold of the point of a sharp drab stone projecting from the side of the bank some eighteen inches below the surface of the ground. "Oh, ho! a splendid spear-head, if I may trust my eyes."

"Good!" exclaimed Wessie, forgetting her assumed anatgonism, "Is it not a beauty, though?"

"A perfect specimen." remarked the professor with evident satisfaction as he held up to view a splendid specimen some three and a half inches long by two inches wide at its greatest width, perfect point, regular outlines and without a fracture.

"See the fragments of flint and chert in the bed of the stream." continued the professor as he followed its windings through the glade. "And here is another specimen—an arrow head—and over against the bank is evidence of charcoal and burnt clay. We have at last invaded the home of the 'Ancient Arrow-maker'!"

Further exploration of the bed and banks of the little stream discovered flint flakes innumerable, scattered abroad no doubt, as flake by flake they were chipped from the block of flint as, under that ancient mysterious and subtle skill, it became a perfect, symmetrical spear point. Fragments of ornamented pottery were numerous, and several well-preserved vessels were taken out of the sand from the sides of the bank. Every few feet for more than a mile, as they followed the meanderings of the brooklet through the glade, slight swells or ridges could be seen upon the surface of the earth in the form of very large rectangles, and, where these had been cut through by the brook, Prof. Flynt noticed that they consisted of a quality of clay lighter in color than the adjacent earth and extended several feet below the surface of the ground. These ridges seemed to run in pairs parallel with one another, at a distance of about fifteen feet apart, and midway between them he frequently found evidence of fire-pits, consisting of ashes, charcoal and pieces of charred bone. The young people, before commencing their homeward journey, seated themselves to rest upon a grassy knoll near the point where the

road that traversed the glade again entered the forest.

"How far are we from your home, Miss Wessie?" inquired the professor wearily.

"Two miles and upwards, and I am quite played out. I wish someone would come along with a lumber wagon and invite us to ride," said she languidly.

"Or a carriage." added the professor, who evidently thought it as easy to wish for an elegant equipage as a clumsy wagon.

"Yes, or even a saddle-horse," replied Wessie, smiling, "Provided his gallant rider should be a man whom I could consistently order to dismount."

"If you are so very weary, Miss Wessie," ventured the professor softly, "perhaps you had better recline upon the mossy carpet until I can go to your father's and procure conveyance."

"No, indeed, Mr. Flynt." said she, "You are very kind and I thank you' but I don't like the hospitality of the ancients. I am not used to their manners and customs; and, really, I don't know whether I am at this moment in an elegant parlor or a horrid charnel-house. No, Mr. Flynt, with due respect for your kindness, if it's all the same to you, I prefer to accompany you when you leave this city of charred, bones, and chert and conjecture."

"Very well," said he, "We will rest a little and then use the means of transportation at hand."

After this conversation, the young people sat for some minutes in silence, Wessie employing the time in weaving a garland from the grasses and flowers she had gathered, the professor watching her with apparent interest as her deft fingers arranged the parts. Her perfect American features, her bright, laughing eyes, countenance frank unto mischievousness, and the genial spirit of vivacity which shown through all, made a picture dangerously fascinating. Presently Professor Flynt came a little nearer her—very near, it seemed to Wessie—and in deep, earnest tones, said:

"My dear Miss Wessie, we have known each other for more than a year and for the last few weeks we have been constantly in each other's company, daily companions, I might say. Before very long I shall have to return to my work in Ohio, and, before I go, I want to speak to you upon a subject that is very near my heart—I have decided to submit to your decision that upon which my future happiness depends, if not the success of my whole career. You may think it strange that a man wedded to his science as you know me to be, should think of love, but—"

"Gee-whip!" shouted Wessie, springing to her feet and clapping her hands gleefully, "How lucky! Now I shall ride! Here comes Billy, Mr. Flynt!"

At that moment Billy Osgood galloped up to them and dismounted.

"Oh, Billy," said Wessie, eagerly, and with just a shade of embarrassment, "I am so glad you happened along! Mr. Flynt and I have been walking the royal by-paths and doing the grand museums of the antedeluvians so long that it is refreshing to mingle once more with the moderns."

"So?" said Billy, laconically, giving the word a comical turn that made his auditors both laugh.

"We have been very successful, indeed, Mr. Osgood," said the professor, and you will be astonished to know how much we have found that seems to accord with the legend."

"Has Wessie told you the legend?" quired Billy, mechanically.

"She has," said the professor, "and an interesting one it is, upon my life, sir. It is marvelous, too, how the discoveries we have made, seem to agree with the legend. I am eager to pursue the subject further and will do so with all possible dispatch as soon as I can obtain a little further information and procure the assistance of some intelligent laborers."

"Yes," chimed in Wessie, "We have had a very interesting and exciting day of it; a very pleasant day, indeed, but I am ready to quit for the present, and if any gentleman, ancient or modern, should offer to lend me his good horse to ride home, I believe my native bashfulnss would not permit me to decline."

"All right, Wessie, said Billy, casting a sly glance toward Prof. Flynt,

"You and Mr. Flynt may ride the horse and I will walk."

"Is he gentle? Are you quite sure the beast is perfectly docile, sir?" inquired the professor, anxiously.

"Fairly so, I should think," said Billy, "although this is the first time he has been ridden. He bucks some, but I do not consider him vicious."

"It does seem to me that you have more than your share of fun." said Wessie. "You are always breaking colts."

"Ah, indeed!" exclaimed the professor, arching his brows, "I should not care to hazard the young lady's life—her precious life, sir, upon a beast like that. It would be very much more practical if you would not mind, to ride on and send safer conveyance."

"Mr. Flynt is right Billy," said Wessie, as she walked up to the horse, smiling: "It would not be wise for us both to ride the colt." And, taking hold of the reins with one hand, she placed the other upon the pommel of the saddle; Billy held his hand palm upwards, near the ground; she placed her foot upon it and he lifted her gracefully into the saddle. Before the astonished professor could collect his faculties sufficiently to enter a protest, the colt, kicking and bucking, plunged into the woods where the road entered and was out of sight. When too late to avail anything, he sprang forward with a sort of ludicrous lunge, caught at an imaginary bridle, stumped his toe, and fell prone upon his stomach. He quickly scrambled to his feet, excited wildly, and began to upbraid Billy in unrestrained language.

"Ye gods, young man! What have you done? What wild scheme is this? Poor Miss Wessie will be dashed to pieces or thrown and dragged to death! You are a murderer, sir! Her blood shall be upon your hands! Come, let us hasten after her!"

Billy Osgood wanted very much, just then, to roar with laughter, but he could not ridicule in that manner, the guest of Wessie Livers, however much he might enjoy it; and he, therefore, stoutly maintained a tolerable degree of gravity, with almost an uncontrolable desire to explode, regardless of consequences. Smothering his levity he promptly answered the serious charges made by the ardent professor.

"Calm yourself, my dear sir; that girl's blood will remain where it belongs. That colt might as well try to shed his hair all at once, out of season, or attempt to buck off his pedigree, as think of shaking her from her position. You don't know Wessie, sir. She will stay on that horse as long as two joints of his backbone hold together. That may be putting it a little strong, but I can assure you that she is quite at home on the deck of the colt and no harm can come of the ride."

"I hope you are quite sure of your premises. Her imminent peril excited me greatly." said the professor, as he gasped for breath.

"Sure as taxes." answered Billy consolingly. "But come, let us walk towards home; it is becoming quite dark; furthermore, I am awfully hungry and Wessie will be waiting supper for us."

It was as Billy had said; when they reached the gate in front of the home of Wessie, she was there well and happy, waiting to greet them and invite them in to a steaming supper, prepared at her instance and with her assistance, which invitation was not lost upon the young men, who were by that time in a proper merry mood to sit at the festal board of the little Goddess of Mirth. The little party that gathered about the supper table that night, at the home of Wessie Livers, consisted of Mr. and Mrs. Livers, her good parents, Prof. Flynt, Billy Osgood and the little hostess; and it was a lively good-humored coterie, in spite of the day's fatigues. Wessie's soft, musical voice and buoyant spirits acted like new wine upon the sedate young antiquary, beguiling him from thoughts of musty antiquity, and geological aeons to those of the blessed, delightful present and loosened, withal, his sober reticence. The inimitable drollery of Billy Osgood was enhanced and given point by the happy raillery and ready repartee of Wessie, to the infinite amusement of all, and never, I believe, did fond parents with greater justice, uncurb their parental pride and loose to public gaze the admiration felt for an only child of rare parts. Her manner towards the two

young men was so hearty, frank and genial, and yet so impartial that it could by no just means be subject to the common criticism of coquettishness.

Indeed, so evenly were her good graces distributed between the two young men duirng the evening, that neither could say that he had any advantage over the other, and it was in that regard as Billy Osgood would have wished; for, win or lose, he felt an absorbing interest and pride in the little entertainer, he would have been pained had she made any distinction, even though it had been in his favor. The professor, therefore, as suggested, came up out of the profundity of his philosophical musings, so to speak, forsook abstruse problems and his habitual gravity and joined Billy and Wessie in their merry-making in a way that surprised himself and delighted the company.

But it is unnecessary to dwell upon the many pleasant incidents of the pleasant evening. At a seasonable hour the party separated and Billy Osgood carried home with him, in his bosom, a deeper realization of the merits of Wessie from his point of view, than he had felt before; and his bold heart quaked at the thought of her being borne away in triumph by a successful rival.

TO BE CONTINUED

Disparity

Twixt vase and vauze
There is a difference great:
A vase costs but a $;
A vauze, four ninety-eight.

R. Fred White.

Early Kansas Railroad Days

By O. P. Byers

IT may well be said the railroad did not supplant the stage coach in Kansas as a means of transportation until the Kansas Pacific was built into Denver in 1869. This pioneer of all Kansas railroads was merged with the Union Pacific in 1880 and the name has long since been forgotten. But few of the officers or employes of that early day railroad are now among the living. The three other railroads in Kansas in the late sixties were the Central Branch, Santa Fe and Kansas City, Ft. Scott & Gulf. The mileage of each of these three roads was scarcely more than the average branch line of to-day and their location was in the eastern part of the state. For these reasons the early history of Kansas railroads rests almost entirely in the Kansas Pacific. It was government subsidized by act of Congress and built by the mile on the basis of an enormous land grant. The material used was very inferior but it fulfilled its mission as an engine of civilization and cleared the plains of the buffalo and the Indian. It seems certain that originally nothing was contemplated in the building of this road but to connect the government forts along the Smoky Hill River. It did not have even prospective traffic. Congress appears to have viewed it as a military expedient only. A connection with the Union Pacific then building west from Omaha determined its future. The Union Pacific however refused to change traffic and it was never a factor in transcontinental business. Each division point was located in the shadow of a government fort where employees and property might be protected at night against the Indians. Trains were run in daylight only and then under military escort.

Denver at the time this road entered was but a villiage. The building of the Denver & Rio Grande in 1872 followed by the building of the South Park railroad in 1878 together with the growth of its mining industry, gave it a boom which has resulted in a most beautiful city. The material and equipment for these two roads, Texas cattle and buffalo bones, were about the roads' only traffic as there were no settlements west of Salina.

One passenger train daily between Kansas City and Denver constituted the service and these trains were 41 hours making the trip, which is now made in 18 hours. In fact several roads now have freight trains scheduled between these two cities in less time than the schedule of this old time passenger train. Be it said in its favor however that it lived in the day of "link and pin" and hand brakes. High power, automatic brakes and Bessemer steel rails have made the railroad of to-day a very different affair.

The employees were a different type of men than the average employee of to-day. They lived on their nerve and in constant fear of losing their scalps; and ocassionally one was scalped. A number of unmarked graves in the vicinity of Victoria are silent witnesses to this statement.

It is to their discredit many of them were hard drinkers. The Company had no rules against drinking. It was a question of keeping sufficient men to operate the road hence there was necessarily but little discipline. They lived a rough, reckless life, encouraged by every environment. Everywhere was the saloon, gambling table and dance hall. They, like the old time trapper and hunter, were completely isolated from the refined society which the railroad man of to-day enjoys.

Indian raids were of such frequent occurrence that stations were almost entirely closed. The baggageman of each passenger train and the rear brakeman

of each freight train were required to be telegraph operators. They carried a telegraph instrument known as the "box relay." Whenever their trains required orders they attached this instrument to a wire which ran down a pole at each siding, got the orders and detached the instrument. If this operator failed to report to go out on his run the train had to be held until an operator could be found. It was one of the strictest rules that no train should start from a terminal without the telegrapher.

It is not hard to imagine that the engineers of these trains required nerve. In addition to all the troubles of the present day engineer these old pioneers who in their dangerous occupation contributed their full quota toward the civilization of the plains, were constantly on the watch for Indians and for herds of buffalo crossing the track.

M. D. Smith of Wamego and H. C. Chrysler of Salina, both retired are probably the only engineers living today who have stopped their trians to allow herds of buffalo to cross. The writer, then a boy well remembers both of these old engineers in the 70's.

Smith now a palsied old man with an honorable record of 40 years service on a locomotive in Kansas, was the dean of all the Union Pacific engineers when he retired from active service. A large, powerful, fearless man of the highest character, he had the respect of everyone. Magazine writers have for years tried to get his story of his early days on the plains but like Kit Carson and others who actually did things, he never talks of his experiences. It will be most unfortunate if this intrepid old engineer of the early plains days shall pass away without leaving to posterity his reminiscences of a life that but few are now left to tell.

Chrysler like Smith was of the undaunted. His division for many years was entirely in the Indian country and he seldom made a trip without military escort. He can also contribute much that would be interesting to future generations.

H. W. Crane and George Ford of Wamego both retired veteran engineers saw much frontier service.

W. W. Milner of Dalhart, Texas, now a Rock Island passenger engineer was Chrysler's fireman and shared with that old engineer all his perils.

Among the trainmen S. B. Lightcap and C. A. Brown for 40 years conductors and still in the service alone remain.

The railroad is frequently referred to as the civilizer and so it is. At the same time little thought is given the men who made such civilization possible. They were of a type now almost extinct. And less thought is given the ones in unmarked graves on the great plains.

Following the grasshopper came drouths and crop failure. Aid was solicited and freely contributed, especially by the New England Aid Society. It consisted of cast off clothing and food stuffs. This was carried free of charge by the railroads and distributed by the county commissioners. The descendants of the very people who received this aid are to-day living in luxury and own automobiles. Such has been the progress of Kansas in less than a third of a century.

Indian scares generally greatly exaggerated were frequently true. The Cheyennes broke away from their reservations in 1879 for the Bad Lands and crossed the Kansas Pacific near Monument. They killed every setlter whom they could find and destroyed his property.

Although there were troops at both Ft. Hays and Ft. Wallace the 7th Cavalry was ordered from Ft. Riley to capture and return them to their reservation. This General, then Captain Forsythe, did after following them to the Black Hills. Shortly afterwards the Arapahoes broke out with about the same result. These two outbreaks following the Sappa Creek massacre, of the year before, created a reign of terror all over western Kansas and well it might.

A few weeks after the Arapahoe outbreak, Harry Brown engineer of the east bound passenger train into Brookville, then a division station, after running his engine on to the round house track, came to the depot and said: "We passed about 40 Indians this side of Rock Springs (now Arcola) coming this way. You fellows had better hide out."

Every employee ran for home and the little village was soon barricaded. The writer having no place to go and not much to lose concluded to take his chances in the depot and made his stand accordingly. They soon appeared and we were greatly relieved to find it was not a war party, otherwise this article would not have been written. They scattered all over the town and stole everything they could get their hands on. One filthy buck came up to the ticket window and handed me a paper which stated bearer—a long name which I have forgotten—was a Kaw Chief and wanted money and presents. He was greatly angered when told we had nothing for him.

Ed Blanchard, now Superintendent of the Northern Pacific, Duluth, was operator. When Brown informed us of the Indians Blanchard simply said "Indians" to the dipatcher which was sufficient to cause consternation everywhere. It was the one word above all others that every operator was always listening for.

It seemed to me at the time remarkable that Brown, a young man scarcely out of his teens and of extremely boyish appearance should nightly guide a ten car passenger train over the hills of western Kansas and through an Indian country. He was a first class engineer and continued in the service many years.

The Leadville excitement came on at about the close of the Indian days and it brought a class of men on the plains who were to be little less feared than the Indians. They held up trains, broke open cars and defied the civil authorities. This element, the Texas cowboys driving to Ellsworth, Hays and Wallace together with lawless soldiers at nearby government forts produced a combination which required marshals of the Tom Smith and Wild Bill calibre.

The Company built a large frame "emigrant" building at Salina which stood just north of present station. Its purpose was to provide shelter for persons who were looking for land. The land office was located at Salina which was the only point on the line to which tickets were sold land seekers from eastern points. Each family was required to furnish their own bedding and commissary. Families frequently lived in an apartment of the emigrant house for weeks while they were locating a home.

We were notified W. B. Strong then President of the Santa Fe would make the trip from Denver to Topeka at the remarkbale speed of 35 miles an hour. Every switch was ordered spiked and an employee stationed at every prominent road crossing to guard against accident. Such speed had never before been attempted.

Jay Gould came along in a special train in December 1879. He was extremely short of stature, frail and weighed but 85 pounds. He was very dark, had piercing black eyes, short full beard and wore a large, rough white plug hat much like Uncle Sam is made to wear by cartoonists. The following month the road passed into his hands and the Kansas Pacific was a thing of the past.



Stray Easter Thoughts

IF TO THE CHIRPING BIRD WHOSE GILDED
CAGE HANGS
IN OUR WINDOW'S SUNSHINE, TO HAIL THE
RED DAWN;
IF TO DULL-EYED SHEEP, AND LOITERING
LAMBS
TO ALL GOD'S HELPLESS CREATURES ALIKE
WE BE
CAREFUL GUARDIANS, AND PITEOUS
SHEPHERDS.
WE BUT MEANLY APPROACH, AND IMITATE
HIM,
WHO NOTES THE RAVEN'S CRY, AND MARKS
THE SPARROW'S FALL.

BUT THERE ARE PLANTS, WHICH GROW, JUST OUTSIDE OUR WINDOW
WHICH HE ALSO BLESSED; YET DAY BY DAY WE
CAN SEE THEM, FOR WATER, OR SUNSHINE LANGUISH—
WE, WHO NE'ER RESIST THE MUTELY EL'QUENT,
DEMONSTRATIVE GAZE, OF HIS DUMB CREATURES—
CAN TURN, WITH CALLOUSED HEARTS, AWAY FROM MUTE
SUPPLICATION OF FADED LEAVES, AND CRUSH'D BLOSSOMS.

YET OF ANIMAL LIFE, ARE THEY OTHER PHASE—
"BEHOLD THE LILY!" IT IS NOT FOR KINGS TO
WEAR THE GOLD AND PURPLE OF SUCH ROYALTY!
E'EN THE CRUEL THORN A HOLY GLORY WEARS
REFLECTED FROM THE HALO, ROUND THE CROSS.
FOR AT EASTER DAWNS A GRAND RESURRECTION,
OF ALL THE FAIR, FLORAL HOSTS, WHICH SLUMBERED
BENEATH THE SNOW, IN DARK, ICY SEPULCHRES.

NOR DO I THINK GOD WILL BANISH FROM HEAVEN
THE BLOSSOMS. THEY, SWEET ASSOCIATES OF
MANY EARTHLY SORROWS, AND RESIGNATIONS!
CAN I FORGET, A BABY-FACE—AND CLUSTER
OF SNOWY BLOSSOMS, BENEATH A COFFIN LID?
AH, THEY THE 'SWEET, LONE SENTRIES, WHICH EVER KEEP
UNTIRING VIGIL 'BOVE OUR BEAUTIFUL DEAD.'

MAY IT NOT BE, IN THAT GRAND, AWFUL CHANGE TO
WHICH THIS FRAGRANT, FRUITFUL UNIVERSE HASTENS—
WHEREIN THE BLUE ANTIQUITY OF HEAVEN,
BE ROLLED INTO A SCROLL, THE MOON BE TURNED
TO SODDEN BLOOD, AND STARS TO PUTRIFICATION;
THAT MANY SHROUD-WORN BLOSSOMS, WHICH LONG HAVE LAIN
UPON OUR LOVED ONES' BREASTS THROUGH THE LONG, DARK,
AWESOME NIGHT OF SLEEPING; WITH SWEET, SACRED CARE,
AND TENDEREST TOUCH, BE CARRIED BY NEWLY RESURRECTED
CHILDREN TO THEIR FATHER'S HOUSE?
A BLOSSOM! CAUGHT 'MID THROES OF DISSOLVING WORLDS;
FROM TOMBS OF QUICKENED IMMORTALITY—
THE ONLY EARTHLY RELIC, FIT FOR HEAVEN!

Nellie W. Cates.

Our Point of View

A QUESTION OF PRINTER'S INK We doubt if there is a state in the Union, in which the politicians realize the real value of advertising, more than the politicians of Kansas. As soon as a campaign is on, the press agent of the State or National candidate gets as busy as an aviator in the last half mile of a record-breaking flight. He writes a hundred "favorable mentions," and puts two-deck heads on all of them. He then works up several "sticks" of pure news; some of these have three deck heads. The press agent is invariably a newspaper man and he knows how to write heads that will fit a single column.

These "stories" and "editorials" are always printed upon single column slips, and are ready to hang on the hook. They are then sent out to all of the daily and weekly newspapers throughout the state. It is the same publicity system that is used by all of the large corporations. The country editor receives the slips with the "news" thereon. It is well-written, and up-to-date. The editor is busy making up the forms and hasn't much time to get up copy himself, so with considerable satisfaction, he places the "news" he has received upon the compositor's hook It appears in his next issue and thus, public sentiment is created in favor of the candidate for whom the piece was written. It is a very effective process.

The politician who would run in Kansas, must be wise in the choice of his press agent and after he has one selected, he must get in the game early and stay in until the finish. The average citizen of Kansas—and every other state, for that matter—believes what he believes, because he "seen it in the paper." The final outcome of any political campaign depends largely upon a few wise heads and plenty of printer's ink with the printer's ink playing the heavier role.

"THE GREATEST OF THESE IS CHARITY" The attitude of a great many newspapers toward Dr. C. B. Hyde, aptly evinces the fact that we are fast forgetting the admonition of the lowly Nazarine, when he said: "Let him that is without sin, cast the first stone." We relish scandal. The majority of us prefer to accept and believe an evil report, concerning one of our fellow men, than give his good name the benefit of a doubt. We are ready to condemn always, and it matters not whether or no we have any evidence at hand to bolster up our verdict.

Dr. Hyde, over whose character there hangs a dark cloud of suspicion, is a man of excellent reputation. He is a scholar and a man of culture and refinement. For many years he has been a competent and able teacher of young men.

Recently, he was accused of one of the most heinous crimes known in the annals of criminology. As soon as public announcement of his arrest was made, and before any evidence at all was submitted, there was a wholesale denunciation of the man. Hundreds of country newspapers began discussing his case, in a manner that assumed his guilt to be a matter of course. No less than a thousand paragraphers, sarcastically referred to him as the counterpart of "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde."

The evidence against Dr. Hyde, is by no means conclusive. We believe that no one will be so radical as to declare that there is not a probability of his innocence. Suppose it is proven, beyond a doubt, that he is not guilty, then how are we, who have condemned, going to recall the heartaches and sorrow we have caused by our wholesale accusations that are false? We cannot gather up the multitude of thorns from the harvest we have sown. Any man whom we have accused falsely, may be vindicated in the end, and to him this will be a joy and satisfaction, but there is the night of sorrow in his life that we have made dark. There is no way to pluck it from the calendar of his unhappy years.

The man who condemns his fellow man merely because he finds satisfaction in it, is as guilty of wrong as the man he condemns.

AS TO SWATTING THE FLY Early in the spring of 1909, the people of Kansas were regaled on every hand with the very practical admonition: "Swat The Fly." The citizens took up the saying and as it became popular, there was a general swatting.

Notwithstanding this concerted effort to exterminate the pestiferous and obscene house fly, there were nearly FIFTY PER CENT MORE cases of typhoid fever in the state of Kansas in 1909 than in the summer and fall seasons of either 1907 or 1908. As the ordinary house-fly is the common carrier of typhoid bacilli, it would seem that the "swatting process" only aided in producing more flies.

Here is probably a feasible explanation of the paradoxical situation: If no attention is paid to the filthy breeding-places of the fly, all the swatting on earth cannot cut down his average. If we swat him with telling effect, we must swat him before he becomes a fly.

A few years ago, England was literally driven to desperation by a phenomenal increase in her fly population. Within three years after the visitation of the terrible pest, the house-fly was very nearly put out of existence on the British Isles. The process was very simple. Cess pools and common manure piles were treated with lime and were covered with closely woven wire screens, thus nipping the pest in the very early stages of its existence.

Wouldn't it be a good practical idea, to begin our fly swatting process again this year, by keeping our premises, wholesome and clean.

With Kansas Bards

A TRAMP O'ER THE KANSAS HILLS

We're off for a tramp, my dog and I,
Over the hillocks of Kansas, which lie
On and on with mound after mound,
On the heights of each new vista's crown
The landscape, charm the eye.
And oh, the brown of the Kansas grass,
Reddish in hue, as near it I pass,
And farther on as the eye out reaches
'Tis like the dunes and the sandy beaches,
All the warm, soft shades of brown.
Oh the manifold, wonderful shades of brown,
And the shifting clouds send their shadows down
To deepen the tone and the sun doth loan
From its store the dazzling gold.

Westward the stretches, rolling and treeless,
Monotonous seem in unvarying brownness.
Eastward a river flows leisurely by
And on either bank the cottonwoods lie.
On the summits of the hills, from which
Glimpses I gain of river land rich,
My way I take, while my heart doth make
This song to tell its joy.
So on I walk nor ever note
The miles I've gone, the sun so warm,
The sky so blue, the air the freshest one ever drew
We're happy, my dog and I.

MARY MYERS ROCKWELL.

DOWN THE VALE OF YESTER-YEARS

I wander down the vale of yester-years
To the realms of lonesome land;
The way is dark and dreary, and the tears
I shed are useless, for my groping hand
Has failed. The world can never understand
The longing of my heart or bitter tears.
Long I sought to find the golden strand—
Instead, I found the road to lonesome land,
Down the vale of yester-years.

Day by day wearily I trudge along
The well-known paths of yesterday,
A little cheered by some old song
Whose notes still linger by the way
And to December give a touch of May,
That makes me half forget the worldly jeers.
Ofttimes I feel that not alone
I walk this path of tear-stained stone
Down the vale of yester-years.

No, not alone I go; sometimes I feel
That she is walking by my side;
Her small white hands within mine steal,
And o'er me sweep a surging tide
Of passion, as fathomless and wide
As that vast sea of unshed tears
That seeks behind bright smiles to hide;
And her sweet voice is still my guide
Down the vale of yester-years.

In youth, when ambition spurred
I strove to rise and soar
Where rose-hued clouds forever lured
And troubling doubts the heart ne'er tore;
Where Love and Peace, and all things bore
The mark victorious, without fears;
'Twas but a dream my vision blurred
So back I slipped, without one word,
Down the vale of yester-years.

Yet who can say it is not better so,
Than if that vantage-point I'd won
Where perfumed zephyrs ever blow
And shadows dark ne'er hide the sun?
Now that the race is almost run
I'm glad I knew this path of tears;
For well I know that there is one
Who'll greet me when the journey's done
Down the vale of yester-years.

—ELBE RAYNDEH.

SUNRISE

Sunrise and the breath of dawn
And one clear call for me
Waking the echoes of dewy morn
With a trumpet note from ages yet to be.

The mist-wreathed mountain top untrod by man,
Unfathomed forests; lonely seas,
A Parthenon and Rome for him who can,
And God is sweeping from the sunrise on the breeze.

—CLERIN ZUMWALT.

HE SLEEPS

Blow winter winds, sweep over the hills,
Pile high the snow and bind up the rills;
My father sleeps sweet, secure from the storm
In the breast of mother earth, tender and warm.

Blow winds of spring, unfetter the rill,
And mantle with green the brow of the hill;
Bring with thee birds with their songs of delight,
Sunshine and wild flowers and dews of the night.

Blow winds of summer unloose thy fierce heat,
And wither the prairie grass under our feet,
Cool is his couch, untroubled his breast,
Sleep, sweet, eternal shall woo him to rest.

Blow winds of autumn, blow soft and low,
As the voice of him who was ready to go;
Not stronger thy fragrance, not gentler thy sway
Than the life of him who was fitted to stay.

—HARRIET F. MERTZ.

THE KANSAS MOTHER

Many brands of disposition have the animals called human,
But one there is, that beats all others to the prize;
'Tis just to keep a smiling, a humming and a singing
The way a loving mother does when baby cries.

A father will be sunny and as sweet as milk and honey
If his small world moves by to suit him, as a rule,
But if baby squalls and fusses and his whiskers pulls and musses
He is apt to use some forceful words not learned at school.

Sometimes if baby's teething, or is wakeful and a feeling
Like he was a pack of coyotes, whose night it was to howl,
Then mother takes her baby, and she sings and rocks him maybe
And breathes a prayer while calling him her hubby's little owl.

But there are no smiles from daddy if the bouncing little laddie
Causes him to lose his sleep or a precious bit of rest
His face is dark and cloudy, and he remarks quite loudly
That the Stork sent the baddest, when the order read the best.

He will stand for any bother from a friend and say he'd rather
That they would come to him for any favors they may need.
In every business place they all know his smiling face,
While at home they know his frown, oh, very well indeed.

But right here I want to say, mother doesn't do that way,
Her home folks are the ones to get her brightest smile;
If baby coos angelic or if he yells terrific
She is softly, swetly singing, she is smiling all the while.

—W. E. Payton.

"THE DEWDROP"

The dewdrop on yon velvet rose,
Is purer than the yellow gold
Because it came from God's own realm,
Where he is King.
The dewdrop shines like diamond rare,
And sparkles in the sun's first beam,
But diamonds are not half so fair,
Although they gleam.
Oh, dewdrop! pure and chaste like snow,
You fall from heaven to earth below,
Oh, dewdrop! God's great handiwork,
For you and me.

—Mary M. Durham.

THE POWER OF COURAGE

The sway of Reason must not break,
But Thought to other things must turn
Than what is lost. The greatest stake
Is life's right living. Friend discern
Between the duties that demand
A concentrated reason's sway,
To keep the mind at their command,
And tasks that let it slip away,
And choose the first. Control the mind,
To think with power, where 'tis sent,
To look before, but ne'er behind,
The task to which attention's lent.
And time shall dim the pain of loss
The falseness of a friend has bought;
Perhaps 'twill die and o'er it moss
May grow, of gracious, kindly thought.
So let thy Reason's sway be stern,
And guide thy mind to what is right,
And day by day, more patience learn,
To grasp the best of thoughts with might.

—Olive Barnes.

A PRAYER

O soul of mine be still!
Hush thy vain longing for the things of earth
It is the Father's hour—he bids thee give
To him, new thanks for the Messiah's birth.

O Christ, I do not ask from thee
The ringing plaudits of the populace—
Of what avail, in the last hour, is earthly gain
To soothe the soul and guide it into peace?

Not a weak life—unstirred by pain and storm
Too many pray. The children of the world
Faint, neath the load of toil and poverty,
While the calm saints in sheltered places pray.

Not words but deeds! O Father, give to me
The Christ-like sympathy, the inner sight
Which reads another's woe, and tarries, glad
To give a cup of water in His name!

Give to me power to cheer one weary heart,
To lift one burden from my fellow men;
This, Father, in Christ's name, I ask. My soul
Is written in this lowly prayer—Amen.

—Grace Grant.

PRIDE

I buried my love at Socorro;
I buried it deep in the ground,
Yet often it comes in the twilight,
And follows me all around.
It longs to come forth in the daytime,
And go with me into the crowd,
But I thrust it back into its grave clothes,
In its pitiful, thin little shroud;
Its shroud that is knit from my heart strings
And but thinly, it covers my pain;
For I would that no one should discover,
That I loved but my love was in vain,
When I buried my love at Socorro,
When I buried it deep in the ground.

—Jessie Millington Nixon.

Kansas Kernels

Take a Barrel Along

A number of Salina real estate men will go to Topeka soon to attend the real estate men's convention. In order to properly place Salina before the convention and to impress upon the minds of the delegates just what kind of a town Salina is the Salina delegation should take along a big barrel of Salina water and have it on tap in a conspicuous place. The barrel should be labeled; "HAVE A DRINK ON SALINA." In the present condition of the city water in Topeka this treat would be highly appreciated no doubt, and it would let the delegates from the other parts of the state know what the Salina people drink. And it would incidentally suggest that Salina is not paying for an old worn out water plant.—Salina Union.

Editor vs. "Correspondent"

One of the Downs Times country correspondents, known to the readers of the paper as "Crosby" has resigned because the editor would not always print his stuff the way he wrote it. Discussing this matter the Hill City New Era says: "It's just as though a man should tell you that unless you are willing to turn your house over to him entirely when he calls that he will no longer call on you. Correspondents often in all innocence write items that would never do to publish, and no editor can run a paper unless he holds the reins of government in his own hands."

A Kind Hearted World

It is a kind hearted old world after all. The Kansas City Star devoted a half column of its valuable space Saturday to finding a step-mother for seven starving pups. A response came in an hour after publication and supper was ready by six for seven.—El Dorado Republican.

Multifarious Reformers

One great trouble with the fellows these days is that each one is trying to start a reform of his own. Each fellow wants to be a reformer and naturally he looks around to find an unoccupied field. That is what makes so many of us so foolish.—Lawrence Daily Journal.

Hard up For Sensation

Canada claims that Russia stole Alaska and then sold it to the United States. Things must be rather dull in Canada if that is the best can be done in sensations.—Abilene Reflector.

Is Nearly Right

A Kansas City preacher states that hell is a condition of mind, and many a henpecked husband will answer "Yea verily."—Lawrence World.

May Camp With Them

"I'm going to stay here until all the joints, if there are any, are closed," is the announcement of Assistant Attorney General Charles Shukers who came to Leavenworth a couple of days ago. Mr. Shukers is a mighty pleasant sort of man and The Times is glad to have him in Leavenworth. He evidently means business this time and it is possible that he may not remain in Leavenworth so very long after all. But despite his earnestness there are quite a number of men who would doubtless like to offer him a lease of a house.—Leavenworth Times, Feb. 10th.

The Medal to Him

An Atchison man recently shaved and put on his Sunday clothes, and when his wife asked where he was going, he said he was going to help a friend dig a well. And She Believed Him! Of all its collection of incidents showing the faith wives have in their husbands, the Globe believes this should have the widest border.

Nothing Very Strange

People in Kansas City crowded around a saloon one Sunday afternoon because a monkey was inside trying to run things to suit himself. After seeing the saloons run during the week by wolves, it should not be considered a strange sight to see them operated by other animals.—Lawrence Daily World.

Raises New Question

The Marion Record views with alarm President Taft's recommendation that the magazines, being heavier than the newspapers, should pay a heavier postal rate. In the Record's judgment this opens the way for a discrimination in railroad fares against the fat man.

This Wouldn't Hurt Him

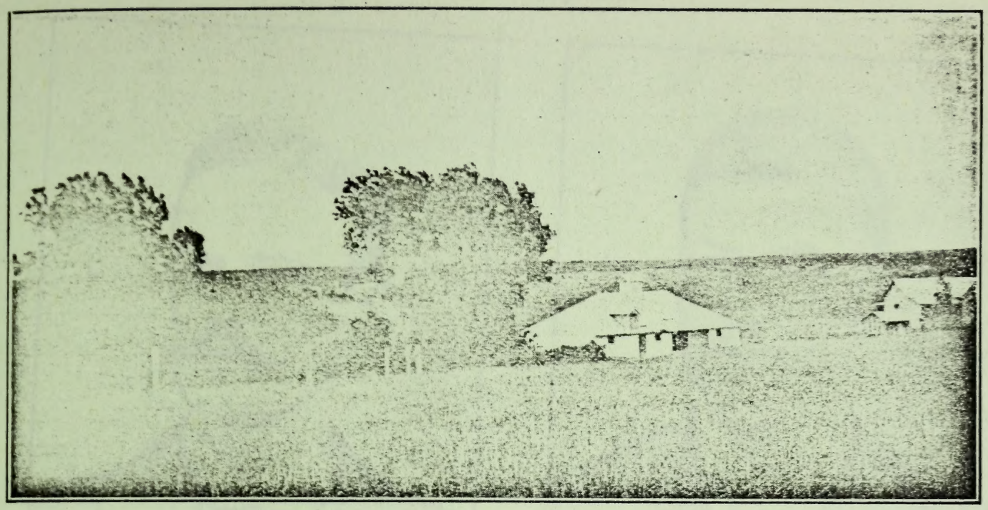
Some skunk has been sneaking around Quality Hill, and peeping in at the windows. Sunday night he frightened a lady who was alone with her children and she 'phoned for help. He will look in at the wrong window one of these nights. —Pratt Union.

Looking far a Clue

A Topeka man died of a broken skull and other injuries mysteriously received, and the police are looking up his whereabouts on Saturday night to see if he attended the harmony business meeting of the Kansas Day club.—Ottawa Herald.

A Philanthropist

One Salina man says that he has a fine piece of land in Texas which he is willing to donate for use as a cemetery for suckers who invest in that region.—Salina Journal.



THE BARLOW RANCH
In Northeastern Corner of Comanche County, Kansas, 6 Miles from the Famous Rockefeller Ranch

That Comanche County Country

By The Rambler

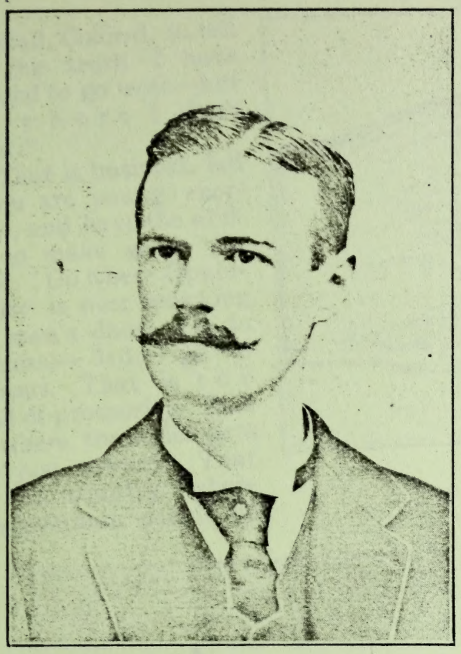
JACK HUNTER'S years were four and twenty. He was well proportioned physically, had a clean manly face and was decidedly ambitious. He wanted to do something --wanted to be somebody. The narrow confines of his eastern home made him restless. So Jack decided to go west, to seek for larger opportunities, and a place to lay the foundation of a fortune. With suit case in hand, he was pacing restlessly up and down the station platform waiting for his train. Just where he would land in that great undeveloped west was a point, that as yet, was not entirely decided upon. He had heard wonderful tales of the Texas country and knew something of the rich and rapid development of the new state of Oklahoma. He had his eye on California and even thought some of going to Oregon. The rich agricultural opportunities of Kansas were also alluring, for Jack was a farmer lad. The hustling, prosperous, and sociable Kansans that he had met from time to time were very agreeable acquaintances.



A "Citizen" on the Barlow Ranch

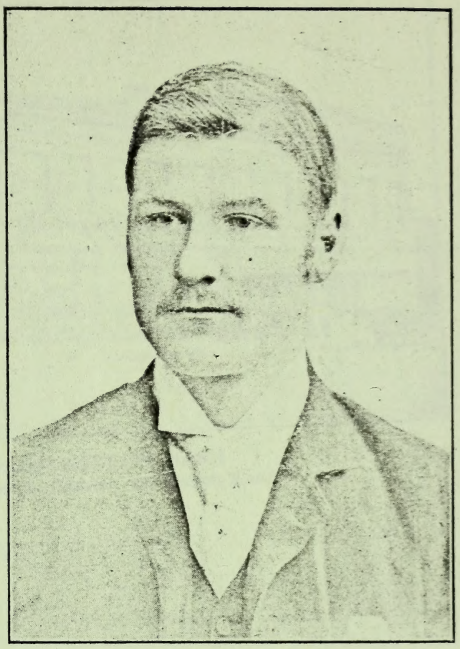
While in this uncertain frame of mind, he chanced to meet Colonel Wiseacre, who happened to be east on business. The Colonel was a man past sixty. His years had been filled with wanderings and western experiences. He had been a great rover and hunter and was also a close observer. Jack had heard of and knew something about the Colonel from earliest boyhood.

"Hello! Jack, my boy. Why all this restlessness. Are you really going away?"



MARSHAL BARLOW

One of Comanche County's Big Men. He came to Coldwater 14 years ago and has done much in the developing of this County into a farming community. He is considered the "loan king" of Western Kansas.



A. E. BARLOW

One of Comanche County's most Successful Contractors



BIG JOHN AND LITTLE JIM

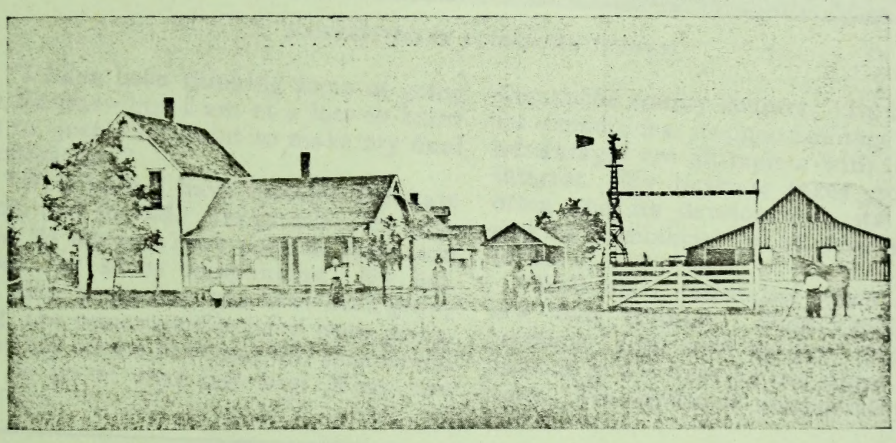
Representing the Real Estate Firm of Overstreet & Ely

"Well, Colonel, to tell you the truth I have decided to go west—but just where I don't know."

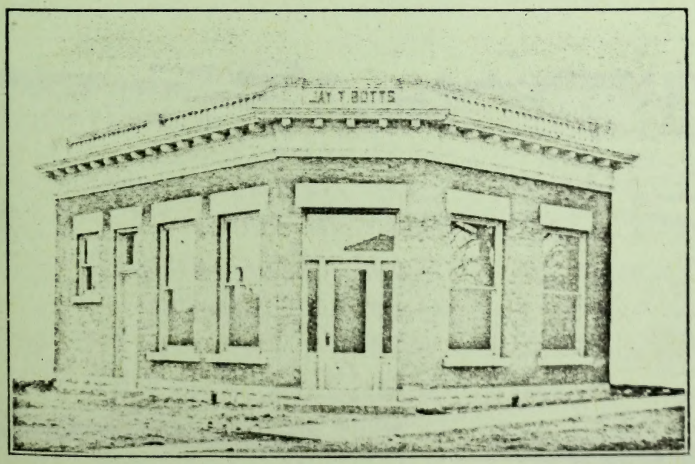
"That is business, lad—you are young, energetic, and have the ability to make good. Go west. Go where Opportunity is ever knocking on man's door. Go to Kansas,— lad,— go to Kansas. That is the land of prosperity. That is where the toiler gets his just reward. That is the country where the common people do things. That is the place where the farmers are all rich in houses and lands."



PEOPLE'S STATE BANK
J M. Cotton, Cashier, Coldwater, Kansas



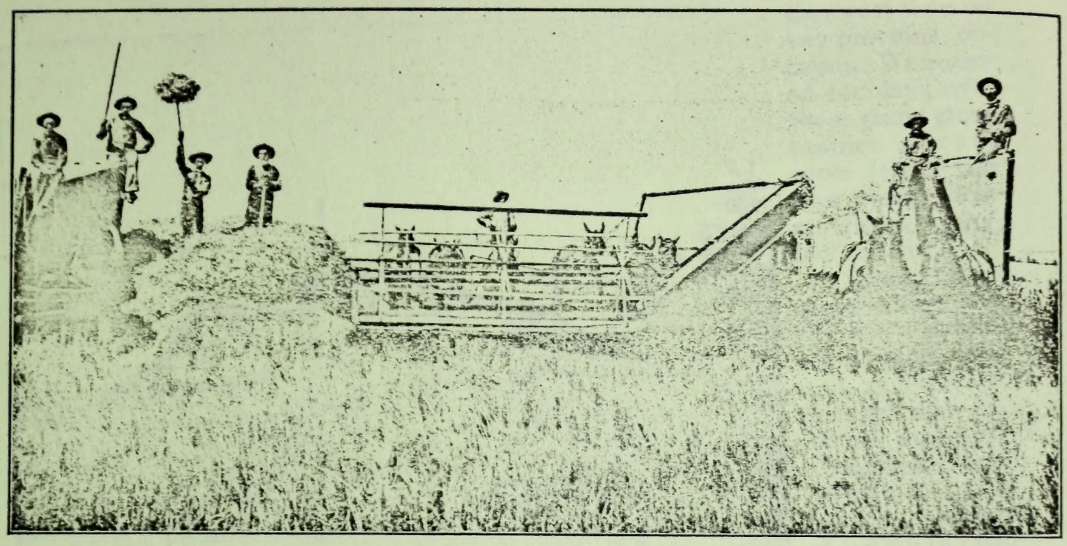
COMANCHE FARM AND HOME OF HENRY KNECHT
Son of Coldwater's Mayor



OFFICE OF JAY T. BOTTS,
Comanche County's Leading Attorney, Coldwater

"That sounds good to me. You are a friend in need Colonel, sure enough. A bit of information along this line and at just this time is certainly appreciated. Come. Let us go inside and take a seat. That train of mine is a long hour late."

Having obtained a comfortable seat — the Colonel settled down.

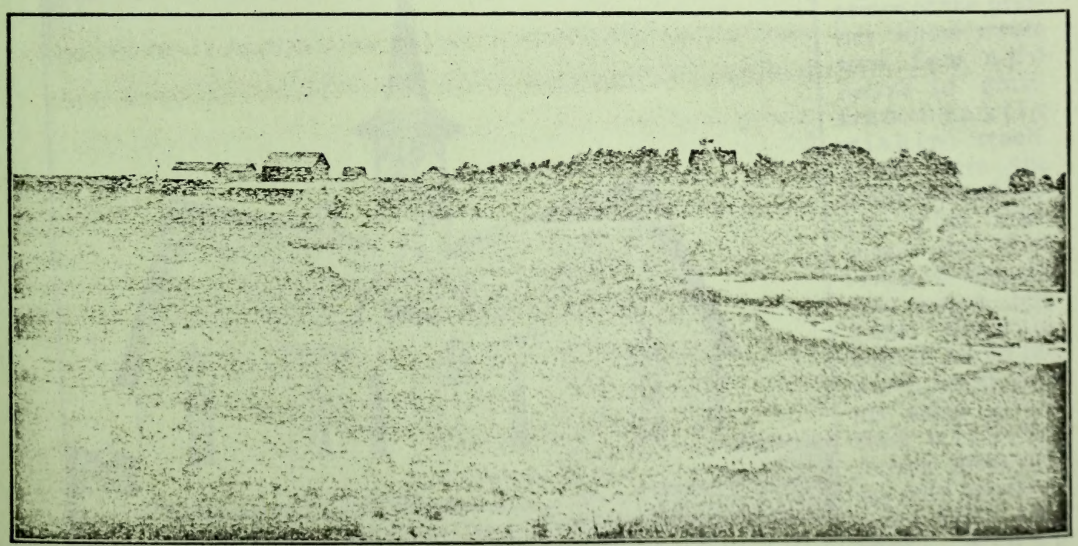


HARVESTING IN COMANCHE COUNTY

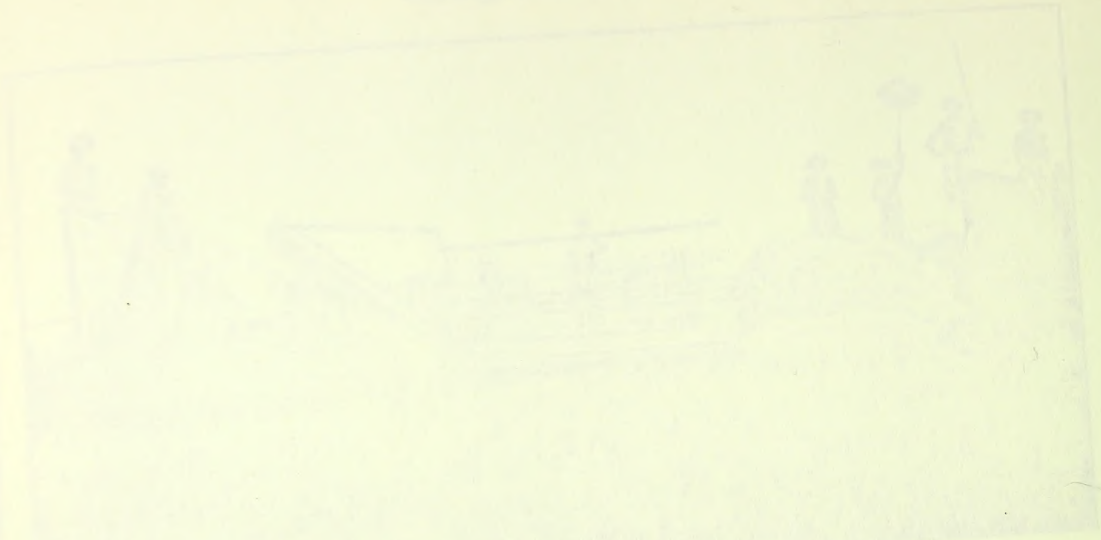
"I have been thinking some of going to Kansas—but I am at a loss to know as to just what point to make my final destination."

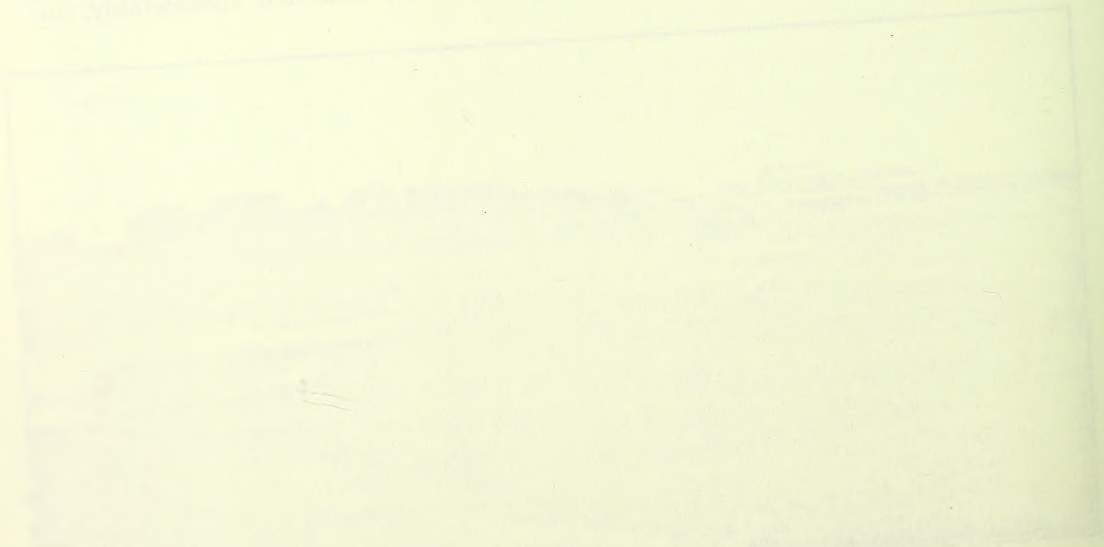
"Well Jack, I have traveled the state from end to end. Its prairies, its hills, and its streams have each in their turn been my silent companions. My lad, all these years that you have been growing, the opportunities have been going. And my advice to you at this time would be to go to that last best West—the **Comanche county country**. Its history, its vicissitudes, its opportunities. and its advantages are all replete with unusual interest. My business takes me there often and its development, its people and its possibilities are all very familiar to me.

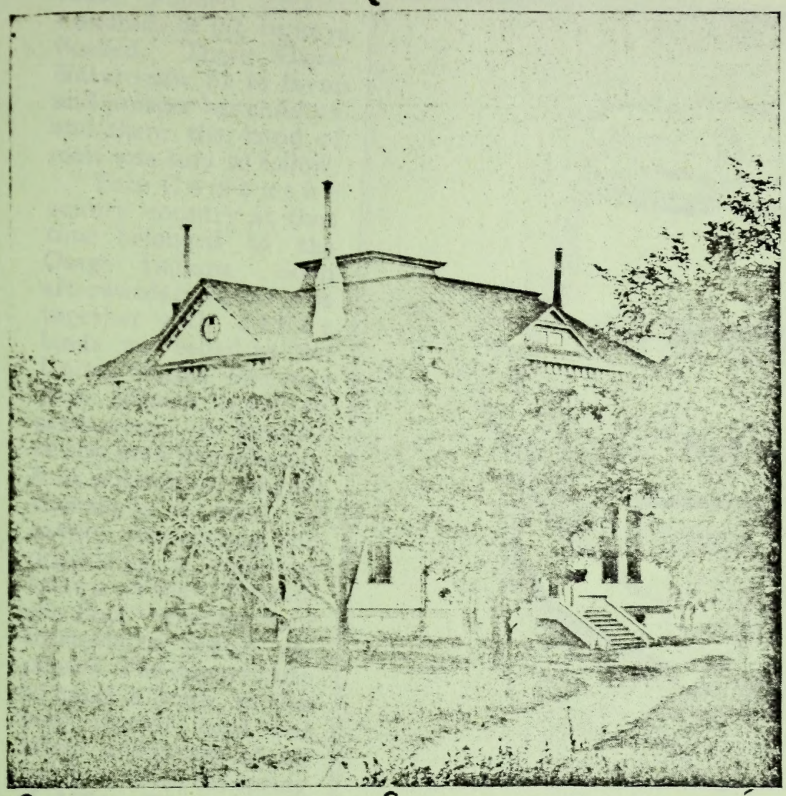
"Well do I remember when first I saw that country. Those early impressions linger with me yet. My companions and I were on our usual spring hunt. We ventured considerably fur-



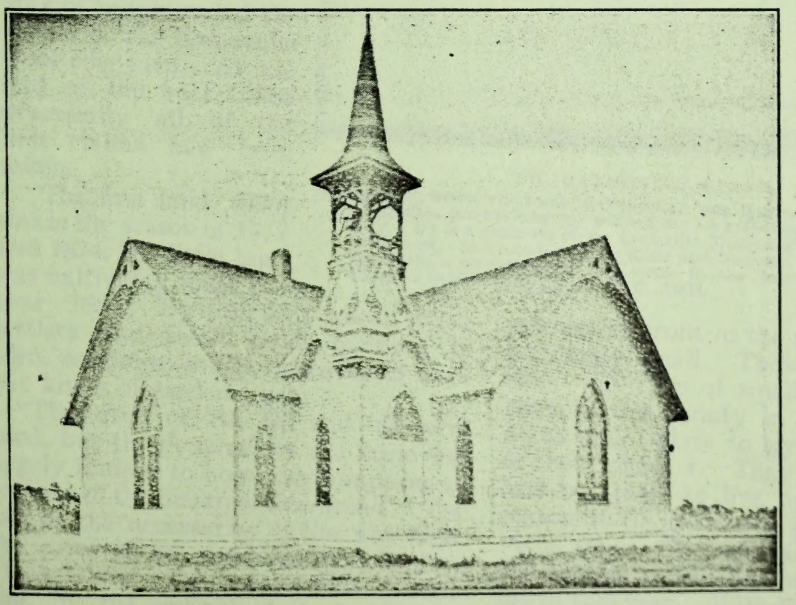
A COMANCHE COUNTY FARMER'S HOME







COURT HOUSE AT COLDWATER, COMANCHE COUNTY



PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH, COLDWATER, KANSAS

ther west than on any previous occasion. We roamed for days over those grand green prairies, across those fertile valleys, along those matchless spring-fed streams.

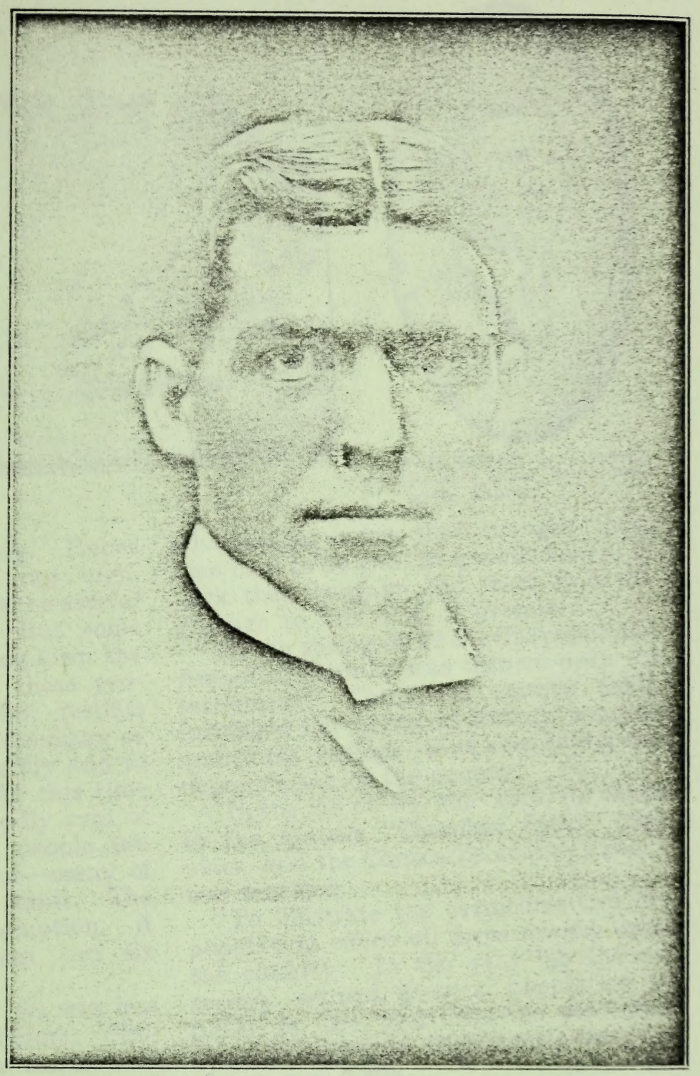
"Years and years before the Creator in His own good time and manner, brought into existence and made comparatively permanent that beautiful expanse of undulating prairie that was spread out before us. And there we were among the first of the civilized children of men either to see or profit by its existence.

"These magnificent fields, covered with nutritious grasses once were the home of the red man, the prince of the prairies whose wants were few and means of gratification easily within reach. These were the fields that afforded him food, those the clear limpid streams that gave him drink. There the buffalo found life worth living and his sides grew sleek with fat. Across those mesas wild antelope raced like the wind. Along



those wooded streams hundreds of fat turkeys flocked. There Dame Nature saw fit to favor and prosper her children and there the hand of man was sure to follow.

"This Comanche county country at that time belonged to the Osage Indians. Soon afterwards however, this together with other lands was ceded to the United States and was then thrown open to settlement. A number of cow men immediately took possession, ranging thousands of head of cattle, cooperating and organizing a company known as the "Comanche Pool"—pooling their interests to reduce expenses. The opportunity to make a home in this new untried land was taken advantage of, by but few, until the spring of 1884. Then followed two years of rush and strife for the most desirable claims. This influx of people ended the career of the Comanche Pool cow men. At the end of the year, 1885 practically all of the best claims had been taken.

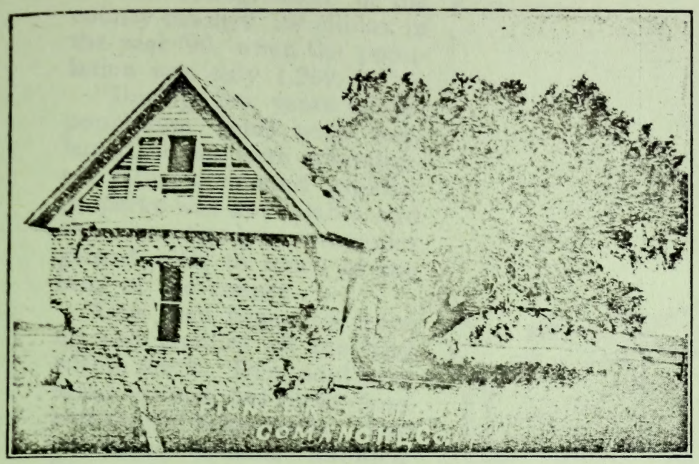


DR. RAYMOND C. CLAPP

A young physician who came to Coldwater from Kentucky three years ago. He built a private hospital and has done a great deal of satisfactory surgery. He is a graduate of the Louisville Medical University; also studied in Europe. Is a member of the State and National medical societies; was appointed a representative of Kansas to the International Tuberculosis Congress held in Washington, D. C., 1908.

"The first land tilled was in the season of 1873 and 1874, but little land was cultivated until the year 1885. By this time most of the settlers had small fields planted to corn, sorghum, millet, wheat and various kinds of garden truck.

"The crops of '84, '85 and '86 were good, but the demand for the same was largely limited to home consumption on account of the distance to railroad. The cost of the necessaries of life was high. The price of the products they had to sell was low. The acres under cultivation, by the individual, few, and the amount of profit in the same was correspondingly small. These pioneers, as a rule, were men of small means, having come to this county in quest of a new home and a place to lay the foundation of their fortunes. They had to live and had but little to live upon. The crop season of '87 was not so good as the previous year. The railroad built through the county and was in operation by the fall of this year. With this advent came a new influx of people—some of them





W. F. BAKER. Ass't Cashier People's State Bank, Coldwater, Kansas.

speculators and "moneyed men." Hopes prospects and speculations ran high. The settlers were overjoyed at the arrival of transportation facilities. But some of them were hard up, lacking even the necessaries of life. Among these people was an element of wild, restless young men ready for any adventure or new scheme that would speedily add to their financial condition. At this time it was easy to borrow a goodly sum of money on land. This the people immediately took advantage of—many of them mortgaging to the limit. The land was subject to pre-emption, it necessarily requiring a man but six months' time to prove up.

"The summer season of '88 was less favorable for crops than before. Probably due to the fact that the land as yet had been plowed but shallow and was poorly farmed and the farmers lacked the knowledge of the methods of cultivation. peculiar to this locality, that are so essential during seasons when the rainfall is not normal. Winter came on. These people still had to live. Many had spent their money. Their crops were poor. Interest payments on their mortgages came due and they had nothing to meet them with. Many became dissatisfied and discouraged.

"News finally reached the country that part of the Indian Territory—now known as old Oklahoma—was to be thrown open to settlement in April of '89.

"Many were ready for something new —something better. The same restless, adventurous spirit that brought these men here in'84 and '85 impelled them to pack their baggage and start on a pilgrimage to this land of promise.

"In the spring of '92 the Cheyenne and Arapahoe country was thrown open for settlement. Comanche county again furnished her quota of fortune hunters and home seekers—thus continuing the depopulation of the county.

"In the fall of '93 the race for lands in the famous "Cherokee Strip" took place, and the Comanche county exodus was renewed.

"To illustrate the pernicious and depopulating effect of these events upon the country: In the year '88 the assessors' returns show a population of 5,636; in the year '90—the year after the opening of old Oklahoma—the popuulaion was 2,498.

From '91 to '97 occurred the series of years which were experienced all over Kansas and were generally known as the dry years.

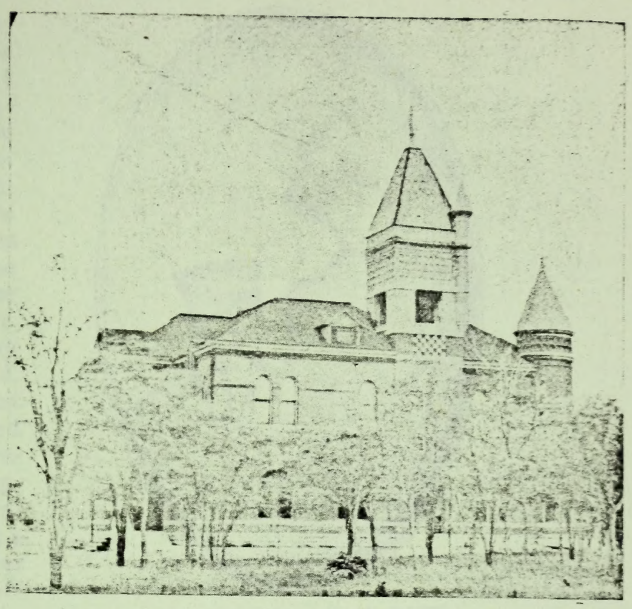
Crops, as a rule, were poor. The remaining farmers became discouraged A few of the faithful ones still stuck to the soil as a means of livelihood.

"These were bad times for the settlers —a ray of light breaking forth, however, when a man with the dark name of Black appeared on the scene with a famous grain and forage plant called kaffir corn. This proved to be able to withstand drought to a remarkable degree. Its distribution proved an inestimable blessing during these years.

"The retrogression of the county reached its climax in the year '96, when the population was only 1,269.

"During the years of depopulation fields were neglected, homes were abandoned, values decreased rapidly property was not salable and the mortgage companies gained title to much of the land of the county.

"Cow men began to fence up and pasture all the land within reach. They paid light taxes, owned but little land and ranged large herds. The numerous streams afforded fine stock water, their valleys good pasture the year around. Timber and ravines furnished fine shade and shelter. Cattle brought a good price. These were the balmy days of what may be termed the new set of cow men.



Free County High School, Coldwater, Kansas.

"From this time and these conditions date the foundation of the fortunes of many a wealthy and respected Comanche county citizen.

"The new set of cow men, having held these pastures for a series of years unmolested, finally gained the idea that they had a prior right to the lands their fence lines enclosed. If a mortgage company's agent or a non-resident land owner would approach them with a proposition to collect rent for the use of their land, the average cow man would be highly insulted. If a stray immigrant, by chance, happened to wander this way, and had any notion of making himself a farm home or of purchasing a piece of land in someone's pasture, he was immediately given to understand that he was an "undesirable citizen" and that his absence was wanted. Occasionally, some fellow with plenty of nerve, and usually with little money, gaining a foot-hold here and there, would plant his crop, only to see the domineering cow man's cattle eat up his little all. If he wanted rcompense he could (?) get it in the courts—if he had money enough left to bring a suit. Too frequently he gathered his belongings together and left the country, bluffed out. These rangers usually were long-headed fellows —in some respects at least. They managed to keep a stand in with the local real estate agents and when Mr. Real Estate Agent had a customer who wished to buy or lease a tract of land that was in someone's pasture, instead of giving his customer the first chance at the deal, he too frequently would give the rancher a "tip" and when pressed hard the cow man would buy the land for a song, curse the new comer and the real estate agent, and grow rich off the increase in the value of the land.

"These ranchers managed, by means best known to themselves, to keep in the principal county offices, such as commissioners and sheriff, men who were favorable to such local conditions and legislation as would favor the prosperity and continuation of their vocations.

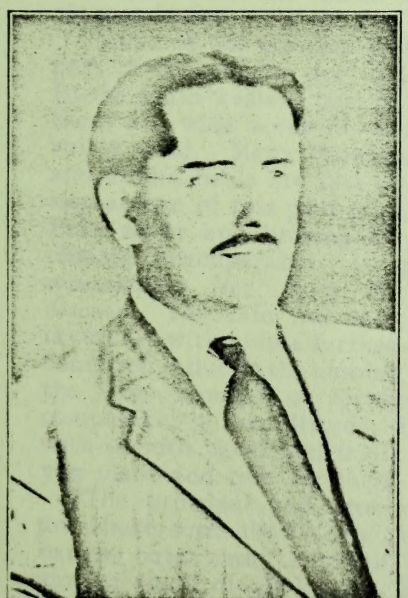
"Local gossip has it that some of these cow men had in their employ a unique Coldwater character, familiarly known as "Old Man Chapman." It seemed to be his duty to give the new comer such a dose of the blues as would insure his certain and hasty departure. On one occasion an enterprising easterner, desirous of a more advantageous location, gathered his earthly effects together, placed them in a car and shipped them to Coldwater town. After his arrival he unloaded a part of his goods near the

railroad track. The versatile Mr. Chapman happened along about this time as was his custom. The usual salutations over, the immigrant remarked: If this wind keeps up, it will blow up a rain. Yes sir, says Mr. Chapman, that wind awlays blows up a rain, i always does; I've seen it blow here steady for nine months, but it always brought it. A light went out of the easterner's eyes. What do you raise here? inquired the fellow. The apt Mr. Chapman, with a hesitating, pitying look, said: Raise here—why raise h—l. The new comer moved aside. What have you got in that sack there? asked Mr. Chapman. Seed potatoes, he replied. Seed potatoes? said Mr. Chapman, with an anxious, parental expression on his face. Let me give you a bit of advice, young man, if you ever want to get any good out of those potatoes, you had better eat them. The young man then asked: How do you make a living out here? to which he received the answer: We live off of such d—— suckers as you. The conversation ceased. The car was reloaded and shipped the next morning. The enterprising easterner has never been seen since.

"The cattleman's dominance and rule reached its height during the latter part of the nineties. Gradually, but surely the farmers gained in numbers and prosperity.



MR. AND MRS. J. L. STANLEY
Mr. Stanley is editor of the Talisman, Comanche county's leading weekly paper. He ranks among Kansas' youngest editors.



H. A. LYTLE, Cashier of Coldwater National Bank.

"Since '97 the crops, generally speaking, have been good and profitable farmers learned in time and by experience the crops, seasons and methods of cultivation that were peculiarly adapted to this locality. Many of the wealthy and respected citizens have grown rich from the products of the soil.

"The resettlement of this county, by farmers, began in earnest in the spring of 1905. The farmers in the nearby counties being crowded out or hunting for larger opportunities have gone to Comanche county."

"How interesting. Where is this county located and what do they raise, Colonel?"

"Comanche county is located in south-central Kansas, being bounded on the south by the state of Oklahoma. It is traversed from east to west by the Englewood Extension—a branch of the Santa Fe railway system. Its surface varies from undulating to almost level. Its soil varies from a sandy loam to a darker heavier land and is peculiarly adapted to withstand excessive wet or



Children of A. E. Barlow, Contractor.

dry seasons, besides being especially easy to cultivate. It is well watered by many small streams and springs. The quality of the water in most instances is fine.

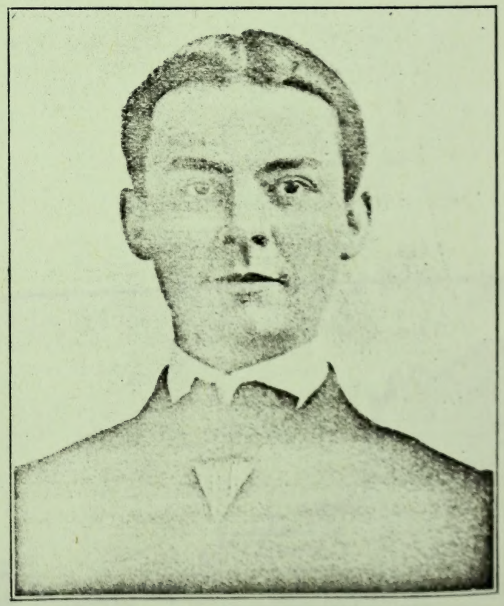
"Some of the streams in the eastern part of the county are well timbered. In the south-western part of the county there are wide areas of shallow water valley land. Many developing groves and alfalfa fields are fast changing the appearance of this part of the country. Pure water and bracing air make the climate incomparable. Its people are remarkably free from sic ness and disease. The rain fall compares very favorably with points further east. This condition is due to the amount of timber, the large number of springs, and the comparatively low altitude. Trees grow with smooth barks and thrift any place you plant and care for them.

"The principal and profitable crops are wheat, corn, alfalfa, cane, kaffir corn, barley, oats, many kinds of fruit, and garden truck of all kinds. Too much attention cannot be given to the development of the tree, fruit, alfalfa and garden industries. Considering the amount of capital and labor required these lines are especially remunerative. Wheat will make from ten to thirty bushels per acre; corn from twenty to forty bushels per acre. An acre of an average alfalfa field will produce from $20 to $60 worth of hay and seed in a season. Timber has been grown that has produced $250 worth of posts per acre. Small areas have been planted to garden truck that have produced $200 worth of vegetables per acre.

"There is Opportunity and Fortune for such fellows as you, Jack, in that Comanche county country. And that is the place for you to go."

"Colonel, your information and your story have been very interesting and instructive and I thank you very much. I shall go to to Comanche county, Kansas. What about the towns?"

"Well, Coldwater (a good name for a town in prohibition Kansas) is the county seat and it is located in the north central part of the county. The population is about seven hundred and it is rapidly increasing. There is not a vacant house in town. The business as well as the resident sections of the city



JAMES E. ELY.

He came to Coldwater five years ago, opened up a real estate office with John Overstreet. Their business has been immense and the settling of Comanche county into farms is due to their efforts.





are rapidly building up. The buildings are neat, the town is clean, the sidewalks and streets are unsurpassed. They will soon have a water works and electric light system of their own. The school and church advantages are exceptional. People are progressive and hospitable. Many business opportunities are open to the wide awake business man. A welcome awaits you at Coldwater.

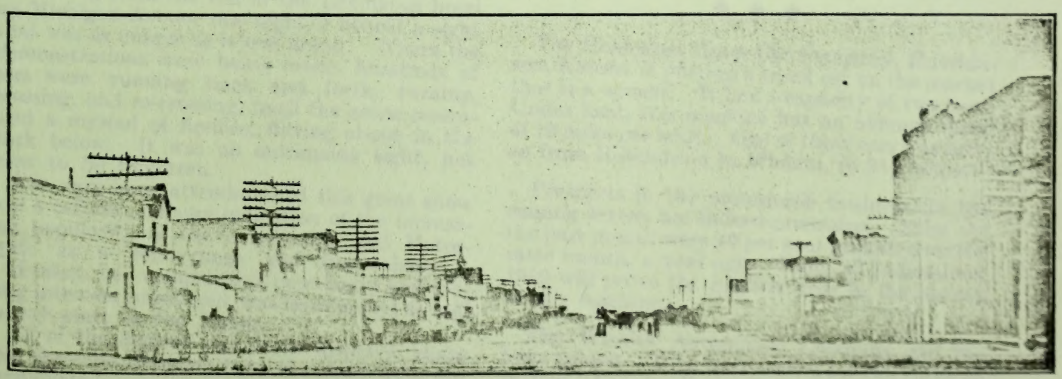
"Protection, located to the west in the valley, is coming to the front with rapid strides. The population is about three hundred. The people do things at Protection town. Push and sociability are the charactertics."

"Wilmore, a progressive little village located in the north east part of the county, is destined to be a trading point of consequence."

"Hear that whistle. There comes my train now. Here, Mr. Agent, a ticket please to Coldwater town.

"Well, good-bye, Colonel and many thanks."

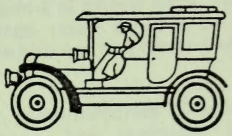
"Good-bye, Jack, be a good boy! May God bless you! And may the devil miss you!"



Main Street Coldwater, Kansas.

Motor News.....

By OTTO KARR



THE CHICAGO AUTOMOBILE SHOW

By F. W. HOCKADAY.

FROM February 7th to 12th, the greatest Automobile show of history took place in Chicago. Although I was one of the first to enter that magnificent hall on the opening day and among the last to leave, on the 12th, I could not begin to describe in simple words, the splendor of that magnificent display of grand automobiles. The great Armory was indeed a study in art itself. The elaborate decorations were both exquisite and impressive. The whole scheme resembled a large and lively picnic in some huge forest grove with gigantic elm and oak towering majestically into the glass covered dome. The imitation blue sky was almost perfect and the effect was greatly heightened by the low and picturesque brick walls, forming a back ground for each booth. Imitation iron fences were literally covered with runing vines and twining roses, in all, forming an artistic scene that defies description.

From early morning until late at night, an enthusiastic throng pushed its way to and fro among these scenes of beauty. Some were there to buy, others to get ideas and practical points, relative to the car or motorcycle that they were expecting to purchase in the near future.

Three hundred manufacturers of Automobiles, Motorcycles, and Accessories had displays arranged in the big hall, and for lack of space three hundred more concerns were compelled to arrange their displays outside. There was hardly a store building along Michigan Avenue that did not contain a display of some kind that had been crowded out of the Coliseum.

Looking from the top of the Lexington hotel up Michigan Avenue one night, I beheld a sight that was as unique as it was grand. Where the demonstrations were being made, hundreds of cars were running back and forth, turning, crossing, and re-crossing, until the scene resembled a myriad of fireflies, flitting about in the dark below. It was an entrancing sight, not soon to be forgotten.

The very large attendance at this great show was a certain and sure indication of the increasing popularity of the Automobile and Motorcycle as a conveyance and convenience.

Kansas, her comparative population and jobbing interests considered, was represented as well as any state in the Union.

All of the dealers who made displays, claim that the sales resulting from the show were unprecedented.

THE FORD COMPANY'S VIEW

Another chapter in the now famous Selden patent litigation, that has divided the automobile makers of the United States into the "licensed" and "unlicensed" camps, was provided recently by a remarkable statement from Henry Ford of the Ford Motor company and leading factor in the fight against the claims of the A. L. A. M., that the basic patent was valid and sufficient reason why the "licensed" association should exact tribute from the seventy-odd manufacturers in the licensed camp.

The Detroit veteran manufacturer considers the decision of a lower court upholding the validity of the Selden patent as far from final or conclusive, and he expects to carry on the contest to the highest tribunal in the United States. He expects to continue to manufacture cars to the maximum capacity of his big Detroit plant, and resents the alleged effort to intimidate the car buying public by the recent advertisements of the "licensed association."

Mr. Ford is not worrying over the probability of a final adverse decision in the Supreme Court of the United States in the Selden appeal that shortly will be made. He does not wish any purchaser of a Ford car to worry over prospective trouble as the result of litigation started by the A. L. A. M. He is willing to back the Ford product against any possible legal contingency that might follow a sale, until approximately $6,000,000 in assets of the Ford company and $6,000,000 more of a bonding company are wiped out. Every purchaser of a Ford car will be protected by a bond upon application.

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The Holdeman Motor Car Company, Hutchinson, Kansas, is putting a truck car on the market that is a winner. It has a capacity of two tons. Under load, this machine has an average speed of 19 miles per hour. One of these cars was driven from Hutchinson to Wichita, in 3½ hours.

Prospects in the motorcycle business for the coming season are indeed promising. Sales the the past month were 40 per cent greater over the same month, a year ago. From all indications, 1910 will prove the greatest year in the history of this machine.

The Wichita Automobile Company are the busy people. They have orders for full carloads of Reo "4's," for Pratt, Otis, Anthony, Newton and Hutchinson.

Something will be doing in the way of a mile, motorrace track for Wichita, this season. Both Automobile and Motorcycle interests are much enthused over the project. Why not? Kansas is the greatest Automobile State in the Union. Splendid support has been offered by Eastern manfuacturers to promote motor racing in the South-west.

Thomas B. Jeffery & Company, manfuacturers of The Rambler, holds the world's record for quick sales to the individual buyer. In seven days at the Chicago Automobile Show last month, this firm sold $350,000 worth of cars,—one hundred and seventy-five automobiles. Stockmen and farmers were the principal buyers.

The Central Cycle Company, Wichita, Kansas, is doing a large business in motorcycles. Mr. Nichols, the manager, reports that they are unable to supply the demand for "Excelsiors." They are thirty days behind orders, and the factory is working day and night.

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A GREAT RACE

One of the greatest races for the coming season, will take place about the first week in May, between George Robertson, with his racing Simplex, and Ralph De Palma, with his new Flat Cyclone. This race is for a prize of $5,000.

De Palma is holder of the Mile Track championship, with several world's records: Grand Rapids, ten miles in 8:49 3-5, and twenty-five miles in 23:35. At St. Paul, he made a mile in :50 4-5. His accident at Danbury, Connecticut, gave him seven weeks in the hospital, but he has fully recovered, and in no way has he lost any of his old-time nerve.

Of road and endurance race-drivers, Robertson is the peer of them all. The Simplex Company has built a special racer for him, of 110 horse power, with 99 inch Wheel Base, driven by twin chains. In New Orleans, recently, he made, with this machine, in a several mile workout, better than 53 seconds per mile.

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MATERIAL IN AN AUTO FACTORY

Just a few things that go to make an auto factory: The Overland Company of Toledo, Ohio, will use 45,000 hides in their upholstering department; 80,000 tires; 300 tons of cold-rolled steel; 2200 tons of forging steel; 200 million pounds of aluminum; 500,000 pounds of steel tubing.

The above is a sample of their material orders for this year. The average output, per day, for the Overland Company, has been 55 cars.

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The Standard Automobile Company, Wichita, Kansas, sold ten Jackson, Model '30, last month from catalog, without demonstration. The Jackson won the twenty mile race, on a mile track, 21:44, at New Orleans last month.

The Lampl-Sternberg Automboile Company, Wichita, will move into their new garage on N. Market St. about April 1st.

The American Automobile Association has set July 4th for the opening day of the Transcontinental run from New York to Seattle. The Transcontinental record of fifteen days, two hours and twelve minutes, made in 1906 by a 42 H. P., air-cooled Franklin car has never been broken.

The Smith Company, manufacturers of automobiles, Topeka, Kansas, has increased its capital and elected new officers. This company is one of the oldest motor concerns in America, and is a member of the Association of Licensed Automobile Manufacturers.

The Petrel Motor Manufacturing Company, Milwaukee, has gone into receiver's hands. The company will be re-organized.

Last month at one time, there were forty carloads of Automobiles on track in the Wichita yards.

March 22, 23 and 24, are the dates set for the Daytona Beech Florida Speed Carnival.

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BUYERS KNOW WHAT THEY WANT

Mr. C. A. Hagberg of the Auto Supply & Tire Co., while in Chicago, met Mr. Firestone, the president of the Firestone Tire & Rubber Co., and among other things Mr. Firestone remarked:

"One of the surprising features of the present season is the large proportion of car buyers who ask for the privilege of specifying what make of tires shall come on their cars.

"This is more noticeable at the Chicago Show than at any previous one this season," said Mr. Firestone, "and cannot but result in the motorist securing a better average of tire service for his efforts, as it is a pretty well known fact that users know and almost invariably select the best.

"Besides this, the combined influence of these specifications encourages the car manufacturer in the adoption of a better grade of tire equipment and will add to the popularity of his product by lessening the liability of its buyers to have tire trouble."

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RAISES HEALTH STANDARD

According to City Health Commissioner J. C. Crichton, of Seattle, the medical profession as a whole, will within the next 6 months back up the assertion that the motor car is doing more to raise the health standard of the world than any other thing or institution. In driving the horse and the attendant barn out of the residence section, he declares the motor car is ridding the country of fully 98 per cent of the typhoid fever germs, and that other diseases will decrease correspondingly. Besides the uplift which the motor is giving the fight against typhoid fever, it also is adding its help to the fight against tuberculosis, so the doctors on the Pacific coast believe in the motor car as a friend of mankind. —Motor Age.

Hagstrom Brothers, Lindsborg, Kansas, manufacturers of the famous Blow-out patch and Spark Plugs, were exhibitors at the Chicago Automobile Show. This enterprising company had one of the best exhibitions at the show. Many were the compliments, not to mention an immense number of sales. Their showing proved that Kansas has among her manufactures and jobbers some of the foremost and successful mechanics to be found in the entire country.

The Hockaday Motorcycle Company, Wichita, has contracted for a large March delivery of motorcycles. Thor, Indian, Harley Davidson, and Merkel, 1910 models. These orders were placed with the factory last fall. "It is fortunate for us, we did" says F. W. Hockaday, president of the company, "as the factories are months behind with their orders. The demand for the motorcycle now is equal to that of the bicycle in its good old days."

J. J. Jones, of the Jones Auto Exchange, Wichita, is building a three-story garage on N. Topeka Avenue. This will be ready for occupancy about June 1st. It is the intention of Mr. Jones to make his the most complete automobile exchange in the West. It will be equipped for the rebuilding and repairing of all kinds of motor cars, and will be under the supervisor of expert mechanics suvision.

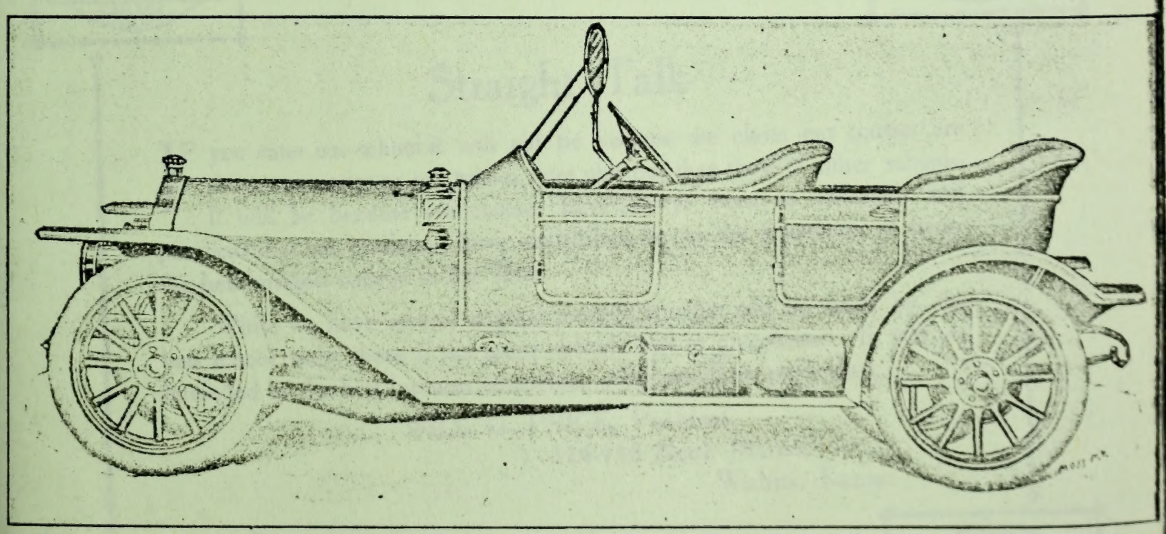
The Wichita Automobile Company has secured the sole agency for the Randolph truck-car. This is the only firm handling this class of vehicle in this part of the state. M. H. Schollenberger, manager of the company, predicts large sales of this car the coming season. At their garage, South Lawrence, they have on exhibition, a Randolph truck, one ton capacity.

The Reading-Standard Motorcycle company, Reading, Pa., has opened an agency for Southern Kansas and Northern Oklahoma through the Jones Bicycle & Sporting Goods House, Wichita. This firm is the oldest and best known motorcycle company in America, and manufacture the most complete line of motorcycles.

The Shattuck-George Iron Company, Wichita, has built an addition to its buggy-top factory for the exclusive manfuacture of automobile tops. It is one of the largest and most complete institutions of its kind west of Chicago.

Wichita is soon to have the largest wholesale automobile and motorcycle supply company in the west. It will be known as the Hockaday Motor Supply Company.

The Arnold Automobile Company, Wichita, has moved into its new two-story garage, South Lawrence Avenue. It is one of the most complete Automobile homes in the state.



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High Grade TYPEWRITERS of ALL MAKES sold and rented. Write today. We can give you a tremendous discount on any make. Invincible Ribbons, Carbons and Supplies.
WICHITA TYPEWRITER EXCHANGE,
108 S. Lawrence, Wichita, Kansas.
W. E. Matthewson, Mgr.

We have taken over a bankrupt stock of a large Cutlery company in which is included two gross of the famous **GARLAND RAZORS**, made and guaranteed by the Garland Cutlery Co., of Germany.

This razor is full hollow ground, magnetized, finely finished and guaranteed to give full and entire satisfaction. The retail price of this razor is never less than $3.00 and it is a gilt edge value at this figure. We will close this entire lot of razors out **at $1.00 Each.**

Cash must accompany any order. Address
THE WESTERN CUTLERY CO.,
412 East William St., Wichita, Kan.
Reference, Fourth National Bank, Wichita, Kas



Pineapple City Colony, Mexico

The newest and most progressive AMERICAN Colony on East coast, of RICH OLD MEXICO, in Tampico district. The home of all citrus and tropical fruits. Richest of level, sandy loam, abundance of rain. No irrigation, pure soft water and best of climate. Land Selling at **$20.00**, easy terms. Will be worth $500.00 to $1,000. Join our excursions. Write for booklet. We guarantee our statements.

THE MEXICO IMMIGRATION, LAND AND FIBER CO.

E. J. VOTAW, Pres.

Home office 201 S. Main. Wichita, Kansas

WICHITA BUSINESS COLLEGE

Straight Talk

IF you enter our school it will not be because we claim our courses are shorter or easier or our tuition rates cheaper than those of other schools. It will be because our courses have always been so thorough and practical that our graduates have established for us the reputation of being the best business college in the West.

While we have several original propositions that can be made by the best school only, there is not space enough here to give them. If you are interested in the best business education, write or call for particulars.

WILL G. PRICE, President.
114-116 North Market,
Wichita, Kansas

WICHITA BUSINESS COLLEGE

THE ARKANSAS CITY PORTLAND CEMENT CO.

INCORPORATED UNDER THE LAWS OF THE STATE OF KANSAS

Capital Stock $750,000
Authorized Bond Issue.....$750,000

Trustee for bonds, Fidelity Trust Company, Kansas City, Mo.

Plant in course of construction—Daily capacity, 2500 barrels.

The Careful Investor Asks {Is the investment offered safe ? / How great will be the Profit ?

FACTS

In total volume of business the manufacture of Portland Cement is surpassed only by the steel and fuel industries of the country.

Portland cement, like wheat, is a staple product in universal demand.

The consumption of cement in the United States has increased more than 600 per cent in the last nine years.

The uses for this product are rapidly multiplying; this is the age of concrete.

There is no business in the country having more elements of safety and permanency than that of manufacturing cement.

This business is stable and very profitable; failures are almost unknown.

The Arkansas City Portland Cement Company offers its 7 per cent Twenty Year Sinking Fund Gold Bonds at par with a stock bonus. The company, while building its cement plant, has an income through its crushed rock business sufficient to pay all *fixed charges including interest on its outstanding bonds.* Its properties are unsurpassed by any other in quantity, quality and location of materials. Its capitalization is very conservative considering the size and character of its plant. The investment offered is both safe and profitable.

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VANTON O. FOULK .....Secretary

It will pay to investigate. Write for prospectus and full particulars.

THE ARKANSAS CITY PORTLAND CEMENT COMPANY

111 West Fifth Avenue Arkansas City, Kansas

"Your valuable criticism of my manuscript is worth ten times its cost to me"

¶ This is the universal verdict of every aspiring writer who has taken advantage of the splendid offer of our DEPARTMENT OF CRITICISM.

¶ Dr. L. T. Weeks, who is in charge of this Department, is a Scholar and Writer of National Reputation.

HERE IS OUR PROPOSITION

Send us your manuscripts of prose or poetry, always typewritten if possible, but always at least, in a very plain hand. We will go over them in a careful, painstaking manner, pointing out errors in composition, errors of spelling, punctuation, grammar, and rhetoric. In case of stories and novels, we will point out faults in name, plot, paragraphing, construction as to proportion, unity, coherence; we will give suggestions as to character handling, diction, style, etc. Finally, we will give the author a list of periodicals that handle the kind of material found in his manuscript, or if found available for publication in the Kansas Magazine we will maek a cash offer or the manuscript submitted.

FEES

Fees must invariably accompany manuscripts.

Criticism of prose manuscripts of 5,000 words or under	$5.00
Additional matter, per thousand words or fraction thereof	.50
Criticism of poetry, twenty lines, or under	1.00
For each additional line	.05

TYPEWRITING

Typewriting, original and carbon copy; prose, with no dialect, per 1,000 words or fraction thereof	$ .60
For typewriting dialect the charge will be double.	
Poetry, for 25 lines, or under	.60

Few people realize how much depends on the way a poem looks to the editor as to whether he will use it or not. Our editor at the head of this department is an expert in verse forms.

All work will be handled promptly.

NOTE—Only manuscripts ordered criticised will be handled by our Department of Criticism. Other manuscripts submitted for publication in the KANSAS MAGAZINE will be carefully read and report will be made at once as to their availability.

Address THE KANSAS MAGAZINE, Department of Criticism

Wichita, Kansas

A $100.00 BUILDING LOT FREE!!

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Given With a Subscription to the Kansas Magazine

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Proposed Interurban running near Orienta Park seems a sure thing. This will be another added reason for advancement in shop section values.

OUR MAGNIFICENT OFFER!!

18 Months Subscription to the Kansas Magazine
Hammond's 1909 De Luxe Pictorial Atlas of the World
A $75.00 Lot Adjoining Orienta Park, West Wichita's New Addition

ALL FOR $18.00

TERMS: $3 down and $2 per month. No taxes No Interest.

Buy now! Make an investment that will earn money for you. You can resell Orienta Park lots at 100 per cent profit within 60 days. We will advance our prices very soon and without notice. There is heavy movement reported now in reselling at a big profit among our first purchasers. Don't delay. A few choice locations are left.

We will aid you in BUYING or BUILDING your own home by allowing you to pay for it in small monthly installments. Arrangements have been made with a trust company to furnish money for building loans on very liberal payment terms.

OUR RETURN PAYMENTS ARE ONLY $1.25 PER MONTH

on each $100 borrowed, which will pay up the ENTIRE AMOUNT OF LOAN AND INTEREST IN 108 MONTHS, the PRIVILEGE, however, is given of PAYING UP AT ANY TIME, interest only being charged for the number of years that loan is retained.

$ 5.00 Per Month Will Pay Back a $ 400.00 Loan and Interest in 108 Months
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$12.50 Per Month Will Pay Back a $1,000.00 Loan and Interest in 108 Months

REFERENCES—Our hundreds of satisfied customers.

Address, BALES & CONKLIN, 513 Barnes Bldg., WICHITA.

Fill Out, Tear Off and Mail Today.

Date.....

Messrs. Bales & Conklin, 513-515 Barnes Bldg., Wichita, Kan.

Gentlemen:—Kindly Send Me Your Beautiful Large Art Poster, Copyright Views of Wichita, Maps, Free Lot Offer—ALL FREE.

Name .....

Address .....

Town .....

Orient Shop News

Contract let for the first $400,000 unit of the Orient Railway Car and Locomotive Repair Shops for Wichita.

An Open Letter to the Public

We wish to thank the investing public for their support and faith in our statements made last fall that the delayed shops would come this spring, and particularly those who bought lots on terms last fall and have made their payments so regularly. To our present deed and contract holders we grant priority of choice in the selection of the lots still unsold. To these staunch friends and followers we also respectfully submit an offer to build them comfortable homes on payments of $10.00 per month. This offer is also made to the employees of the first constructed unit of the shops, as well as to the employees of the temporary Orient repair shops located at Fairview, Okla., the majority of the 250 men there having been notified that they will be used at Wichita. Mr. Hubbard Burch, foreman of the yards at Fairview, called at our office on February 19, 1910, and stated to us that he and his men are preparing to improve and build upon their lots; the amount of their lot holdings in our shop additions being close to 100 lots. They want as many more and request us to reserve good locations. We believe that the extension of the local trolley will now be made in order to run from Friends' University to the shops, and service should be installed at the time of their completion. To any lot or contract holders who may wish to dispose of their lots, we can arrange for an advantageous trade. If modesty will not permit us to say that we have been even indirectly responsible for the building of the shops THIS SPRING, we would point out that our several newspaper campaigns and posting system, conducted at no small item of expense, throughout the towns of three states, has been instrumental in the direct result of "boosting our Peerless Princess city in general and West Wichita in particular," and without breaking faith with "those higher up," we can now say "We told you so."

For full editorial and authentic statements of the letting of construction contract to Contractors Westinghouse, Church & Kerr, New York City, for the building of the shops, see Wichita Daily papers of February 15th.

Very respectfully submitted,

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COUPON

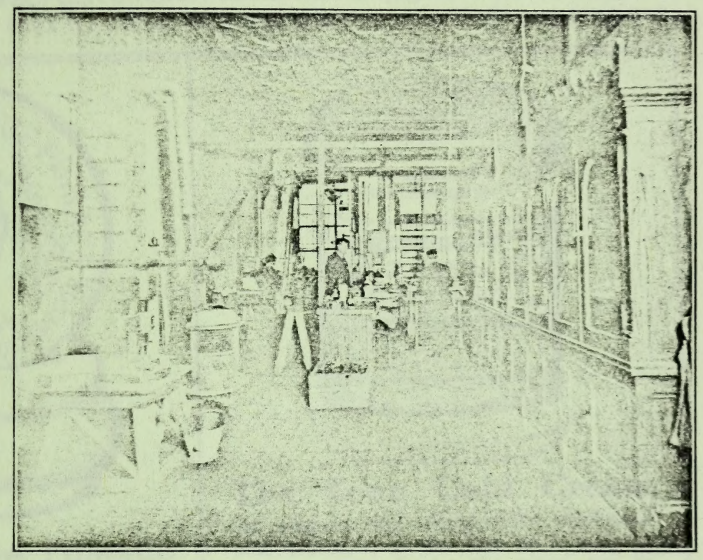
SUNFLOWER REALTY CO.,
508 Barnes Bldg.
Wichita, Kans., Send me FREE full particulars of your offer in

_____ Addition

Together with colored views art posters, etc.

The Accompanying Picture shows Our Jewelry Factory

and Repair Plant. We are amply equipped to do any and all kinds of work in our line.



This is a Kansas Institution

which has been built up by Fair Dealing and high grade work.

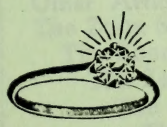


One of our Diamond Mountings

It is the only Jewelry factory and repair shop in the state catering exclusively to the retail trade. Here is an opportunity for you to deal directly with the house that actually does the work and thus saves you both time and money.

We will make to order any gold or silver article that you may desire. We also do difficult repair work and make a specialty of fine engraving.

Send us your orders for correct work and let us quote you a price that will represent a great saving to you.



A Piece of Our Finished Work.

ANDREW WILSON

MANUFACTURING JEWELER

WINFIELD, KANSAS

References, Any Bank in Winfield; The Kansas Magazine.



Some of Our Fine Engraving Work

An Aid to Beauty

We take pleasure in calling attention to our line of exquisite toilet preparations and especially the articles here named. We have introduced and sold our goods heretofore entirely on merit, and have a growing demand extending over every State in the Union; and the demand is spreading to foreign countries. ¶ We can give our customers assurance that no effort or expense is spared to make our goods the highest quality, and that we use no harmful substances in their preparations.



The Zona Face Pomade

A preparation containing only the most harmless materials, carefully selected for the purpose, and prepared by the aid of machinery especially designed for this article. It is antiseptic, healing and soothing to the skin. When properly applied its use can scarcely be detected, but produces the most pleasing results. Is prepared in three shades, White, Flesh and Brunette, to suit all complexions, but unless otherwise instructed, we send in Flesh color. Price, by mail, postpaid, per jar, 50c.

Other Articles Manufactured By Us

The Zona Surgical Sponges
The Zona Natural Flush
The Zona Liquid Green Soap
The Oxozona Foot Powder
The Zona Eyebrow Pencil
Zona Creme
Manicure Sticks



The Zona Cold Cream

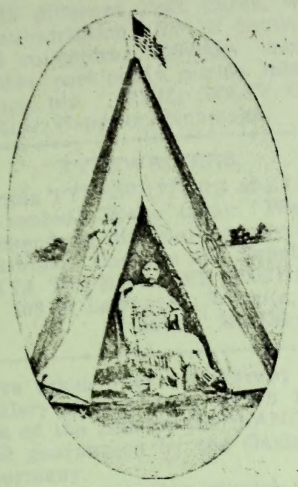
An elegant and delightfully perfumed cold cream, ideal for use as a massage cream, and to cleanse the pores, and to keep the skin soft and smooth. Best used at night and when used in connection with the Creme Zona (Greasless), gives perfect results. By mail, postpaid, per jar 50c.

The Zona Nail Lustre

Produces a most beautiful and lasting polish on the nails in so short a time that its use is a pleasure. Comes in cake form; is cleanly and economical to use. Can be used with a chamios buffer, but best and quickest results are obtained by rubbing the cake on the palm of one hand, partially closing the other, and rubbing nails briskly over the powdered surface. After washing, the polish can be restored by rubbing on the dry palm. By using the Zona Nail Lustre, two minutes time a day will suffice to keep the nails perfectly polished. Price by mail postpaid, per cake 25c.

The ZONA TOILET CO.

Lock Box 497 WICHITA, KANSAS



Living in a Tent

WHEN HUNTING
FISHING or OUTING

If it's one of our Tents, its just like being at home with the fun added. We make tents of all sizes and kinds. Do not forget us.

We Make Anything in the Canvas Line

HOME AWNINGS OUR SPECIALTY

Ponca Tent & Awning Company

WICHITA, KANSAS

The Fourth National Bank

United States, State, County and City Depository

WICHITA, KANSAS

Condensed statement of its conditions at the close of business, September 1, 1909.

RESOURCES

Loans and Discounts		$1,696,386.94
Banking House		35,000.00
Redemption Fund		10,000.00
Cash Resources—		
U. S. Bonds at par	$ 275,000.00	
Other High Class Bonds at par	166,291.82	
Cash and Sight Exchange	1,694,056.78	
		$2,135,348.61
Total		$3,876,735.55

LIABILITIES

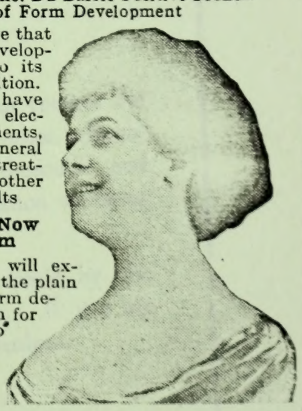
Capital Stock		$200,000.00
Surplus		150,000.00
Circulation		200,000.00
Undivided Profits		21,326.27
Deposits—		
Individuals	$1,986,737.55	
Banks	1,317,671.73	
Government	1,000.00	
		$3,305,409.28
Total		$3,876,735.55

The above is correct,

V. H. BRANCH,
Cashier.

How French Women Develop Their Forms

First Opportunity Ever Given to the Ladies of America to Profit by the Mdme. Du Barrie Positive French Method of Form Development



Many women believe that the form cannot be developed or brought back to its former vigorous condition. Thousands of women have vainly used massage, electricity, pump instruments, creams, ointments, general tonics, constitutional treatments, exercises and other methods without results

Any Woman May Now Develop Her Form

Mdme. Du Barrie will explain to any woman the plain truth in regard to form development, the reason for failure and the way to success. The Mdme. Du Barrie Positive French Method is different from anything else ever brought before American women. By this method, any lady—young, middle-aged or elderly—may develop her form from 2 to 8 inches in 30 days, and see definite results in 3 to 5 days, no matter what the cause of the lack of development. It is based on scientific facts, absolutely safe and lasting. For complete illustrated information, sent sealed, secure from observation, send your name and address, with a 2-cent stamp. Communications strictly confidential.

Mdme. Du Barrie

1410 Lenox Building **Chicago, Illinois**



POST CARDS, COINS, ETC.

FREE, 15 different Post Cards, with three months' subscription, for 10 cents. Largest and oldest collectors. 100-page monthly on stamps, coins, post cards, curios, minerals, old books, relics, etc. PHIL. WEST COLLECTORS WORLD, Superior, Nebraska.

TYPEWRITERS.

High Grade TYPEWRITERS of ALL MAKES sold and rented. Write today. We can give you a tremendous discount on any make. Invincible Ribbons, Carbons and Supplies.
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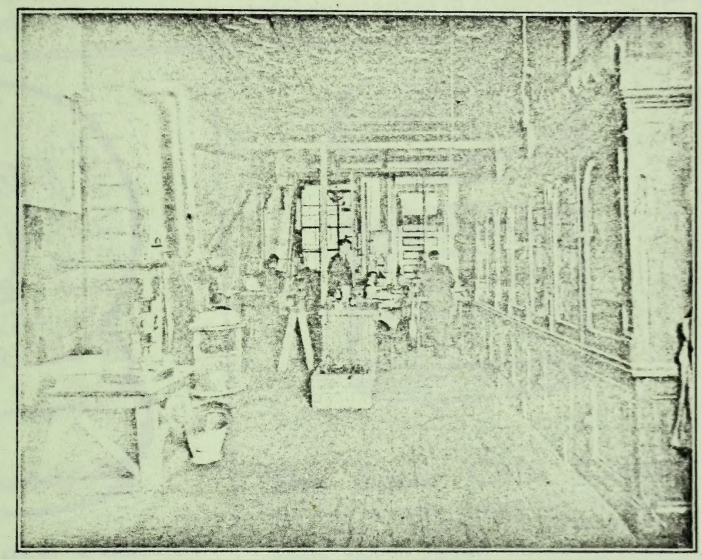
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and Repair Plant. We are amply equipped to do any and all kinds of work in our line.



This is a Kansas Institution

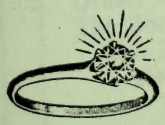
which has been built up by Fair Dealing and high grade work.



One of our Diamond Mountings

It is the only Jewelry factory and repair shop in the state catering exclusively to the retail trade. Here is an opportunity for you to deal directly with the house that actually does the work and thus saves you both time and money.

We will make to order any gold or silver article that you may desire. We also do difficult repair work and make a specialty of fine engraving.



A Piece of Our Finished Work.

Send us your order for correct work and let us quote you a price that will represent a great saving to you.

ANDREW WILSON

MANUFACTURING JEWELER

WINFIELD, KANSAS

References, Any Bank in Winfield; The Kansas Magazine.



Some of Our Fine Engraving Work

An Aid to Beauty

We take pleasure in calling attention to our line of exquisite toilet preparations and especially the articles here named. We have introduced and sold our goods heretofore entirely on merit, and have a growing demand extending over every State in the Union; and the demand is spreading to foreign countries. ¶ We can give our customers assurance that no effort or expense is spared to make our goods the highest quality, and that we use no harmful substances in their preparations.



The Zona Face Pomade

A preparation containing only the most harmless materials, carefully selected for the purpose, and prepared by the aid of machinery especially designed for this article. It is antiseptic, healing and soothing to the skin. When properly applied its use can scarcely be detected, but produces the most pleasing results. Is prepared in three shades, White, Flesh and Brunette, to suit all complexions, but unless otherwise instructed, we send in Flesh color. Price, by mail, postpaid, per **jar, 50c.**

Other Articles Manufactured By Us

The Zona Surgical Sponges
The Zona Natural Flush
The Zona Liquid Green Soap
The Oxozona Foot Powder
The Zona Eyebrow Pencil
Zona Creme
Manicure Sticks



The Zona Cold Cream

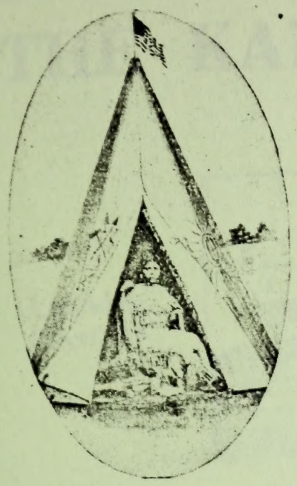
An elegant and delightfully perfumed cold cream, ideal for use as a massage cream, and to cleanse the pores, and to keep the skin soft and smooth. Best used at night and when used in connection with the Creme Zona (Greasless), gives perfect results. By mail, postpaid, per **jar 50c.**

The Zona Nail Lustre

Produces a most beautiful and lasting polish on the nails in so short a time that its use is a pleasure. Comes in cake form; is cleanly and economical to use. Can be used with a chamios buffer, but best and quickest results are obtained by rubbing the cake on the palm of one hand, partially closing the other, and rubbing nails briskly over the powdered surface. After washing, the polish can be restored by rubbing on the dry palm. By using the Zona Nail Lustre, two minutes time a day will suffice to keep the nails perfectly polished. Price by mail postpaid, per cake **25c.**

The ZONA TOILET CO.

Lock Box 497 WICHITA, KANSAS



Living in a Tent

WHEN HUNTING
FISHING or OUTING

If it's one of our Tents, its just like being at home with the fun added. We make tents of all sizes and kinds. Do not forget us.

We Make Anything in the Canvas Line

HOME AWNINGS OUR SPECIALTY

Ponca Tent & Awning Company

WICHITA, KANSAS

The Fourth National Bank

United States, State, County and City Depository

WICHITA, KANSAS

Condensed statement of its conditions at the close of business, September 1, 1909.

RESOURCES

Loans and Discounts		$1,696,386.94
Banking House		35,000.00
Redemption Fund		10,000.00
Cash Resources—		
U. S. Bonds at par	$ 275,000.00	
Other High Class Bonds at par	166,291.82	
Cash and Sight Exchange	1,694,056.78	
		$2,135,348.61
Total		$3,876,735.55

LIABILITIES

Capital Stock		$200,000.00
Surplus		150,000.00
Circulation		200,000.00
Undivided Profits		21,326.27
Deposits—		
Individuals	$1,986,737.55	
Banks	1,317,671.73	
Government	1,000.00	
		$3,305,409.28
Total		$3,876,735.55

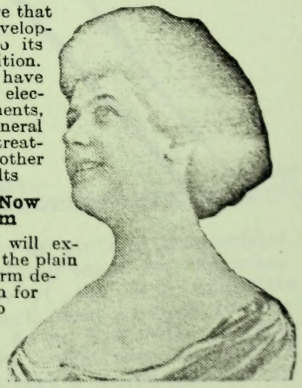
The above is correct,

V. H. BRANCH,
Cashier.

How French Women Develop Their Forms

First Opportunity Ever Given to the Ladies of America to Profit by the Mdme. Du Barrie Positive French Method of Form Development

Many women believe that the form cannot be developed or brought back to its former vigorous condition. Thousands of women have vainly used massage, electricity, pump instruments, creams, ointments, general tonics, constitutional treatments, exercises and other methods without results



Any Woman May Now Develop Her Form

Mdme. Du Barrie will explain to any woman the plain truth in regard to form development, the reason for failure and the way to success. The Mdme. Du Barrie Positive French Method is different from anything else ever brought before American women. By this method, any lady---young, middle-aged or elderly---may develop her form from 2 to 8 inches in 30 days, and see definite results in 3 to 5 days, no matter what the cause of the lack of development. It is based on scientific facts, absolutely safe and lasting. For complete illustrated information, sent sealed, secure from observation, send your name and address, with a 2-cent stamp. Communications strictly confidential.

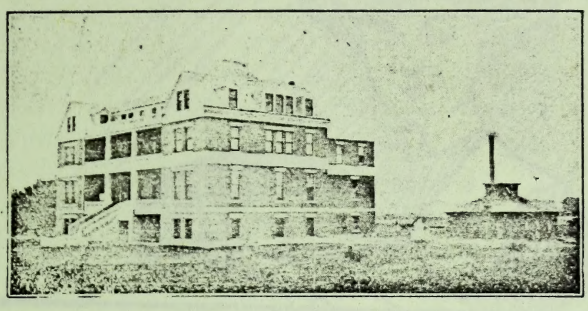
Mdme. Du Barrie

1410 Lenox Building **Chicago, Illinois**

THE KANSAS SANITARIUM

Medical and Surgical

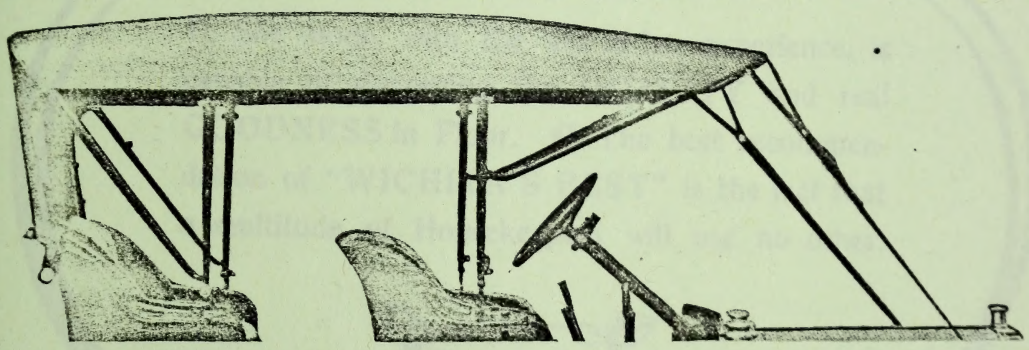
Lighted by Electricity



Steam Heated

A HOME OF HEALTH

¶ Among the remedial agents employed are Hydriatics in many forms, Electric-light Baths, Electricity, The X-Ray, Massage, Manual Sweedish Movements, and a carefully regulated dietary. Trained male and female nurses furnished if desired. ¶ Are you seeking Health? If so, write for our booklet. It will tell you how and where to find it. Address **KANSAS SANITARIUM, Wichita, Kans.**



WE do not make Automobiles, but we do make Tops for all kinds of Automobiles. We have just completed a large brick factory building solely for the manufacture of Buggy and Auto Tops, and have some of the best up-to-date mechanics that money can procure. We carry a well assorted stock of trimming goods and Auto Top accessories, and are prepared to do as fine work on Tops, Cushions and Upholstering as can be done anywhere. We solicit your business in this line and can guarantee that our quality of work will not take a second place in any factory East or West. Our prices are as low as the same grade of work is sold anywhere. Send for our Special Auto Top Catalog if interested.

We also manufacture a large assortment of Wagon and Plow Single Trees, Buggy Poles and Shafts. Buggy Tops of every kind. Our stock of Implement Extras is larger than ever.

The Shattuck-George Iron Co., Wichita



THE WISE HOUSEKEEPER KNOWS —

. ¶ She alone, with the aid of her experience, is capable of discerning the QUALITY and real GOODNESS in Flour. ¶ The best recommendation of "WICHITA'S BEST" is the fact that a multitude of Housekeepers will use no other.



KANSAS MILL CO.
WICHITA KANSAS.
C. KUONI. — ADVERTISING.

Steiert Knit Underwear

We are Manufacturers, Jobbers and Retailers of FULL-FASHIONED and TAILOR MADE KNIT UNDERWEAR; In silk, Linen, Wool, Mercerized, Lisle and Cotton.

If your merchant does not carry **Steiert Underwear** in stock, write to us for samples and prices and we will forward to you our samples and prices by return mail. Cash must accompany the order unless the customer wishes to bear the additional expense of having the goods shipped by express C. O. D.

WE PREPAY MAIL AND EXPRESS CHARGES

We carry a LARGE STOCK in our store in all regular sizes for men from **$1.00** per suit and upward.

We also make a specialty of Made-to-Measure Underwear for men and women in any style you may direct or any weight of fabric, and are guaranteed to fit perfectly or your money refunded

PERFECT FITTING UNDERWEAR MEANS PERFECT COMFORT

STEIERT & COMPANY, 122, 124 S. MARKET

OPPOSITE POSTOFFICE

Bell Phone 1138 - - **WICHITA, KANSAS**



SHOULD A SUDDEN IMPULSE SEIZE YOU

to make a change in your laundry, decide to give us a trial. One trial is all that is necessary to make you a permanent customer. There's a good deal to know about laundering linen properly. We know how and put our practice on shirts, etc, etc. If you are wise, you will give us a trial. Let's hear from you.

SHIRTS 10c. COLLARS 2c.

INDEPENDENT LAUNDRY

CAREY HOTEL BLDG. Both Phones WICHITA, KANS

The Oxford Hotel

Coldwater's New Hotel will be open for business **March the Fifteenth**

THE TRAVELING MAN'S HOME

27 Rooms; Hot and Cold Water and Baths

Rate, $2.00 per Day.

K. B. NORTHUP, Prop. COLDWATER, KANSAS

Specializing in Piano

We have the best school in the middle-west for study of Piano, Harmony, Counterpoint, Musical History, Composition, etc.

Faculty best obtainable. New classes in Harmony and Counterpoint commencing constantly.

The Selmar Jansen School of Piano
(INCORPORATED)
206 North Main Street WICHITA, KANSAS

Students receive the same attention regardless of the time of enrollment.

THIS SCHOOL gives the student of Piano such a mental musical and technical education as will rightly equip for non-professional as well as professional and technique teaching. The artistic results already achieved by pupils will command the attention of those students who contemplate the study of Piano and Theory.

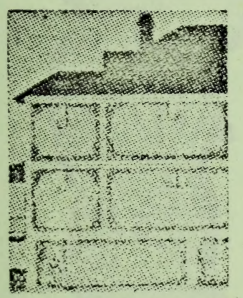
CHOICE



Our Motorcycles are **THE CHOICE** of all experienced motorcyclists. If you are not riding one now you will eventually. Our experience is worth considering; bear this in mind.

The Hockaday Motorcycle Co.

WICHITA, KANSAS



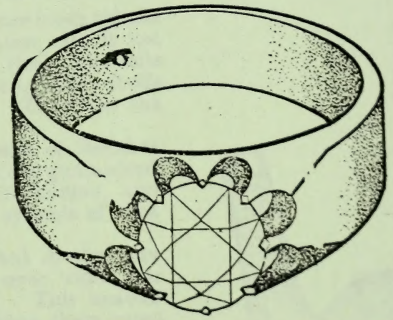
Light Your Home with Acetylene

Write to-day for Full Particulars

Wichita Acetylene Mfg. Co.

234 S. Topeka, Wichita, Ks.

DIAMOND JEWELRY



Our stock is at present in fine condition. May we have the pleasure of showing it to you under present conditions

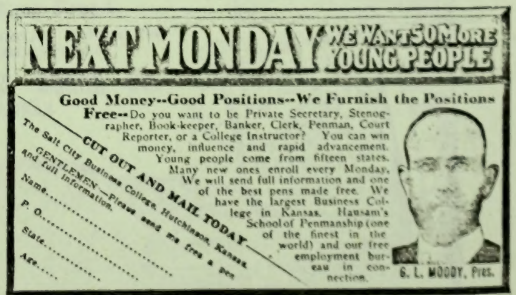
C. A. Whitney
222 E. Douglas
WICHITA, KANS.

Tobacco Users

CIGAR, CIGARETTE SMOKERS, SNUFF USERS, WHY DON'T YOU WRITE ME

I can cure you at home and let you go right on your work or business. **NI-KO makes quitting a pleasure. Simple, harmless, vegetable. Directions easy.** You can't forget. If you don't say it is worth ten times its price, it costs you nothing. **Let me show you proofs.** Send me your name before you forget it. DO IT NOW

KING NI-KO, K Wichita, Kansas





Are You a Music Student?

This Story Will Interest You

If you expect success either as a teacher, performer, or just to play for your own amusement, it is absolutely necessary that you have the proper preparation; you cannot teach Music without a thorough knowledge of same.

SEND TO-DAY for our FREE 60 page illustrated catalog giving information about all the different courses of study in all departments: Piano, Voice Culture, Violin, Pipe, Organ, Dramatic Art School, Theory of Music, etc, Chorus, Orchestra, etc. Also prices for board and furnished room at "The Lindon," our four story fire-proof brick building, ladies, apartments, at 315 E. Third St.

LAST SEASON MORE THAN 300 MUSIC STUDENTS

The largest and most complete school of music in the entire Southwest. Write to-day for free booklet, catalog, etc. Fine illustrated college paper Free.

219 N Lawrence

WICHITA, KANSAS

THEODORE LINDBERG, President

The Wichita College of Music

(Incorporated)

Satisfaction

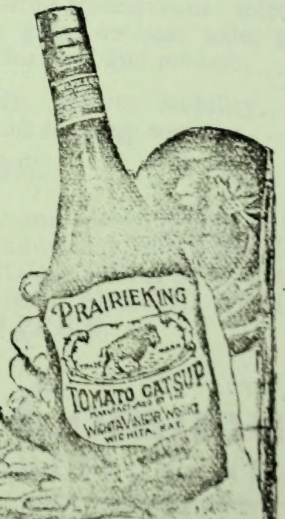
A relish above all other foods should give absolute satisfaction, else it not only fails as a food in itself, but fails in heightening the taste of other foods to which it is added. Therefore the loss is two-fold.

The Prairie King Brand of Relishes and Table Condiments are guaranteed to give ABSOLUTE SATISFACTION, and we are behind every syllable of that guarantee.

Our factory is located in the very heart of the territory over which our goods are distributed. This enables the merchant to purchase them more frequently, thereby assuring freshness and with it, Superior Taste.

Ask for The Prairie King Brand.

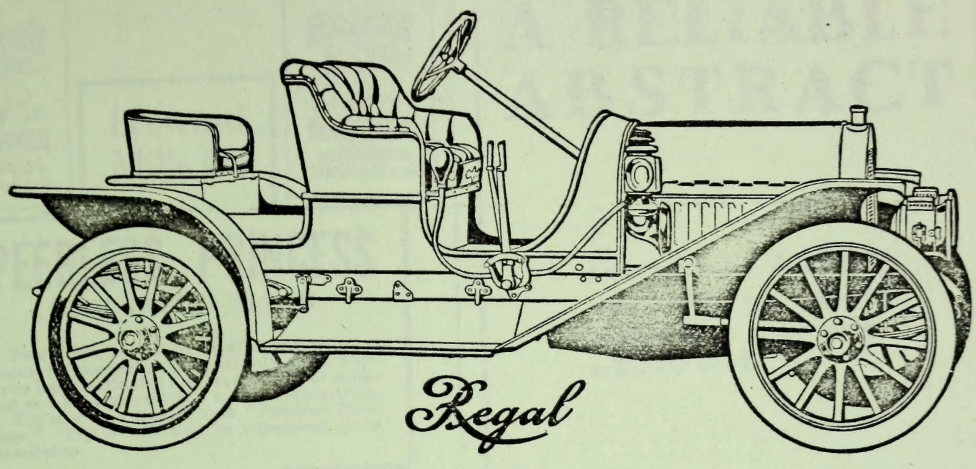
Remember all our goods are manufactured in Kansas and Guaranteed under the Pure Food and Drug Act.



THE WICHITA VINEGAR WORKS CO.

WICHITA, KANSAS





REGAL '10

The evolution of the REGAL leading up to the 1910 cars, represents a simple and harmonious relation, coupled with such refinements in design as 2,000 well behaved cars in actual service would naturally indicate.

With the accumulated experience of 2,000 satisfied users at our back, it required no undue confidence to undertake 3,000 REGAL cars for 1910, but we find ourselves confronted by a 6,000 car demand.

Obviously, there will be a shortage and to be sure of a '10 REGAL, means ORDER NOW.

$1,250 Which Includes

- Magneto
- 4-Cylinder Motor
- 30 Horsepower
- 5-Passenger Body
- 107″ Wheel Base
- Full Lamp Equipment and Generator

'10 Regal Includes

Water cooled motor with 4x4 cylinders, integral camshaft, large valves, and a liberal crankshaft properly made.

Thermo syphon cooling with special means of preventing steaming which will attract discriminating notice.

Lubrication by splash, with a reservoir to take the excess, and a master pump to maintain a constant level. The tell-tale works with a float, is high up and can be seen.

Roller Bearing transmission, selective type, sliding gear, on rear axle, gives three speeds forward and revarse.

Metal body, assures stability, presents lines, and a roomy tonneau.

Tires, 32x3½.

YES, alloy and special grades of heat treated steel and other proper selections, for parts, PRODUCING A STANDARD CAR AT WHAT SHOULD BE THE STANDARD PRICE.

Arnold Automobile Company

114 NORTH EMPORIA AVE. WICHITA, KANSAS

Agents wanted in Southern Kansas and Northern Oklahoma. Write for Catalogue.



Howard Mills Co



PEERLESS PRINCESS

BEST PATENT FLOUR

Peerless and without rival in the requirements for the perfectly regulated cusine. Superior and unexcelled for every kind of cooking and baking—without a peer for pastries. The chef who knows uses "Peerless Princess" Try a sack and be convinced of its excellence.



HOWARD MILLS CO
Wichita, Kans.



A RELIABLE ABSTRACT

From a Bonded Abstracter will protect you against possible loss. I am under a $5,000 bond.

W. T. HOLLAND

COLDWATER, KANSAS

After All!
Best of All!

U.S. Flour!

THE HUTCHINSON MILL CO.

HUTCHINSON, KANSAS

ALL HALF-TONES IN THIS ISSUE

Engraved by

CAPPER ENGRAVING CO

TOPEKA, KANSAS.

J. H. Baird, Mgr.



There are only a few of these beautiful fashion books left—you must send now if you want your copy.

Mail your request today before it passes out of your mind. A postal is all your copy costs. Write for it now, before it is too late. This beautiful book gives you authentic Spring and Summer 1910 fashion news. And not only shows the new attractive Ladies', Children's and Misses' Dresses, House Gowns, Dressing Sacques, Kimonas and Wrappers, but samples of the actual fabrics used in making the garments.

Be sure you are one of those to get a copy of this book. It contain samples of the new 1910 Passaic Printed Fabrics—by far prettier this season than ever before' Examine closely the cloth, the beautiful patterns and delightful colorings—then ask your dealer, who now has all the 1910 designs on his counter, to show you the prints in bolt. You'll never know how serviceable, how washable, how fast the colors hold, what a truly good print value is until you've tried Passaic Printed Fabrics.

There are many other uses for Passaic Prints besides making House and Outdoor Costumes. Very pretty patterns for Furniture Covers, Bed Spreads, Draperies, Box Couch Covers, Pillow Covers and Comfortables. These are only a few of the 1910 beautiful designs. Your dealer has them and the full line of Passaic Printed Fabrics. Ask to see them.

Vidette Batiste —For Ladies', Misses' and Children's Dresses. Many patterns and colorings to select from. 27 inches wide.

Valmont Batiste —For Children's Dresses. In an endless assortment of attractive designs and colorings. 28 inches wide.

Challie Vendome —An imitation of imported wool challies, for Kimonas and Dressing Sacques. In all leading patterns and colorings. 29 inches wide.

Wide Lisbon Lawn —For Kimonas, House Gowns, etc. A delightful array of patterns and colorings. 38 inches wide.

Passaic Galatea Cloth —For Children's Outdoor Garments. A wide variety of patterns and colorings. 27 inches wide.

Ask only for Passaic Prints. Be sure you see the Passaic trade-mark. Remember only a few requests for the Fashion Book can be filled. Better send your card now—today.

PASSAIC PRINT WORKS
79 South Street, - - Passaic, N. J

PASSAIC



There Are Better Prices At Harbaugh's

We Offer You Reliable Merchandise Only

Peter's and Star Brand Shoes
Miller Made Clothing
Stetson and Beaver Hats
Fresh and Cured Meats
Staple and Fancy Groceries
The Celebrated "Diamond K" Flour

A DOLLAR WILL GO
A LONG WAY AT

Harbaugh's Store
COLDWATER, KANSAS

2,000 Acres of Improved Bottom Land

5 miles from Coldwater, Kansas is ready to be sold in tracts to suit purchaser.

Titles Examined. Guaranteed First Mortgages for Sale. Correspondence Solicited.

DICK H. RICH
Atty.-at-Law. COLDWATER, KANS.

We Handle Everything IN Building Material

AT LOWEST PRICES

WRITE US FOR TERMS

HOME LUMBER & SUPPLY COMPANY
S. J. GILCHRIST, Mgr.
COLDWATER, KANSAS

B. S. VON SCHRILTZ
Automobile Garage and Livery

CAPACITY 20 CARS

Agent for the Famous

Reo, Hudson, Chalmers Detroit and Premier

REAL ESTATE

I have 480 acres choice farming land onemile from Coldwater, $25 00 per acre. Will exchange for merchandise. Can add half section to this to suit buyer. Have a large list of best lands in Comanche county to sell or exchange. Write me for anything in the way of land or better come, and see for yourself.

B. S. VON SCHRILTZ, Coldwater, Kansas

Script Writing for Engraving Marriage Certificates Diplomas Filled

TO those who have been waiting to have these good old remembrances, Family Records, Album Resolutions, filled suitably, roll them up, send me the names and dates, and I'll do the work, the finest you ever saw.

A dozen cards written with white ink 15 cents.

Address

L. O. Gallison

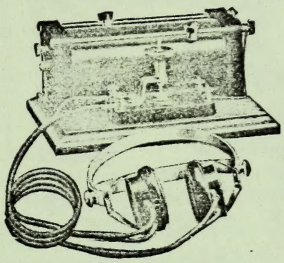
WICHITA, KANSAS

THE WORLD'S FAMOUS

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MOTORCYCLES---Write for Catalog

Jones Bicycle & Sporting Goods House
209 North Main Street Wichita, Kansas



Wireless Apparatus

We can furnish wireless telegraph apparatus, both for commercial and experimental installations. We cater especially to schools and colleges. Send for descriptive circulars and particulars.

Anderson Wireless Apparatus Co.
Sheidley Building., KANSAS CITY, MO.

SOUTHERN PACIFIC COMPANY

ATLANTIC STEAMSHIP LINES

"MORGAN LINE"

Unexcelled Freight Service between the Atlantic Seaboard and Southern, Southwestern and Western states.

Unsurpassed Facilities for handling All Classes of Freight.

The Fastest and Best Freight Ships in Coastwise Service.

Direct Connections at New Orleans and Galveston for All points in KANSAS and OKLAHOMA.

SAILINGS

Between New York and Galveston—Three sailings from each Port each week.
Between New York and New Orleans—Two sailings weekly in each direction.

We want your patronage and respectfully solicit a trial shipment.

L. J. SPENCE
General Freight Agent
366 Broadway, NEW YORK CITY

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General Agent
901 Walnut St., KANSAS CITY

A. G. LITTLE
Trav. Freight Agent
901 Walnut St., KANSAS CITY

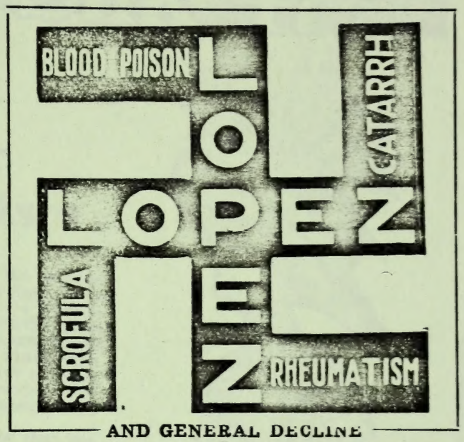
JAY. T. BOTTS

Lawyer

Coldwater, : : : Kansas

Sick People

I Will Bring You Good Luck



AND GENERAL DECLINE
AND CURES WHAT AILS YOU. TRY IT.
30 Days Course $5.00 For Booklet Call or Write
LOPEZ REMEDY COMPANY
DEPT "K"
313 East Douglas WICHITA, KANSAS

A. H. BAKER, President
T. H. CRAWFORD, Vice Prest. J. M. McCAY J. M. COTTON, Cashier
W. F. BAKER, Asst. Cash.

Peoples State Bank

Coldwater, Kansas

CAPITAL AND SURPLUS $13500.00

COMPARATIVE INDIVIDUAL DEPOSITS { Jan. 2, 1909....$28239.12 Jan. 3, 1910....$72534.46

¶ We accord liberal treatment to all our patrons.

¶ We will make it pleasant and profitable for you to deal with us.

¶ We make a speciality of loaning to farmers and stockmen.

¶ We have facilities second to none for handling your business.

¶ We have a fire-proof vault in which to keep your valuables free of charge.

¶ We have a place for you to read and write and there is always a welcome for YOU at our bank.

Officered and Managed Strictly by Comanche County People

Suesine Silk 47½¢

An Exquisitely Beautiful Silk for Dresses and Waists

To show you what Suesine Silk is like and the wonderfully brilliant and delicate colors suitable for negligee, house street, carriage, calling and evening gowns of every description, **we will send you absolutely free, thirty-seven samples of Suesine Silk—more than 285 square inches altogether, equal in all to two pages of this magazine.**

We ask only, that, when writing for these free samples, you will mention the name of your regular dry goods dealer, and say whether he sells Suesine Silk or not. Please be sure to give this information in writing to us.

Suesine Silk IS Silk. We cannot emphasise that too strongly. Do not confuse it with the scores of "look-like" silks. Suesine is real silk. Woven inside the pure silk is a fine, strong, silky filament of Egyptian cotton—giving double strength and double wear without detraction from the exquisite beauty and fineness of the silk itself. That is the "Suesine Idea." It is ours. Nobody can copy or imitate it. That is why Suesine, while costing much less than Jap or China silk, gives better service and holds its beauty longer. It proves its value better, not only at first sight, but by actual wear Suesine will not crack or split at creases, nor will it develop pinholes like adulterated silk.

Once you see Suesine Silk you will not be able to resist its charm—that is why we want you to see it. Send at once for the thirty-seven free samples, showing the cheerful, dainty, brilliant shades, and these new colors so much in demand:—**Mulberry, Wistaria, Taupe, Catawaba, Sapphire, Peacock, Lobster, Emerald.**

Suesine Silk is a fabric for dressy uses or for constant wear —for every week in the year and for every day in the week.

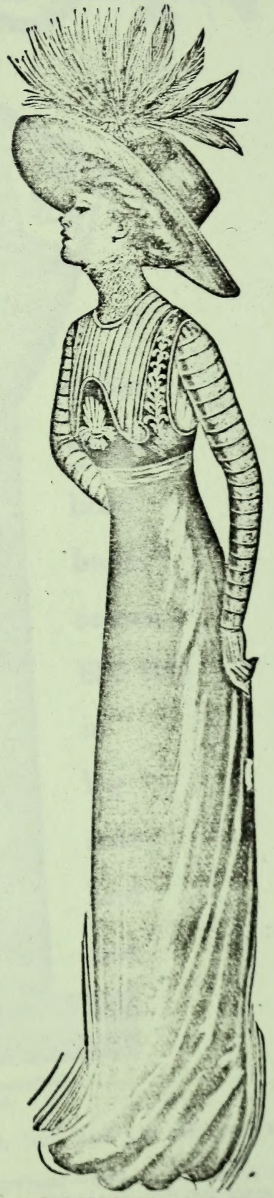
If your dealer hasn't Suesine Silk—with the name on the selvedge—don't be talked into buying a substitute or you will be sorry. Suesine Silk has tempted scores of stores to offer cheap flimsy stuffs masquerading and treading on the reputation of Suesine; these imitations are adulterated with tin, glue and iron-dust which make them quickly fall into pieces—don't be coaxed or persuaded into buying them, for you will sure regret it if you do. Insist upon the genuine Suesine with the name **SUESINE SILK** stamped along the edge of every yard. The fact that we stamp the name on every yard of Suesine Silk proves that we are certain that Suesine will please you.

If your dealer has not Suesine Silk, write to us (mentioning your dealer's name and address) and we will make it easy for you to examine and buy Suesine Silk—as easy as if you stood at the counter. We do not sell Suesine Silk except to dealers—but if we cannot send you the name and address of a dealer in the city who has Suesine Silk, you may send us the money—47½c a yard—and we will see that your order is filled by a reliable house. Suesine Silk will thus cost you no more than if you bought at a store in your own city. Write for the thirty-seven FREE samples today, NOW.

BEDFORD MILLS

Desk K. 8 to 14 West 3rd Street.
NEW YORK CITY

Always, when writing, be sure to mention the name and address of your Dealer, and say whether or not he sells Suesine



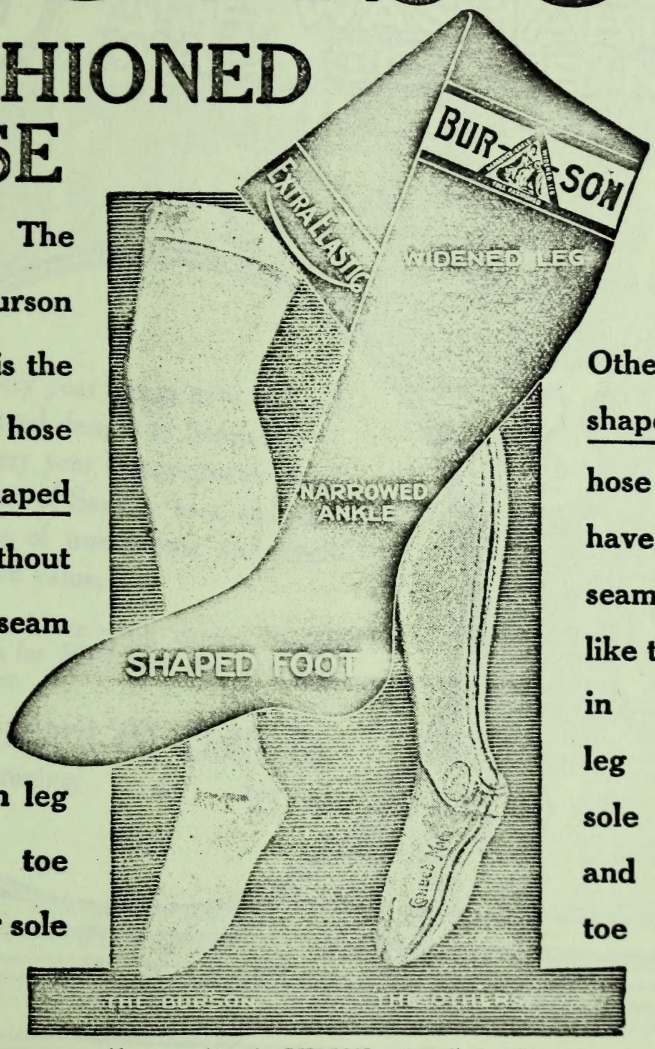
2715-2926—This costume develops to advantage when made of Suesine Silk [illegible] make it, use for waist 3¾ yards Suesine [illegible] ($1.73) for size 36. And Butterick Pattern No. 2713. And for skirt, 6¾ yards Suesine ($2.97) for size 24. And Butterick Pattern No. 2926.



BURSON

FASHIONED HOSE

The Burson is the only hose shaped without a seam in leg toe or sole



Other shaped hose have seams like this in leg sole and toe

Above we show the BURSON and the "others"—turned inside out. Note the difference.

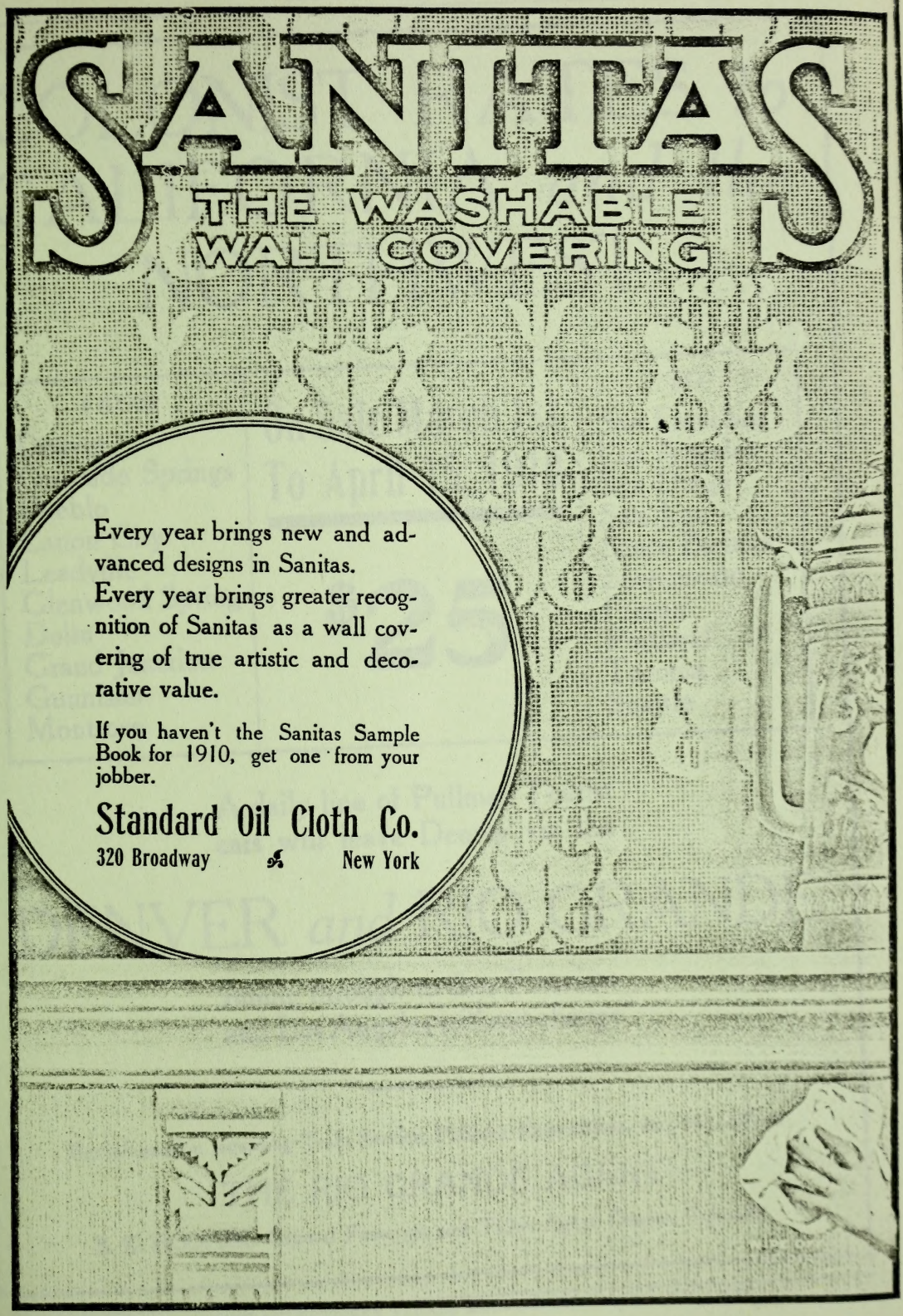
The Burson stocking is knit to shape in leg, ankle, heel, foot and toe without seam, corner or uneven thread anywhere. It keeps its shape.

Burson stockings can be had in *Cotton, Lisle and Mercerized*—and in all weights—a complete line of Women's Hose in all sizes and qualities. Made in Rib tops and out sizes also.

Prices range from 25c up to 50c a pair.

COX-BLODGETT DRY GOODS CO., Wholesale Distributers, Wichita




SANITAS
THE WASHABLE
WALL COVERING
Every year brings new and advanced designs in Sanitas.
Every year brings greater recognition of Sanitas as a wall covering of true artistic and decorative value.
If you haven't the Sanitas Sample Book for 1910, get one from your jobber.
Standard Oil Cloth Co.
320 Broadway
New York

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FROM	On Sale March 1st To April 15, 1910	TO
Denver Colorado Springs Pueblo Canon City Leadville Glenwood Springs Delta Grand Junction Gunnison Montrose	$25	San Francisco Los Angeles San Diego San Jose Santa Barbara Sacramento Fresno Portland Tacoma Seattle

A daily line of Pullman Tourist cars will leave Denver via the

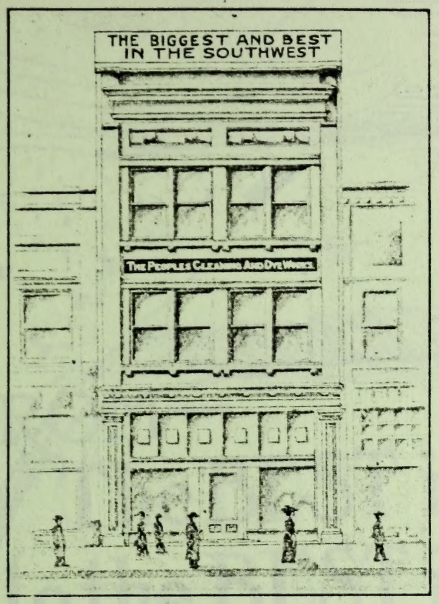
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runing through to San Francisco and Los Angeles without change

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THE RIO GRANDE AGENT

S. K. HOOPER, General Passenger and Ticket Agent, Denver, Colorado



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We will occupy this 3-story absolutely fire-proof building for our special business of Dry Cleaning, Dyeing, Pressing and Repairing of Ladies' and Gentlemen's Garments, Hats, Furs, Plumes and Gloves.

A $50,000 Investment Devoted to One Specialty

The People's Cleaning & Dye Works

LARGEST AND BEST EQUIPPED PLANT IN KANSAS

Present Location, 131 N. Lawrence

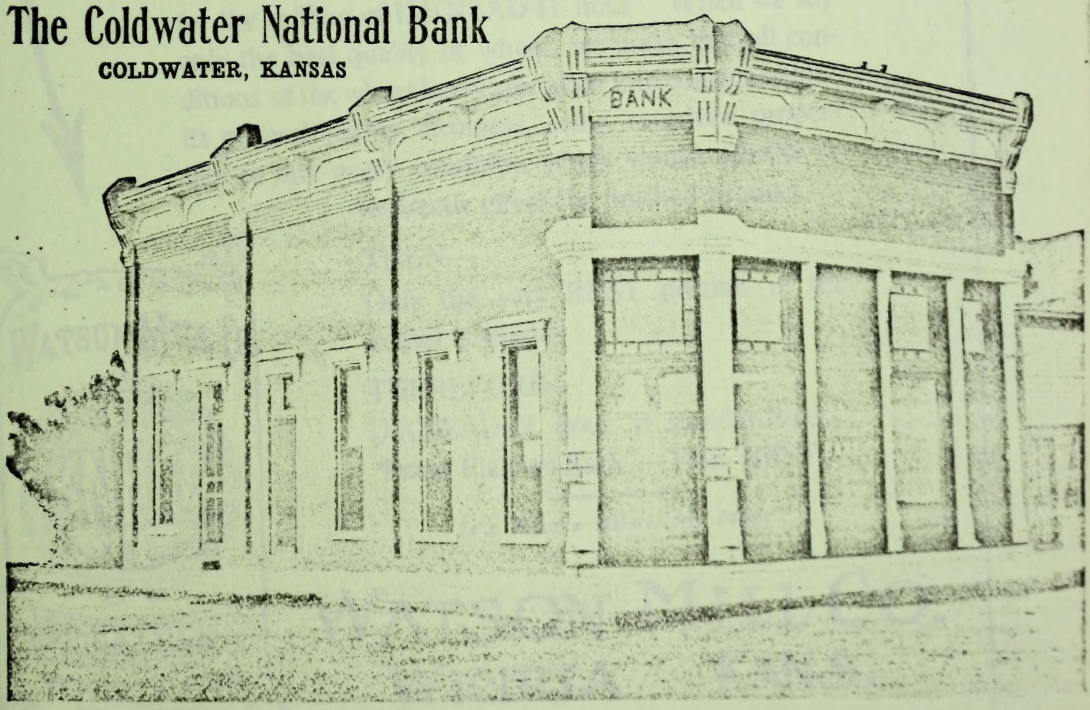
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Ind. Phone 178
Bell Phone 175

Mail orders promptly attended to

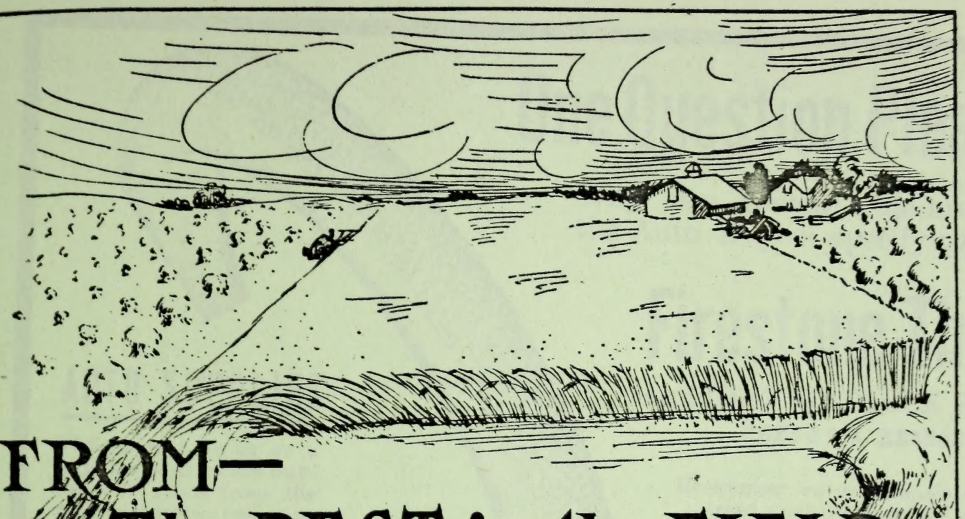
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COLDWATER, KANSAS



Collections Given Prompt and Careful Attention

N. A. LYTLE, Cashier



FROM— The BEST in the FIELD to the BEST in the SACK

¶ Only the very BEST quality of wheat is selected for the milling of U-KNEAD-IT flour. When we say only the best quality of wheat, we mean that all conditions of the wheat berry are taken into consideration; its general quality, firmness, color, moisture properties, in fact every condition which would directly or indirectly effect the finished product.

THEN—
Only the very BEST portion of the kernel is used.

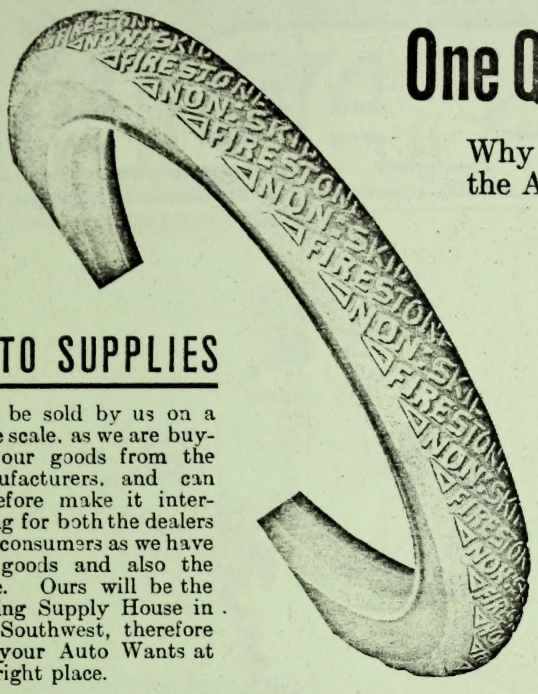
THEREFORE—
U-KNEAD-IT flour is standardized—
"From Field to Sack"—THE BEST.



"It's Where Qualities Meet"

WATSON MILL CO.
WICHITA KANS.

C.KUONI·ADV



One Question Please

Why as a general rule are the Auto Buyers specifying

Firestone Tires

and DEMOUNTABLE RIMS

THERE'S A REASON

Remember we can Repair or Retread your old Tires the way you want it done.

AUTO SUPPLIES

Will be sold by us on a large scale, as we are buying our goods from the manufacturers, and can therefore make it interesting for both the dealers and consumers as we have the goods and also the price. Ours will be the leading Supply House in the Southwest, therefore get your Auto Wants at the right place.

Auto Supply & Tire Co.

JOBBERS and RETAILERS

143 N. Market, Wichita, Kans.

PHONES

Bell 880, Ind. 17 and 101

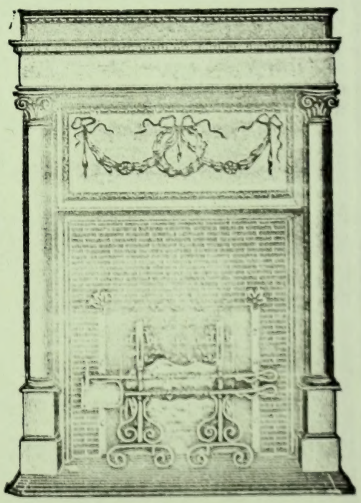
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RED BALL

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Brass Goods. A full line of Natural Gas Grate Fixtures. Tile Work a Specialty

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143 N. Water St. Wichita, Kansas



KANSAS MAGAZINE



Cents

MAY, 1910



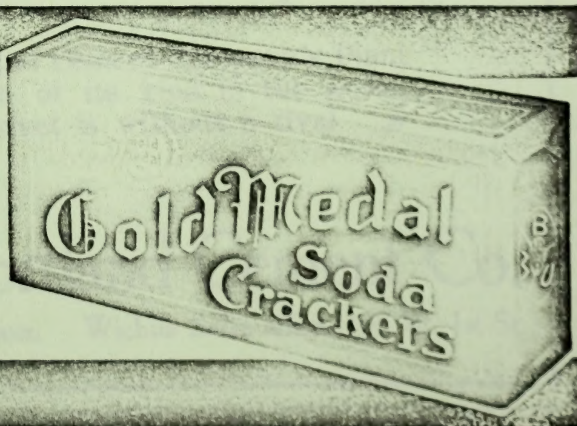
Gold Medal Crackers Are Best

¶ Because they are made under the best factory conditions from the best materials—mixed right and baked right—and it is only by perfect, thorough baking they get that flavor which makes them so delicious and appetizing. Buy a package and you will agree with us.

¶ Gold Medal Crackers are also one of the least expensive articles of food, being wholesome and nutritious with no loss nor waste, always ready to serve.

10 Cents Everywhere

WESTERN BISCUIT CO.





Proven Best by Every Test

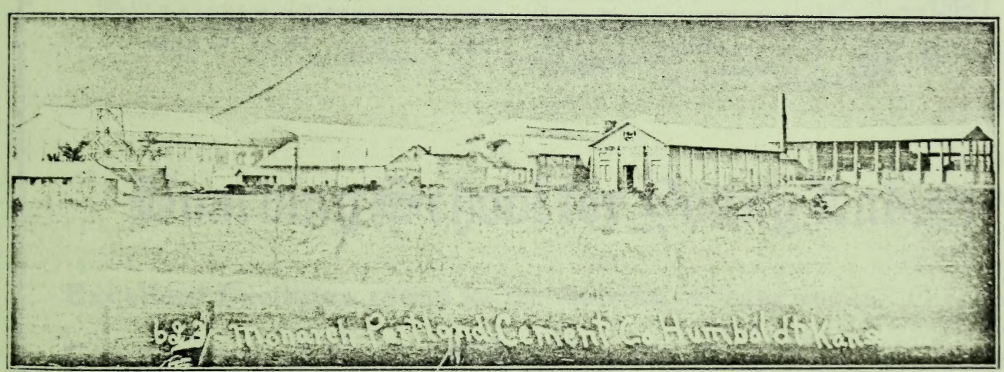
PRONOUNCED BEST

By Leading Dealers and Contractors wherever Introduced

THE MONARCH PORTLAND CEMENT COMPANY.

IT COSTS NO MORE

Therefore, "Ask for the Lion on the Sack and send all other Brands back."



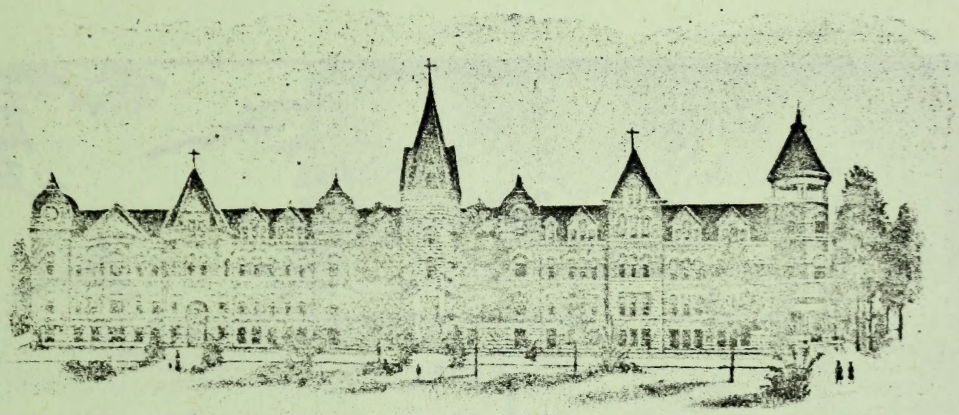
¶ The Monarch Portland Cement Company's Plant is the most modern of its kind in the world. This is why its product is without a rival

The Monarch Portland Cement Co.

Genl. Office and Mill at Humboldt, Kans. Wichita Sales office, 105 W. 1st St.

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Wichita, Kansas



Boarding School for Young Ladies

Excellent Facilities offered for the education of young women.

Conservatory of Music and Art—Elocution, Vocal Music and Physical Culture.

Finely Equipped Buildings. Terms Moderate.

For Catalogue, address:

Sister Superior,

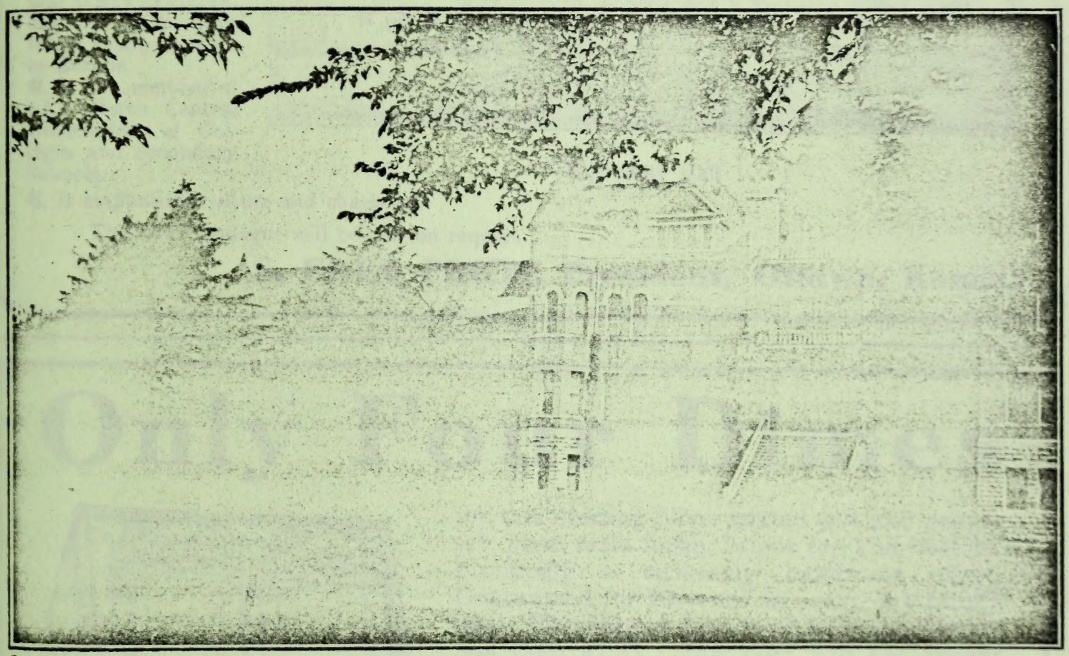
Mount Carmel Academy, Wichita, Kansas

ST. JOHN'S MILITARY SCHOOL

SALINA, KANSAS

TWENTY-SECOND YEAR

THE ONLY MILITARY SCHOOL IN KANSAS



¶ A high-class Boarding School, maintained by the Episcopal Church for the purpose of giving boys a solid training for future studies and active life.

¶ Provides both Elementary and High School Instruction and prepares pupil for any university or technical school. "Lower School" receives boys between ten and fourteen.

¶ By means of a large force of instructors, St. John's is able to meet the needs of every pupil with individual care and attention, giving the fullest opportunity for advancement.

¶ School begins, after Christmas, on January 6th.

¶ For Catalogue address the Headmaster.

REV. Wm. N. COLTON, Salina, Kansas

OTTAWA UNIVERSITY

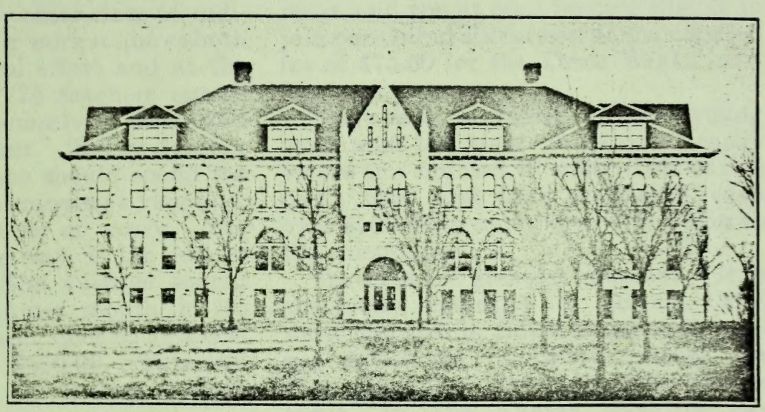
OTTAWA, KANSAS

¶ The only college in Kansas established by Baptists.

¶ It maintains a College, an Academy, a School of Fine Art including a Conservatory of Music, and a Business College.

¶ Its Faculty are graduates of some of our best Colleges and Universities. Six of them have taken graduate work in Europe.

¶ It is a member of the North Central Association of Colleges and Secondary Schools.



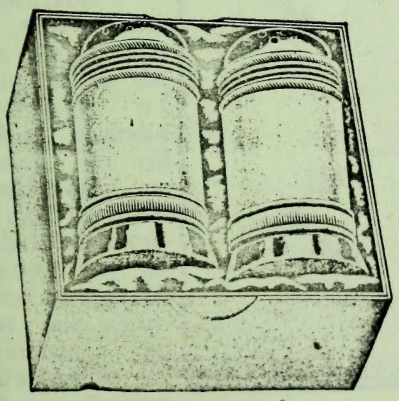
University Hall

¶ It emphasizes culture and character.

The new Catalogue will be sent on request.

S. EBER PRICE, President, Ottawa, Kansas

Only Four Dimes



for this Sterling Silver plated salt and pepper set, plain satin finish, bright top and bottom, producing a strikingly handsome effect. Guaranteed for 20 years. in every day family use. You cannot buy it of your jeweler for less than $1.25. This offer will not appear again. We make this offer to convince you that we can and do furnish silverware for one half what you would pay a jeweler. If you don't say this is the biggest bargain you ever saw we will refund your money, together with postage you pay in writing us. If you do not have the four dimes at hand, send 42c in stamps. The set will be sent you, charges prepaid, together with our large illustrated catalogue, showing a large assortment of silverware, and quotes wholesale prices. AGENTS Wanted. An agent of ordinary ability can make $18.00 to $25.00 per week selling our ware. Write for prices and terms.

INDIANA SILVER COMPANY

8-14 State Street - - MARION, INDIANA, U. S. A.

Ho, for The Rocky Mountains!

The Kansas Magazine will Spend $5,000 this Summer in Aiding Kansas Schoolteachers to Enjoy a Delightful Vacation in the Rocky Mountains.

IT has truly been said, that school teachers do harder work for less pay than any other class of individuals. Their work requires both physical and mental effort and at the end of the "term," 75 teachers out of every 100, find themselves exhausted and almost worn out. Every teacher realizes that he or she should spend the hot summer months enjoying a vacation, entirely free from labor or worry. The only obstacle in the way, is the cost of such a vacation. The average tourist who spends one summer month in the mountains of Colorado, does so at a cost of from $200.00 to $350.00. This outlay is too great for the average Schoolteacher.

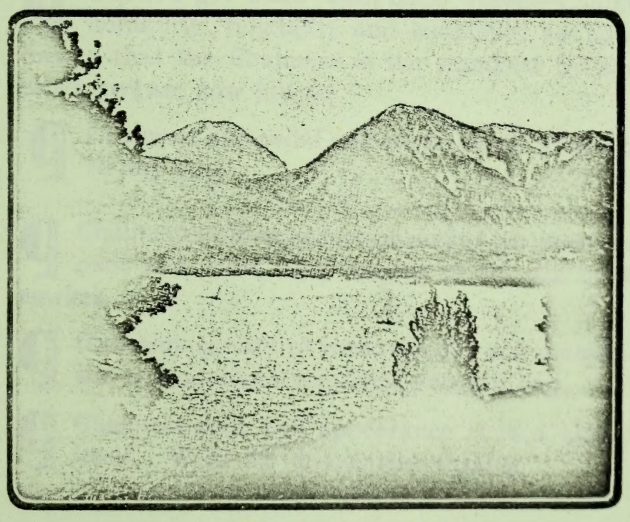
The Kansas Magazine proposes to reduce this usual cost of such an outing to less than one-third; that is: we are going to make is possible for any teacher in the Sunflower State to travel 1,000 Miles in the great Rocky Mountains, enjoying a 2-weeks' camp, including Pullman service; *traveling always by day*, at the nominal cost of $75.00 for the entire vacation.

Any teacher in the state is eligible to the privileges of this splendid offer. We will make only one requirement that will necessitate any effort on the part of our excursionists, and that is that you secure 5 yearly subscriptions to The Kansas Magazine at $1.50 each. Send these to our Subscription Department, and you at once become eligible to join our Grand Excursion at the nominal fee of $75.00 for the Three Weeks' outing.

There isn't a young man or young woman in the state who cannot easily secure this number of subscribers in one day's time, and thus practically earn over $100.00 to apply on a grand trip to the mountains.

Travel is the greatest educator. It is absolutely essential to culture, and those engaged in Educational work cannot obtain the "finishing touches" to their training, without its great advantages. In The Kansas Magazine excursion, you will see all of the sights of interest in the Rocky Mountains, more magnificent than the Himalayas and more picturesque than the Alps.

We will visit Pike's Peak and the Garden of the Gods. The trip through the Grand Canyon and the Royal Gorge will be made in open-top observation cars. After making side-trips to the Bridal Falls, at Ouray, and many other points of interest, our party will go into camp for two weeks at some beautiful and scenic spot along the route. You get railroad fare, hotel accommodations, board, etc., all for $75.00.

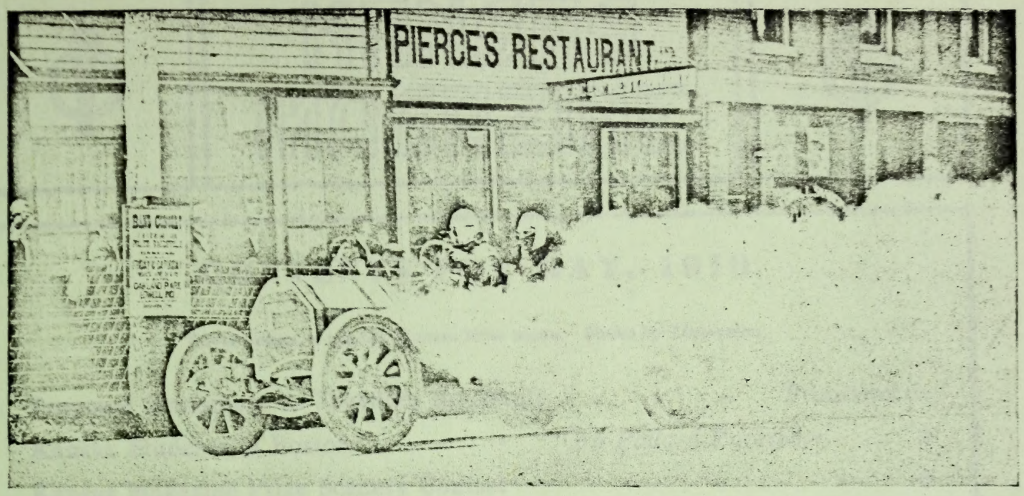


Upper Twin Lake, Colorado

While the excursion and outings will be given especially for teachers, we will not limit applicants to them, absolutely. Clerks, stenographers, and a few individual companies made up from private family groups will also be admitted at the regular rates to teachers. Teachers are preferred. Write to-day.

THE KANSAS MAGAZINE
Excursion Dept. Wichita, Kahsas,





Do You Want Speed?

The Chalmers "30" Has It!

¶ But it's got more than mere speed—Chalmers durability, reliability and simplicity are so well known that the Chalmers is the standard by which other cars are now judged.

¶ Chalmers one pedal control is worth $100 extra to any car.

¶ Chalmers unit construction makes the most compact and most rigid engine of its size on the market.

¶ Chalmers quality of workmanship and material is the best accident insurance you can buy.

¶ Chalmers style and appearance is in a class by itself. Write for descriptive catalog.

Wichita Automobile Company

Wichita, Kansas **"Good Cars Only"**

KANSAS MAGAZINE

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THE KANSAS MAGAZINE, WICHITA, KANSAS

MONOTYPED AND PRINTED BY THE MC CORMICK PRESS, WICHITA.

"Pride of the West" Butter

Carries our Guarantee as to condition and quality.
When you buy

"PRIDE OF THE WEST" BUTTER

You are buying an article that has a guarantee back of every pound manufactured

"PRIDE OF THE WEST" BUTTER

Comes direct to you from the creamery and every pound is tested as to quality, uniformity and unvarying sweetness.

"PRIDE OF THE WEST" BUTTER

Is packed in clean, sanitary cartons in a creamery where cleanliness is paramount.
When you say butter, say

"PRIDE OF THE WEST" BUTTER

The Southwest Creamery Company

Wichita .·. .·. Kansas

WHY

ARCTIC ICE CREAM is rapidly and permanently establishing itself as the Favorite Food Delicacy.

Because in the **Arctic Ice Cream** plant, only absolutely wholesome materials are **used.**

Because in the **Arctic Ice Cream** plant, all work is required to be performed in a strictly sanitary manner.

Because **Arctic Ice Cream** is made in the most Sanitary Ice Cream Plant in the Southwest.

Because **Arctic Ice Cream** is made by those who are acknowledged to be the most proficient artists engaged in the business.

Because in the **Arctic Ice Cream** plant, only ice cream and ices of the very highest quality are made.

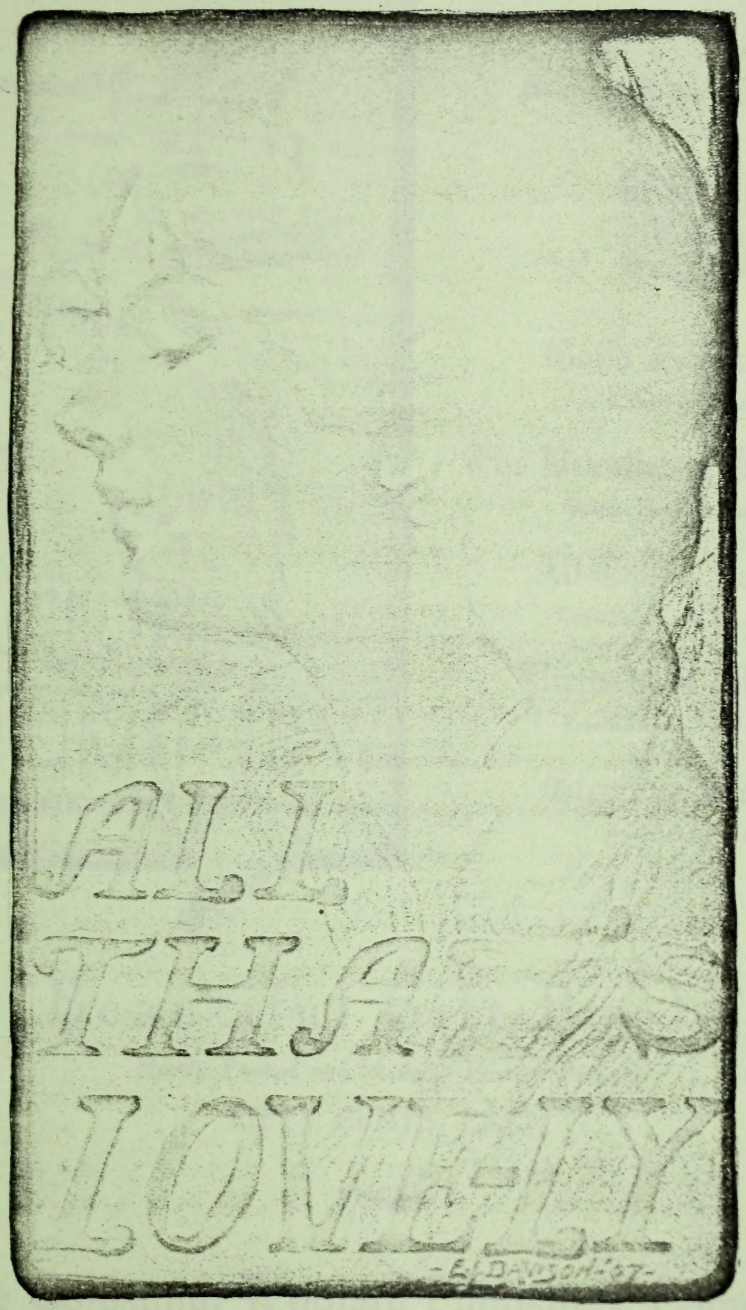
Because **Arctic Ice Cream** conforms in letter and spirit to the Pure Food Laws.

Because **Arctic Ice Cream** is made to meet the demand for a nutritious and healthful food, as well as a rare delicacy.

Because **Arctic Ice Cream** made the highest test under the Pure Food Law, as attested by the official report of the Kansas State Board of Health.

The Arctic Ice Cream Company

Wichita, Kansas



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THE McCORMICK PRESS
123-125 S. Lawrence Avenue
Wichita

WE do more color printing and high grade work than all the other firms in Kansas. ¶ Those wishing creations out of the ordinary in printing are invited to see or write us.

Nearly One-half Million Copies Sold



COMPILATIONS OF

Samuel Francis Woolard



Good Fellowship
A Book of Toasts

The Beauties of Friendship
Subject Explains Contents

All That's Love-ly
Love Poems and Sentiments

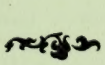
Pictures of Memory
Recollections of Childhood

Glorious Mother
Yours and Mine

Beautiful Gift Books

Neatly Packed and Mailed---Postage Prepaid

FIFTY CENTS EACH

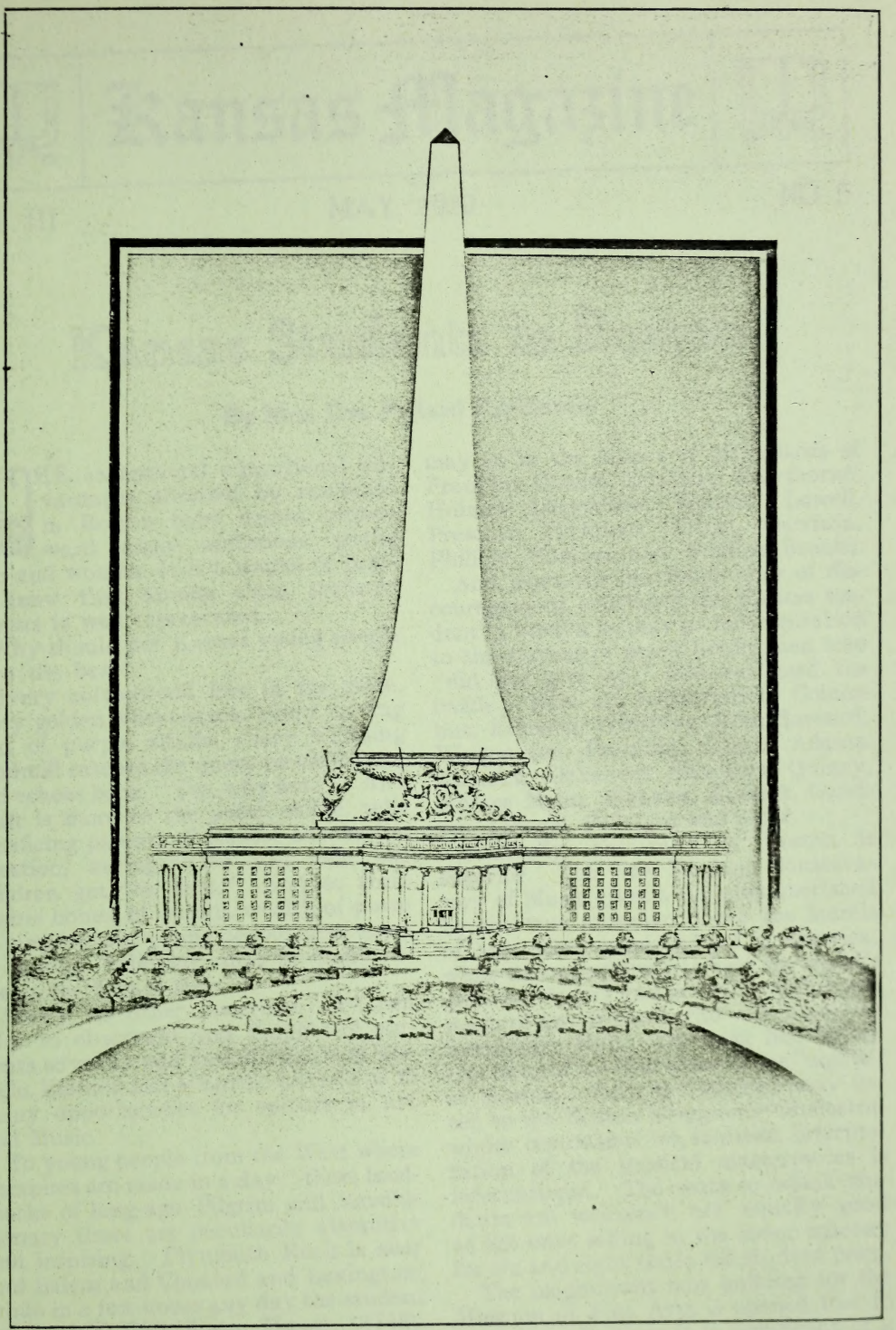


The Goldsmith-Woolard Publishing Company

Wichita, Kansas

All books published by The Goldsmith-Woolard Publishing Company are printed by The McCormick Press, Wichita


PICTURE
MEMORY



A proposed building to be erected at Wichita in honor of Theodore Roosevelt. The buildings at the base are to be four-square and five stories high. They will be devoted to Art, Agriculture, Science and Archaelogical Display. The monument will be 100 feet in diameter at the base and 700 feet high. Mr. Charles Payne, the noted Kansas naturalist, is the leading spirit in this gigantic movement.

Kansas Magazine

VOL. III MAY, 1910 NO. 5

Kansas Students in Boston

By Mrs. Ora Pollard Parkinson

THE exceptional educational advantages afforded by residence in Boston have drawn hitherward many ambitious young men and women. It is a source of pride to know that among these students Kansas is well represented.

Why should not Kansas young people have the best?

Every cottonwood tree in the state, every golden wheat-stack, every waving field of purple alfalfa, every whizzing windmill catches the query on the breeze and echoes back, "Yes, why not?" And what is more to the point, noble, self-sacrificing parents of Kansas answer the question, saying, "We will help our children get the best." And so from prairie homes of wealth, wealth of purse or purpose, our young people have come to Boston believing that in many respects the best is here.

Surely no other American city can offer to observant and thoughtful students so many and varied objects of historic, literary and scientific interest or so many opportunities for culture in Art and Music.

To young people from the West where "empires are made in a day," these landmarks of long-ago Pilgrim and Revolutionary times are peculiarily attractive and inspiring. Plymouth Rock is near and Salem and Concord and Lexington; while in a few hours any day the student may visit Old State House (1748), Faneuil Hall (1763.) Old South Church (1729), the house of Paul Revere, the Old Powder House, the Tea Wharf, Washington Elm, and Bunker Hill. He may go to the homes or birthplaces of Franklin, Choate, Emerson, Hawthorne, Holmes, Longfellow, Whittier, Lowell, Prescott, Parkman, Alcott, Garrison, Phillips, Sumner and Phillips Brooks.

And when the inevitable hour of discouragement overtakes the Kansas student in Boston he may go for inspiration to the statues of many heroic men who "did not give up," however hard the battle. Here are memorials to Columbus, Ericsson, Winthrop, John Harvard, Washington, Franklin, Samuel Adams, Attucks, Alexander Hamilton, Quincy, Horace Mann, Webster, Everett, Garrison, Lincoln, Farragut and Shaw.

Musically, the rank of Boston is superior. The New England Conservatory of Music gives a diploma cherished by the true musician above the laurels of any other music school in America, while the opportunity to hear the world's greatest singers and artists is within the reach of any student who will "rush" to Symphony Hall. The rush line before the doors of the Hall is one of the "sights" of Boston. Here the student may listen to the Boston Symphony Orchestra, whose reputation for faultless interpretation of the musical masterpieces is international. The seats to which students are welcomed are equally good as the ones selling in the lower balcony for six and eight times the student price.

The magnificent new building for the Museum of Fine Arts is opened free to students. Perhaps it is significant of a need in the educational development of Kansas to find the State represented in the various schools of Boston except the

School of Art connected with this great Museum.

Beans and books are the two prime necessities of New England life. The beautiful $2,000,000 Boston Public Library is known the world over. The matchless collections of archaeology and natural science in the great museums of Harvard added to the facilities proffered by the numerous libraries of the city, leave nothing to be desired. It is characteristic of the "Hub" that one of its "book dispensaries" pays free postage on its volumes to any eager reader outside the reach of the library desks.

Not content with providing for the student denied the privilege of visiting the libraries, Boston cares in a most unique way for those who cannot attend regular school sessions. Oliver Wendell Holmes wrote concerning the Lowell Institute, "When you have said every enthusiastic thing you may, you will not have filled the measure of its importance to Boston—New England—the country at large." A bequest made sixty years ago of $250,000 has endowed a course of free lectures unlike any other in the world. Each season, from three to five hundred addresses have been given by such men as Silliman, Lyell, Agassiz, Gray, Tyndall, Young, Mark Hopkins, Henry Drummond, Lowell, Holmes, Edward Everett, Lanciani, James Bryce and noted professors of Oxford, Berlin, Paris, Constantinople, Tokio, and our great American Universities.

The only drawback to attendance upon these lectures is the loss of piety the strenuous Westerner sustains while waiting in a New England streetcar to be transported thither. Over the door of every car in Boston, surface, elevated or sub-way, should be written in capitals, "Abandon hope, all ye who enter here!"

Not the least advantage of student life in Boston is the opportunity to know the charming New England "folks." In the West the question is, "What can you do?" In New York, "What are you worth?" while in Boston they inquire, "What was your grandfather's name?"

But the spirit manifested is not of selfishness and pride but of love and devotion to family relationships and a beautiful desire to remember the past. And may it not be true that many a young man and woman has gone back to Kansas from student days here to treasure with a new tenderness the ties of home and family deeds of honor?

Among the schools of Boston are Harvard University, Wellesley, The Massachusetts Institute of Technology, Simmons College for Women, Boston University and The New England Conservatory of Music. This article will mention the Kansas students in these six institutions only.

"Fair Harvard" leads the list with eighteen Kansans. Founded in 1636, Harvard is the oldest and in many respects the greatest American university. In its under-graduate department there are three of our young men—Benjamin Drew McLean, Wichita; Samuel Lott Mills, Fort Scott; and Hugh Lawrence Caddis of McCune.

The Law School enrolls Frank Alonzo Boys, Independence; Joseph R. Kasper, Clay Center; Edward Wilbur Cunningham, Emporia; William Richard Eckblad, Cleburne; Walter Leroy Nossaman, Cunningham; Ferry Peyre Sapp, Galena; and Henry John Bischoff of Washington.

Kansas has one representative in the Harvard Medical School, lately removed to its $5,000,000 marble halls. This fortunate Westerner is Roy Graham Hoskins of Dorrance.

In the graduate departments of the University we find in Philosophy, Karl Oscar Nelson, Lindsborg; Willis Allen Parker, Emporia, and Abram Lee Van Mater of Parsons.

In Economics, there are Robert Jackson Ray, Sterling, and Thomas Cureton of Lawrence. William R. B. Robertson of Manchester is studying in the department of Zoology; the department of German enrolls John Frederick Sievers, Marion; Lyman Vincent Rutledge of Lawrence is in the Divinity School, and George Hathaway Parkinson of Wichita is a candidate for the Doctor of Philosophy degree in the department of Semitics.

To see the grounds of Wellesley college is to place on the walls of memory a picture of rare loveliness. It is a delight to know that six Kansas girls are enjoying Wellesley—her picturesque campus, her social environments and the far-famed "Wellesley standards" of

scholarship. The students are Mary E. Collett, Atchison; Florence DuBois, Wichita; Estella M. Fearon, Manhattan, who this year is an instructor; Annabel A. Garvey, Topeka; Elizabeth W. Griffeth, Wichita; Jeannette Vail also of Wichita, and Margaret H. Wilbur of, Lawrence.

Should you ask a Bostonian "What are those large buildings near Copley Square?" he would reply "The Massachusetts Institute of Technology" in tones of overwhelming pride and you would conclude that there was nothing further to be said. In this noted technical school there are five Kansas young men—Fred Thurlow Morse, Topeka; Raymond B. Haines, Emporia; W. L. Enfield, Wichita; Warren B. Hopkins, Topeka and Burton H. St. John of Wichita, who is an assistant instructor in Theoretical Chemistry.

Simmons College for women is among the newer institutions. It is almost refreshing to find so recent a date as 1899 carved over the portals of a Boston school. This college founded to give instruction in such branches of Art, Science and Industry as would best enable women to earn an independent livelihood is attracting Western young women to its departments of Library Science, Secretarial Studies and Domestic Science. Miss Florence E. Smith of Grainfield is here and three students from Topeka: Misses Day Monroe, Martha L. Kaster and Carlotta S. Nellis.

It may be a surprising fact that in Boston, the very hotbed, or rather, cold storage, of free thought. isms and isn'ts is located the most largely attended orthodox Theological school in the country! It is the Boston University School of Theology (Methodist Episcopal.)

Boston University in its various schools enrolls several Kansans. The list includes, Fred Bernhard Benson, Lawrence; Maggie Belle Collins, Emporia; Leonard Oechsli, Baldwin; Orlando Ora Sample, Kingman; William Whitney Switzer, Baldwin; Ward Wesley Hull, Buffalo; Charles Kneale Corkhill, Green; George Elmer Barber, Viola; George Edward Brown, Lenexa; Harry Oscar Martin, Paola; Gordon B. Thompson, Baldwin.

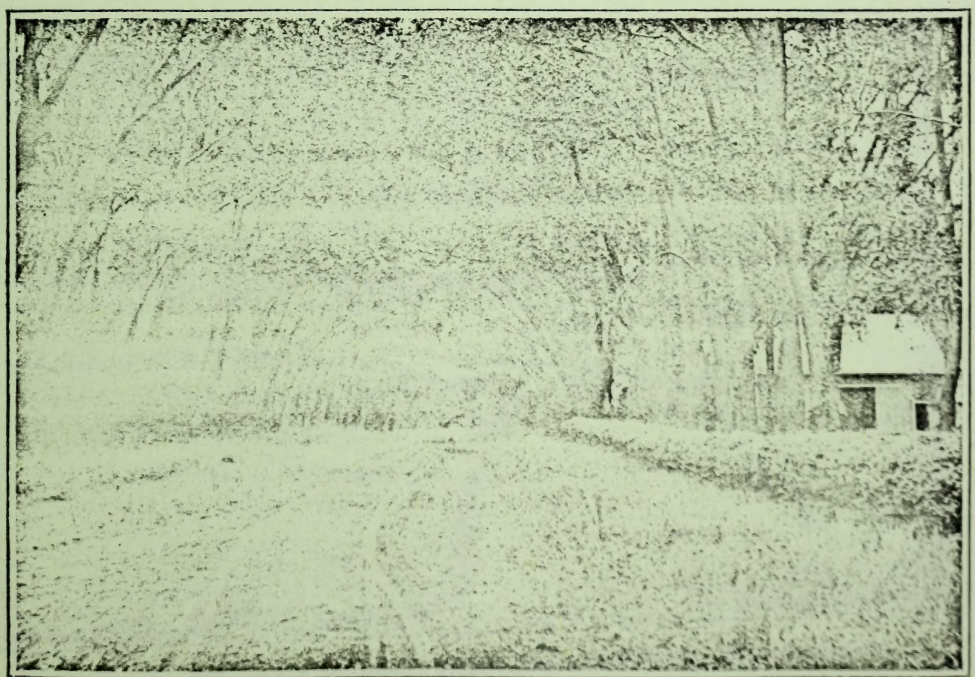
Particularly fortunate are the ten young people from "out West" who are studying in the New England Conservatory of Music. They are Bertha K. Rath, Dodge City; William B. Dalton, Lawrence; Audine King, Leon; Edmund G. Downs, Atkinson; Lelah Luther, Cimarron; Joyce E. Pollard, Mount Hope; Estelle Rulin, Hutchinson; J. Della St. John, Wichita; Gloria C. Beauche, Kansas City; and Mrs. Pearl L. Warner, Cimarron.

Some of these ambitious students are struggling heroically to reach their high ideal. Perhaps before long the sunflowers and wheat fields in the old home state may hear about their sacrifices and whisper to well-to-do Kansans, "Why do you not endow scholarships in the leading institutions of Boston, and thus assist your young people in their worthy plans?"

A leading educator has said that no students have brighter minds, or more indomitable wills, and none promise greator usefulness than do the young men and women from Kansas. Is it right that such students should "work their way through school" amidst hardships that not only prevent the highest attainment in scholarship, but try the physical endurance to its utmost? Money invested in scholarships for such students will give back to Kansas a hundredfold reward. May not the purple alfalfa blossoms be woven into the purple robes of highest academic honors for your sons and daughters? At home or abroad Kansas students, pure-minded and courageous, are worthy of admiration and state-wide interest.



A Scenic River View, near Humboldt, Kansas, 1st prize, Photo by Herbert Peairs



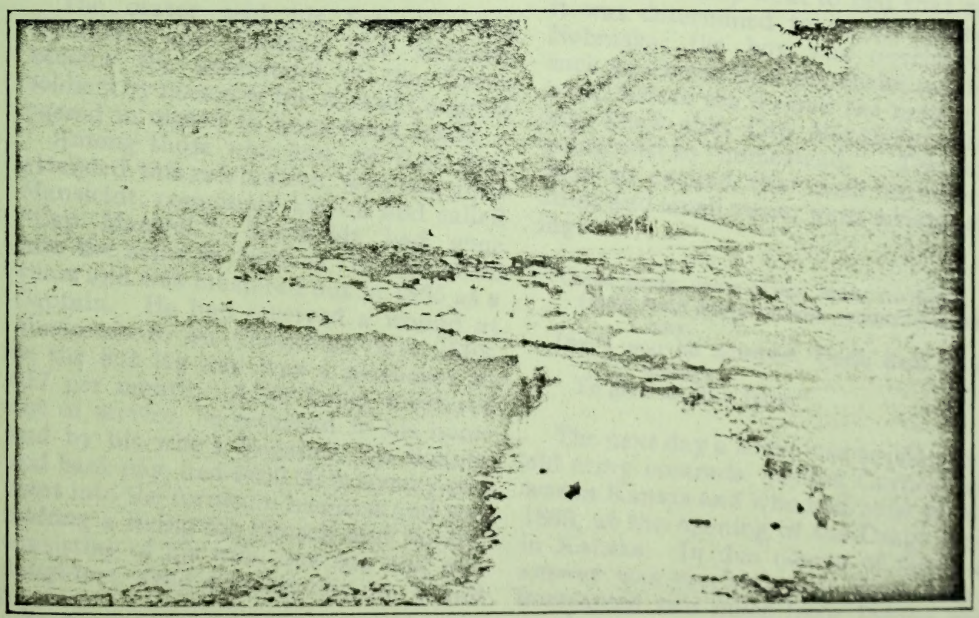
A Country Road, 3 miles west of Wichita, 3rd prize, Photo by Chas E. Sprankle







"St. Jacobs Well" near Ashland, Kansas, 2nd Prize, Photo submitted by H. C. Mayse



Whitewater Falls on J. C. Robinson's Stock Ranch, near Towanda, Kansas, 4th Prize
Photo by A. L. McDanue

In One Generation

By Kos Harris

ON July fourth, 1876, a celebration was held at a town in the north-eastern part of Michigan. The orator of the day called attention to the United States Government's solicitude for its citizens, especially the old soldiers, and he directed the minds of his audience to the government lands of Nebraska and Kansas; the Homestead and Pre-emption laws and the fact that the old soldier had to his credit, in computing the period of time required by law in which a homestead was to be resided upon, the number of years such soldier had spent in the defense of his country in the then late war of the Rebellion. That is, if an ordinary citizen had to live on a homestead five years and a soldier had spent three years in the army, the soldier could get his title in two years by the exhibition of his record as a soldier, accompanied by his discharge.

The orator told his listeners that Nebraska and Kansas had virtually become the homestead of the Union soldiers by reason of the Acts of Congress passed in regard to homestead lands.

Among those who had, on that day, attended this celebration, was one Jobe Mansfeldt, commonly known and called "Cap Mansfel." Mansfeldt had gone into the army in 1862 at the age of 26 years and was mustered out in 1865 as a Captain. He had received a wound at Murfreesboro on Christmas day, 1863, in the left leg and was a pensioner at $17 per month. After being mustered out of service, he returned to his home and by his wife's frugality, his bounty and back pay, had $800.00 in money and went into the furniture business and was making a living for himself and family, consisting of his wife, one son and two daughters, aged respectively, 14, 9 and 5 years,

In September, 1873, he sold his business, including his home, for $2500. with the intention of going to Chicago and entering the employment of a wholesale furniture house, as a timber buyer for the house. The money received from the sale was deposited in a bank. The Jay Cook panic of September, 1873, caused the bank to suspend and also caused the failure of the Chicago house for which Mansfeldt was going to work. October 1st, 1873, he was without a home, employment or money, except the pension, which was too small for rent and food, to say nothing as to clothing and other necessities. He became a copyist in the county office at $9 per week, and subsequently was a salesman in his own old store at $12 per week and was so engaged on July 4, 1876.

So impressed was Mansfeldt and his wife by the orator's speech on that day, that before they went to bed that night, it was determined to go to Kansas or Nebraska; the boy was overjoyed to such an extent that the entire neighborhood, before ten o'clock the next morning, knew that Cap Mansfel's were all going west to "homestead." The family were so excited that each member, in adult and small voice, went around singing:

"Come along, come along, make no delay,
Come from every nation, come from every way.
Don't you be alarmed, Uncle Sam is rich enough
To give us all a farm."

The next day a letter was written to an old army comrade, Joshua Garner, who was in Kansas and who had gone west in 1869, at the opening of the Osage lands in Kansas. In due course of time, an answer was received that there was a homestead two miles from Joshua that was being covered by a local banker, but which was subject to homestead by an

actual settler and for Cap to come out at once.

The following Sunday, with some misgivings and tears, he left the state of his birth, in his fortieth year, almost penniless, to be a Kansas pioneer homesteader, to found a home, to return and get his family. On the anniversary of his first battle, he filed on his homestead and the next day began a "dug-out" and at the end of one week, by the aid of his neighbors (in those days the neighbors welcomed a newcomer) he sat in his own door and felt within him the pride a man has felt for the first time he looks over the prairie and to himself says "This is mine." He felt within himself a hunger for his wife, the boy and girls, to come to this humble home and almost he could see:

"By the fireside the light shining,
Children's arms around him twining
From love so sweet who could roam,
Be it ever so humble, home is home."

Lovely sped the winter, save the tail end of a northerner that blew furious, cold and fast from the icy lakes to the southern gulf.

Kind friends assisted the mother and children to the train and in a few days the Alton, from Chicago to Kansas City, pulled into the old depot and the family was reunited, never, never to part again, as the Cap said that day.

An hour or more and the Santa Fe was rolling o'er the prairie and the next day at noon, with Joshua Garner and wife, who met them, they reached home. Of course, the boy had a shot gun and supper was eaten of the most juicy prairie-chicken that ever was cooked on Kansas soil and the boy was so proud of his skill that his mother named him Nimrod. Nimrod kept the table so well supplied with quail, jack-rabbit and prairie-chicken that before spring plowing and seeding, the family longed for a link of sausage, or ham or even side meat. One morning old Sam Long came along from the southwest with some buffalo steak and this was the first steak they had ever had of the "King of the Prairie."

As the spring and summer went by, fifteen acres of sod corn and a truck patch was cared for and in the fall, this fifteen acres was put into wheat. 'Twas then that the father and mother realized that hope and contentment was happiness, that the real things we need in this life do not cost much, that people in a humble condition in life, surrounded by neighbors in like circumstances, can be happy, if not more so than those surrounded by wealth and all that that brings. In fact, a man's surroundings either make him happy or miserable.

The little school-house on the hill was church, township meeting house, the annual old settler's dinner banquet hall and the years went by joyously and speedily. The dug-out became a chicken-house and tool-house. A new house near by, painted white, with green shutters, a corral, stable, granary and corn-crib; a long avenue of cottonwood trees from the road to the house, some shrubery and fruit trees and sugar maples that were sent out by a brother from Michigan, the fat cattle and horses, all bespoke comfort and the place had a home-like look. Kansas was home. Michigan, if not forgotten, no longer created the home-sick feeling of the first few years and thus the years went by. The boy grew to manhood, the girls were shooting up like sunflowers. Hallowe'en came each year, with its annual gathering and feast in deference to the old custom, when rural ancestors with little blest, patient of labor, when the end was rest, indulged the day that housed their annual grain, with feasts and offerings and a thankful strain.

The Yankee strain in Mrs. Mansfeldt, derived from her New England ancestors and the Dutch blood of Mansfeldt, from his Holland ancestors united, made economy a habit, thrift a second nature and the natural result was peace and prosperity until the fame of Mansfeldt's corn and wheat, hogs and kine was spread for twenty miles around. Mansfeldt was a student and by putting brains as a fertilizer on his land, thereby added to his fortune, year by year and the neighbor who mortgaged his land to keep his family on the principal, and the money lender living on the interest, at last fell by the wayside. The land was sold and Mansfeldt usually bought it and added the same to his own. Nimrod, (the name stuck to the boy) married a neigh-

bor girl and lived on one quarter of the land. One daughter married a son of Garner and settled on an adjacent farm. Mansfeldt often thought that there was a calamity impending; that there was too much happiness and prosperity, no backsets, always a downhill pull; that this could not, in the nature of things, last; that it must end sometime. In the very nature of the mutability of human affairs, continuous sunshine must be followed by a cloud, a rain, a hail or a storm.

Who can tell why such spells come over one, now and then? Is it Providence? Is there a warning, every now and then, to humble man? Why should a man, who is decent, earnest, honest and surrounded by a family and friends, possessed of good health and a good competence, be suddenly reduced to poverty, misery and loneliness? Is it fate?

Suddenly, out of the benign sky came a blow that reduced Mansfeldt to a condition, if anything, worse than the panic of 1873.

A neighbor, his old comrade in arms, Garner, his most intimate friend, had been elected Sheriff. The whole township rejoiced at his elevation and saw to it that Garner ran way ahead of his ticket. The usual majority was 50; Garner got 120. Garner was not a business man. He could not keep his books. His idea of being Sheriff was to arrest a thief or murderer. The collection of money on execution or tax warrant was only an incident to the business. He got a young man to keep books, who had never lived in town and who had never seen $100.00 in his life, and life in town undermined him. He spent the money, which he received in his hands as deputy, as his own and at last realizing his condition, skipped out. The books showed a defalcation of over $6000.00. Garner had a homestead and an adjoining quarter section in his wife's name and simply laid down, did nothing, except resign as Sheriff. The bondsmen, outside of Mansfeldt, were poor and insolvent. Mansfeldt saw Garner, who said to him, "I am not going to pay this money. My home is exempt. My wife's land is not liable and you can hold your home and deed a part of your land to your wife and son and sell your stock and let 'em whistle."

Disheartened, Mansfeldt went home. He talked to his family. He told them the trouble. His son-in-law and he quarreled, because Mansfeldt reflected on the son-in-law's father. The daughter sided with her husband and the happy family circle and relationship was broken up forever.

Mansfeldt's son, Nimrod, demanded a deed for 160 acres for his labor on the land, agreeable to a prior provision or promise to deed him some land. Now to deed this land at this time, when under a cloud of debt, the honesty of the transaction would be suspected and therefore, Mansfeldt, at the time refused and the son went to town and hunted up a lawyer and sued his father the next day for the land or the money.

On the following day, after the suit was brought by the son to recover a portion of the land, the County Commissioners, believing that the suit was brought by the son in connivance with his father, for the purpose of defrauding the county, began action against Mansfeldt and also against Garner and the other bondsmen and caused an attachment to be levied upon the land that belonged to Mansfeldt, outside of his homestead. The son's suit being brought in this way, brought things to a crisis and Mansfeldt's neighbors and friends, county officers, business men, bankers and newspapers all busied themselves in circulating the report that Garner refused to do anything, holding his property exempt from execution and that Mansfeldt was trying to get rid of his property to his son.

About this time, the old wound in his leg, which he got in the battle at Murfreesboro, broke out afresh and he was kept at home for some time. The weekly newspaper came to the house teeming with charges of fraud on the part of Mansfeldt and the other bondsmen, which, in addition to Mansfeldt's otherwise physical and mental condition, only made matters worse. After some time, however, Mansfeldt grew stronger and went to town to see what could be done. Land was down, crops had been bad; there was no immigration coming in. The neighbors shunned him. In fact, nobody wanted to be around where he was. In desperation,

to be known to be absolutely honest, as he felt that he was, he went to the County Attorney and confessed judgment for the entire sum and turned out an execution, cattle corn hogs, horses and wheat to the value of about $3000 and which, when sold under the hammer brought $2600. The county took a deed to 320 acres of land, sold one tract back to the son at $1000 on the installment payments, this being the amount that the son claimed was due him. Mansfeldt and his wife executed a mortgage to the county for $1000 on his homestead and thereby the entire debt was paid and extinguished.

Mansfeldt went to bed that night to sleep, but he did not sleep. He thought and he hated. The attempts of his neighbors and friends, who had looked upon him askance but a few days ago, to congratulate him on his honesty and sympathize with him, only angered him. The tears of his wife to save them from want and poverty, at the loss of his honor, embittered him. Only the younger daughter, Martha, sympathized with her father. His son was his son no longer. His son-in-law and daughter were as strangers. Garner, his old comrade, was a scoundrel and a hypocrite and as Mansfeldt thought, almost a thief. In the community, where he had lived for many years, he felt that he had not a friend, nay, not even an acquaintance. It had been a life rule to consider, determine and act with him and when the sun arose the next morning, it shone on the life side and shoulder of a man going southwest toward Mexico. His wife knew his determination, but not his destination. She knew he intended to leave the Kansas home, but she did not know he intended to leave the state and all associations and commence anew amongst strangers. When the news went around the neighborhood that Garner had kept all his property and paid nothing, that Mansfeldt had quarreled with his son and son-in-law and his wife and had let go nearly all his land and mortgaged the homestead and also his personal property, reserving but one team and two cows and had paid off the entire debt, there was a great revulsion in feeling and a number of those "warmed-over" friends and neighbors met at the school house and appointed a committee to call on Mansfeldt to tender him the Sheriff's office for the unexpired term and a nomination afterwards. When the committee learned that Mansfeldt was gone and intended to locate in another state, there was an expression of great confidence in his honesty and his integrity and there was a desire to recall him, assist him and honor him, but none of the family knew his whereabouts and when, at the end of the week, Mansfeldt's wife received from the Register of Deeds, a recorded deed and bill of sale to all the land and personal effects of every kind, save and except one horse, called "Phil Sheridan," one saddle and bridle, she realized then the depths of the humiliation and anger of her husband, at the time he told her that "she desired to tumble down her husband and herself from honor to eternal disgrace" and instead of desiring to insist on his being an honest man, she was willing to live in ease at the cost of his reputation and honesty. Through her veins there crept a chill as cold as melted mountain snow. With empty hands she clutched the air. She recalled her life, her happiness, desolation and abandonment. She realized in a moment, the wreck of her life ship. The events of the month, the shattering of dreams the present doubt, foreboding and fear, the future, dark, dismal and desolate; her past happiness only could she live upon. She realized that she was unworthy, that she compelled the wreck of her husband's life. And as all this came over her, she swooned, and awoke without reason, a furious maniac, living over and over the last month before she lost her mind.

The son-in-law was appointed guardian of the mother and took possession of the home and put the mother in an aslyum, where she subsequently died; and he drove the younger daughter, Martha, away, because of the previous quarrel with her father. The parents of the young man, whose conduct caused all this misery and distress, sought her out and gave her a home, from which she was subsequently married. The land went to Sheriff's deed on the mortgage to the county. The son and son-in-law bought it in at the Sheriff's sale. The work of a happy family, the savings of

years and hard labor at last were all wrecked.

The younger daughter could not rest until she found her father and for many years kept up a search, without result. Some years afterwards, her husband went to Mexico to buy sheep for feeding and he there heard that an old man lived on a ranch by himself, and had nothing to do with anyone; that he went to town to get his pension paper made out three or four times a year and that he came from Kansas and had been broken up by going on a Sheriff's bond. After hunting up the notary public, who had made out his pension papers, he then telegraphed his wife to meet him at a railroad station in New Mexico and when she arrived they started to the old man's ranch and among the sand hills, as they went, they saw a stone monument with an inscription on the same. Fear filled the daughter's heart as she drew near, but on drawing nearer, she read:

"Sacred to the memory of 'Phil Sheridan,'
The only true friend of his owner."

Convinced that they were now on the ranch of her father, they drove on to the house, standing in the hot sun on the banks of the Gila river. An old man was sitting on the rude seat in front of the house, idly playing with a dog and smoking. As they neared him, he arose, as if to go into the house and close the door. Anticipating his act, the daughter exclaimed "Father, don't you know Martha?" The old man turned and fell upon the ground. The dog ran to lick his hand. The hand that never failed to pat him before, did not respond. The dog took his place to defend his master against the strangers. A sheep herder riding by, was sent for the doctor, under whose care the old man revived and he was taken to the station and then back to the daughter's home, yet no home to him. At his request, the bones of old "Phil" were taken up and taken back also. As they went homeward, the old man, now a child, prattled of his wife, the old farm and his children, happy in the reconciliation that he thought was to take place. They dared not tell him, but when the old man grew stronger and the past events were related to him, the death of his wife, as a maniac, the loss of the land to the ungrateful son and son-in-law, the driving out into the world of his daughter, Martha and was told who her benefactors were the cruelty of it all came to him. Day after day and month after month passed away. He neither expressed joy, nor sorrow, pleasure nor pain. He seemed benumbed. He never referred to the past. The only link of the past was his daily visit to the grave of old "Phil Sheridan," and upon this grave one morning, they found the old man dead.

On a prairie meadow's hillside, sloping westward, within the triangle formed by three sugar maple trees, the lengthening shadows of whose undulating branches receive the benediction of the weary sun's expiring rays, e'er it sinks to rest in the Pacific sea, stands a slab of red sandstone. On the east side in a rude carving, is the head and neck of a horse and underneath it is cut, "Old Phil." On the west side, is the inscription:

"Sacred to the Memory of my Father."

In sight of the stone, along the road, the people come and go. Merry children play around. In the spring, a sparrow builds its nest in the side worn out by the wind, rain and time. In the long summer days, during the hot afternoon, a sweet-faced matron may be seen sitting in the shade.

To the passerby, the children, to the world, it is only "a chunk of red sandstone." To the matron it is a sentinel and under it lies the tragedy of a life, the story of a ruined family, a tale of broken friendship and a chronicle of man's inhumanity to man.

This, and all this in one generation of time in Kansas.

Uncle Josia Buys an Aeroplane

By H. Henry Harris

IT was a pleasant autumn day. The cool, swift breeze had just a suspicion of a sting, and as Uncle Josia swung the old grays from the track to give room to an automobile coming at an express-train speed, he remarked to himself: "Them fool things haint no business runnin' at that lick when the road is crowded with us fellers hawlin' our truck to town. There was when one hit Sally Jones's rig and smashed a pike-keg full of eggs, and when hens wasn't none too willing to work, and eggs were twenty cents a dozen, too, at that. But it ain't so with them that goes overhead; they don't get in nobody's way, and altogether, I wish they all went overhead. If I can find one of them human buzzards down at Jimville when I go down next week, and my bank account is big enough, I'll just take it home for a present to Merandy."

After several narrow escapes from being run over, Uncle Josia finally arrived at town, disposed of his load of wheat, deposited his cash in the bank and traded twelve dozen eggs for sugar, coffee, soda, salt and a sack of flour. Not having the right change to make a payment on his grocery account, he stepped out to get a bill changed. But since he had entered the grocery a smooth appearing gent had taken an advantageous position near the door and was lying in wait for his return.

The latter had over heard Josia confide to a friend that he intended buying an areoplane, and inquiring a bit as to Uncle Josh's resources, was ready to do business when he returned.

"Be-gosh, just what I want, mister! You say it is the cross-ocean type? Well, I'll just be durned ef I don't take her right now."

"Deliver in two weeks?"

"Well, I didn't ask Merandy, so you'd better gimme a chance to break it to her gentle like."

After arriving home Uncle Josia put up the team post haste and was soon ready for supper. While washing his face he began in a sort of mumbling tone: "Say Merandy! you don't care nothin' about an automobile, do you?"

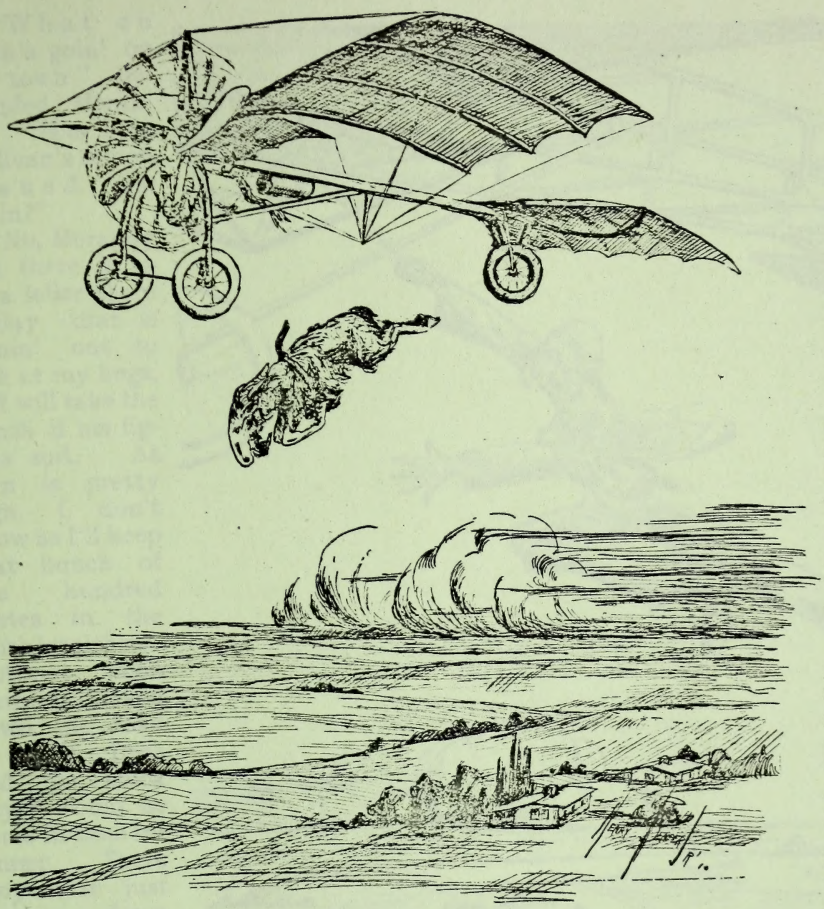
"No, indeed, Josia, old Dobbin is good enough for me. I just seen by the paper that those high-toned folks that bought the Sam Allen place have one uv them autermobiles an the other day a tire or something blowed up, and it's a great wonder some one didn't get killed outright."

"Well, that 80 acres of wheat and the forty acres of alfalfy has cleared me all told six thousand dollars, and I guess it aint nobody's business if we don't buy that Peet Dolan place across the creek. I have just got it into my head that I want one of them human buzzards that have been scarin' our chickens half to death lately."

"Tut, tut!" remonstrated Meranda, "I won't have one of them ornery things around the place; couldn't keep a chicken or a turkey on the farm, for they're bein' scared to death all the time. No sir-ee, Josia, you are going to buy that Peet Dolan place, or else Lee Hopkin's at fifteen thousand.

"There is Sue and Hiram going to get married and he hasn't got a penny but what he has got sunk in them bony, old horses, he worked all summer at Tom Ferrice's, and when they got so poor they couldn't stand up, he turned them down on Hall Thomas's old place. If Sue gets a decent home, you will have to help get Hiram started."

"Well, Merandy, those gol-darned things don't cost so awful much. All your brother John did for Henry was to buy the motor. Hank always was a sort of a genius; he just kept monkeying



"Well, that fool goat was certainly to blame for what he got"

with them big wings 'til he got things started."

"Well, I guess he did get things started! What became of that first pair of wings he made, the one Charley hitched the goat to?"

"Well, that fool goat was certainly to blame for what he got. They were most out of range of my spy-glass, but I saw that goat chew that rope in two just as sure as my name is Josia! At any rate, when he lit there wasn't enough of his hide left to grease the griddle with. I see by the Times that a firm in New York will make me one of them fool buzzards for less than the patch of ground down by the creek made me, and Merandy, we'll just have a fine time, sailing 'round when we want to go to town, and watch those Joneses wadin' around in the mud when they can't go to town by the bottom road for the slough bein' too deep to ford. We'll—"

"Hush, Josia! I won't ride in one of them things, I won't have it on the place I tell you."

"Well, Merandy, I am solid in my mind to have one, and I want you to get over this skeery fit just 'cause what happened to the goat."

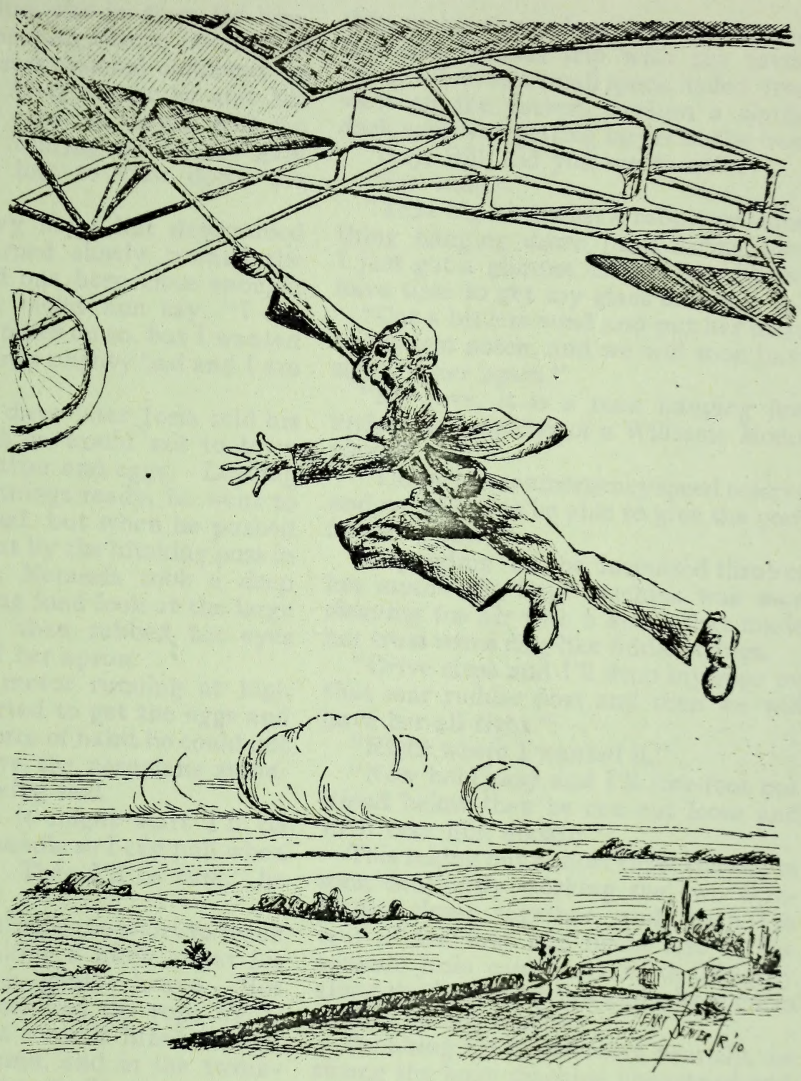
"But you aint going to spend no such money for no such fool purpose; and if you do, I hope you will get just what the goat got. "There, now, don't say another word to me about it! Supper is ready—you've made me scorch the gravy and pour the coffee into the tea-kettle when I wanted some hot water in the coffeep-ot! And now you will have to take tea for supper, as I have no time to make more coffee."

Uncle Josia ate his supper in silence, and noticing this, Aunt Meranda struggled with her conscience to keep from telling him she did not quite wish him to get what the goat got, but consoled herself with the thought that if she was to give in now, he would not listen to her one bit, and might go and buy the fool thing after all, and, as Josia said nothing more concerning the matter, she also let it drop.

Two weeks passed and as Josia had made six trips to town in the meantime, Meranda insisted that Dobbin needed a rest.

"What on earth's goin' on at town," demanded Meranda. "Has Pat Sullivan's saloon opened up again?"

"No, Merandy but there is to be a feller there to-day that is comin' out to look at my hogs, and will take the bunch if his figures suit. As corn is pretty high, I don't know as I'll keep that bunch of one hundred shotes in the south lot either."



"For mercy's sake Josia, don't chew the rope in two"

About noon Meranda looked down the road to see if Josia and the stock buyer would be home in time for dinner. There they were just coming down the hill—but mercy! what was that with outstretched wings about to pounce upon them? A sudden blush of anger flushed Aunt Meranda's face. Josia had deceived her again. The first time was when he promised he would not swap Dobbin off and had given him to her, then went and swapped him to the Joneses and she made him go right over and trade back, even if it did cost him five dollars to trade him off, and took ten to trade back.

As the hill was some three-fourths of a mile from the house, and no one close enough to overhear Aunt Meranda as she gave vent to her grief, expressing her opinion of Josia in his awful sinfulness, a very impressive sermon was carried away by the wind. The strong odor of burning onions aroused her and the thought of her neglected dinner made her hasten to the kitchen just as a great shadow swept across the back yard and Josia called her to come out and take a ride, but it was not until the doorway darkened and Meranda looked up as her husband introduced Mr. J. E. Williams, the noted New York aviator, that her eyes flashed the message of wrath she would have given him verbally had he been alone.

Knowing what was in store for him, Josia ate in sheepish silence offering no remarks save an occasional comment on the weather. After dinner he and Mr. Williams soon came to terms, and the latter met his touring car at the gate and was soon lost to view down the road.

With a heavy heart but determined mind Josia turned slowly toward the house, and had one been close enough, he would have heard him say, "I am sorry Merandy takes on so, but I wanted one of them things mighty bad and I am glad I got it."

A couple of days later Josia told his wife he guessed he would sail to town and take the butter and eggs. Leaving his wife to get things ready, he went to the barn as usual, but when he pushed the areoplane out by the hitching post in the front yard, Meranda took a deep breath and a long fond look at the large basket of eggs, then rubbed her eyes with a corner of her apron.

Leaving the motor running at high speed, Josia started to get the eggs and butter, but by force of habit he could not go away and leave the aeroplane standing without it being tied.

"Just in case it might start I'll tie this rope to the handle so I can pull when I want to stop. Then I'll be sure," he observed.

The rope was a trifle too short to reach the post, and taking a hitch about his waist he gave a gentle heave. But mercy! No sooner had the rope tightened than he felt himself lifted bodily, clear off the ground, and in the twinkling of an eye he was trailing in the wake of a huge pair of wings.

Seeing her husband's plight Aunt Meranda ran out into the yard and her icy heart relenting, she called to him, "For mercy's sake, Josia, don't chew the rope in two!"

A few seconds later a small dark spot faded from view over the eastern horizon.

Taking advantage of the fair weather, a western cattle-man had decided to have one of his men drive him to Kansas City in his monoplane in order to save the long tedious trip with the cattle-train. Just as a small speck faded from view on the eastern horizon a similar dark spot was getting larger in the west.

"Say, Bill, did you see that?"

"See what?"

"That big bird with a rabbit or something hanging down on a string like? I just got a glimpse of her, but did not have time to get my glass on her."

"Cut a bit less wind and put her down to the last notch, and we will soon have sight of her again."

"By Jove, it is a man hanging just under the propeller of a Williams Monoplane!"

"Throw in our emergency speed reserve and we will soon be able to give the poor fellow a lift."

Responding to the increased throb of her motor, the huge machine was soon cleaving the air with a swish that made her truss wires ring like fiddle strings.

"Drive close and I'll drop my rope on that rear rudder post and then we will have her all right."

"Right where I wanted it."

"Now hold easy and I'll fore-foot our friend below then he can cut loose and we'll take him aboard."

This taking but a short time, they were soon cautiously working the two aeroplanes closer together, and when the rear of the first was made fast to the second, Josia cautiously made his way along the bamboo poles and was soon in control of his machine.

Thanking his benefactors heartily, he swung the huge machine homeward and was soon back encircling his own place. As he descended to reach the little open spot just back of the orchard on which to land the chickens all made for cover. The cattle and colts in the barnyard dodged against each other in wild confusion. Amid the general hubbub Meranda came running with out-stretched arms to meet her husband, and between sobs, she cried, "O! Josia, I am awfully glad you are safe! I have been awful wicked. Really, Josia, I never did wish you to share the fate of the goat."

MEN AND THINGS

BY NEMO

A MODERN INSTANCE

To the superficial observer it would seem that Roosevelt when he meets Taft in June might demand of him as did Augustus of his defeated general, "Varrus, where are my legions?"

When Roosevelt left the White House on the morning of March 4th, 1909, the Republican party was apparently at the height of its power. It was in undisputed posssesion of every department of the National Government and of nearly three-fourths of the state governments; behind it twelve years of uninterrupted success, and vast achievements in war and peace; united, aggressive and confident; agreed upon the declaration of principles on which it had won the last campaign and prepared to enact them into law; thoroughly organized and disciplined; the opposition not merely beaten but almost annihilated. No party had ever a fairer prospect for the future.

When Col. Roosevelt returns in June he will find the party in two hostile camps, dissevered, discordant, belligerent; the highest executive officers of the Government under fire, on the defensive, subject to the gravest suspicions from the public; the administration opposed by a great portion of the press, with which Mr. Taft is personally at war; the next House of Representatives not only in danger, but apparently lost to the party; with Republican chances in the great pivotal states of New York, Ohio and Indiana not merely doubtful, but desperate; the Middle West sullen, distrustful or openly in opposition and nearly every Northern state debatable ground; confidence replaced with doubt, the enemy everywhere flushed with coming victory and already parcelling the spoils of the coming campaign.

A startling change in fifteen months.

But the superficial observer would make a mistake the ex-president is hardly likely to make. No one knows better than Roosevelt the true difficulties of Taft's position. None knows better that the existing chasm in the party was a good-sized rift, kept from seismic proportions only by the overpowering influence of the Rough Rider. Under him the reactionaries were afraid to react, the insurgents dared not insurge. With the people solidly behind him, he could overawe the boldest and discipline the strongest.

Yet the breach was there, the factional fires smouldering, the widely differing ideas of the two wings of the party held to a common purpose only by the iron hand of the master politician of his time.

Taft is a really great administrator, greater than Roosevelt, but he is no politician. He is essentially a bureaucrat, the product of official life. He has never dealt with men in the raw, but always with departments, bureaus, with men organized, disciplined and subservient.

"I beg to report" has been the formula of his life. In peaceful times: "I beg to report," and the clerky type, with bureaus and departments are

all right but not now, when the dogs of political war are loose and baying down the wind.

With Taft's instincts and education it was not only natural that, on taking office, he should line up with the organization in the House and Senate; it was inevitable. He has always dealt with organizations, with machines ready made to his hand. When the organization sought to rebel from Roosevelt, he whipped it back into line by dealing with the individual. Taft cannot. With his bureaucratic instinct he took the forms he found, the powerful machine in Congress and sought to use it. Instead it used him.

The people knew little of Taft. They took him on Roosevelt's word without which he could hardly have gotten even the delegation of his home state. The people have watched him with slowly widening amazement that is fast ripening into distrust, not of the man but of his methods. With unshaken confidence in his integrity, his high purpose, they are slowly reaching the conclusion that he is not the president for times like these. His misfortune is that he entered the White House at the wrong time, as the successor of one who will never have a real successor. He succeeded to a burden for which he was not fitted, heir of a legacy he can not administer.

His imminent danger now is that the Republicans may lose the next House. Given three more years of a friendly Congress he might so impress himself through the legislation he could secure, as to regain the lost ground. But if the next House is Democratic, as seems more than possible, he will be powerless. He can do nothing but watch events. He will be in the same position as Harrison whom the loss of the House in 1890 defeated in 1892.

Whether he meets the fate of Harrison depends now almost altogether on what Roosevelt does when he returns. And so we are awaiting the return of the most powerful private citizen the world has ever seen, the greatest politician democracy has ever produced, the master of American destinies.

THE NEW DIPLOMACY

"The old order changeth." For many years, whatever might be said of American diplomacy, and it was often criticized for bluntness, for lack of circumlocution, and indirectness, its main objects have been altruistic. The protection of the South American republics from the bullying of the big powers; the freeing of Cuba; the lenient terms given Spain; the guaranty of the territorial integrity of China; the return to that power of a greater portion of the Boxer indemnity; these and many other like acts were causes of just pride at home and respect abroad.

But under Secretary Knox, there is a great change—a change so sinister that it is astonishing that it has escaped comment to the extent that it has.

Those who have followed the political career of Knox are not surprised. He was appointed Attorney General at a time when "malefactors of great wealth" were having an easy time and Knox did not disturb them. No trust prosecutions of any consequence were brought under him.

When Matt Quay died the question of his successor to be appointed by Gov. Pennypacker arose. Cassatt, the head of the Pennsylvania Railroad, Senator Boise Penrose, the new Boss, and Pennypacker met to agree on Quay's successor. The story goes that Penrose told Pennypacker to go out in the back yard and look at the raspberry bushes for a half hour.

When he came back Penrose said: "It's Knox," and Knox it was. Whether the story be literally accurate no one doubts that Penrose and Cassatt named Knox as Senator. It could not be otherwise in Pennsylvania. So he started as the choice of Boss Penrose and the Pennsylvania railroad, the most corrupt business organization that a corrupt era has produced.

No one doubts that Knox has brains and no one was surprised when he was made Secretary of State. But most people were surprised when the Crane incident occurred. It was reported—papers like the New York Post published it—that after Taft had personally selected Crane for Minister to China, two prominent men in Wall Street made a hurried night trip to Valley Forge, Knox's summer home, and as a result Crane was removed by wire, on an excuse so thin that it was an insult to public intelligence.

Again the story goes—and I get this so directly that I believe it—that a few days after Crane was named, a friend of his, high up in Wall Street, in fact in the inner circle—told him that he would never go to China. "Why not?" asked Crane. "Why," said his friend, "Don't you know that just now that position is worth a hundred and fifty thousand dollars a year to the right man?" "It won't be worth that to me," said Crane. "Exactly," said his friend, "and that's why you won't go." And he didn't.

Now mark what followed: One Calhoun, a police court lawyer and Chicago politician of the common or ward variety was appointed.

Before the ink on his commission was dry, the work he was selected for began. Everyone remembers the famous fiasco of Knox when he sought to secure the consent of Japan to the neutralization of the Manchurian railroad. Of course Knox is not a fool and he never supposed for an instant that Japan would give up that railroad, which had cost her thousands of lives and millions of money: that was her sole excuse for being in Manchuria; that constituted her only hold on that rich and fertile province. No, Knox never expected it. That was merely a bluff. At the very moment the proposal was abruptly rejected, he had another card ready to play. While outwardly working for the neutralization of the Japanese road, his agent Calhoun had adroitly and secretly secured from China a concession for American capital, i. e., Pierpont Morgan et al, to build another road from Chingkow on the gulf of Pechili northward through Manchuria to Aigun on the northern frontier, paralleling the Japanese road a distance of from fifty to a hundred miles.

Forty million dollars have been raised to build it, and now Japan having refused the other proposition finds it difficult to block this one. Japan finds itself outgeneralled by our commercial State Department and China is to be relieved of a few more millions.

It will be remembered that the late Senator Brice of Ohio before his death secured a concession for the Hankow road. Not much was ever done on it, but when, after his death, the Imperial Chinese Government took over the road it was compelled to pay Morgan and his associates who had acquired it, ten millions.

That taste of loot has lingered in Morgan's mouth ever since.

Such a road through Manchuria would be enormously valuable, as all railroads in China are. The traffic is nearly all local, the best paying. The labor even to the engine men and firemen is Chinese, and costs next to nothing.

When, if ever, the Government takes over the new road it will have to pay double or treble its original cost.

It's a beautiful scheme and we can begin to see now why Crane was dismissed with an insult, Calhoun appointed, why American prestige was humiliated in the refusal of Knox's first proposal, which was never made in good faith. In short we can see the whole chain down to this time. How much more there is of it, we can only guess.

Yes, Knox is a valuable man—for some people.

THE NEW TEACHERS

A profound and significant change in the reading habits of the American people is in the making, but so slowly that it seems to have quite escaped those most concerned—the newspapers. The fact is that we are less and less inclined to get our views and opinions from the daily papers and more and more from the magazines. Time was when the great editors like Greeley, Dana, Watterson and a score of others pretty nearly swayed American opinion. The great editors are nearly all dead. The era of personal journalism is past and we no longer know who writes a given editorial; it is no longer backed by a great and known personality. It is anonymous, and more or less suspected of interested tincture from the business office of the newspaper. Very recently no less a periodical than Atlantic Monthly has made the general charge against all the great dailies that they suppress or color news in the interest of their big advertisers; that the editorials are dictated by business considerations; that, in short, few of the great dailies are honest in word and thought.

The charge is of course hotly denied, but the specific instances cited by the Atlantic go undenied.

More or less the suspicion exists that this charge is true, and it is undoubted that the change from authoritative expressions written by great men whom we know and admire, to anonymous, unknown and indifferently informed editorial writers has helped the change.

But there are other reasons. The note of the daily is timeliness. There is only one day on which to say a thing in a daily and that is that day. If not it might as well go unsaid. So the expression at best must he hasty, there is no time to weigh, consider and verify. Much that is said to-day must be retracted or modified to-morrow.

Again: No man can write good stuff every day. No matter how great a writer he may be, he has his off days and it follows that in all editorial columns, we wade through much dull, trite stuff to find now and then a real inspired presentment of opinion.

Not only so, but the editor, though he is supposed to write on everything, cannot be omniscient.

Much of his stuff is skimmed from an encyclopedia, guesses at the truth, ill digested, slightly considered.

On the other hand, the magazine writer is generally a specialist—some one who has spent years on the subject he writes about, or has spent time in its preparation. He has investigated, weighed, sifted and gets nearer the truth than any daily writer can. Time is given for preparation, thought, diction, and all that involves a clear and permanent presentation of the truth.

There is too a certain permanence about a magazine article, and leisure in its reading as well as its preparation. The daily is read hastily and thrown aside. The magazine is read slowly and considered, read perhaps a second time if the article is striking. It passes from hand to hand and the actual circulation of a magazine is but a small portion of the total who read it.

When the magazine field was occupied by three great magazines few read them. Now there are few homes where one or more magazines are not read regularly. I have been surprised to find stacks of magazines in cow camps in Arizona, in miners' cabins in California and lumber camps in the high Sierras. Most of these cheap magazines have great merit. The articles are well written, the illustrations profuse and good, the descriptive articles cover every phase of human life and no problem of the day goes untouched. More, it is touched most often by a competent hand.

As a result, people are turning more and more for their literary recreation, for their information on topics of the day, for their very opinions, to the magazines. The newspapers are taken literally for the news and that alone. The editorial column is more and more neglected.

In the recent upheaval in American politics, the awakening of the American conscience to governmental and social evils, it is the magazines that have borne the torch, kept it lit and burning, roused and directed sentiment.

Call it "muckraking" if you like, it was the stuff the people wanted; they read it, they believed most of it and it has had a powerful effect.

The vast circulation of these periodicals brings them to every home where reading is known. They are the greatest social engine of the present day, and as they grow, newspapers and editorial writers are losing their influence, and the magazines are gaining it.

Melancholy

The shades of twilight fade into the robes of night,
And stars, sweet gems, peep out upon a weary world,
Lighting with fitful gleams the hilltop tall,
The crested summit, far-stretched valley, all.
Across the leaden canvas of the dark'ning West,
Some lone sea-fowl its solitary flight pursues,
Gone like my soul, wind-blown and tempest-tossed,
A useless atom of the many that are lost.
Gone is the day, the little day of life,
Which marks the all-vain measure of the mortal span.
Night comes now on apace, let it not stay;
For with the night comes Death; hence Life! Hence Day!

A. R. Byzick.

Wessie Livers

By J. E. Torrance

CHAPTER IV.

AN ANCIENT CITY

THE young professor had spent several days in systematic exploration of the glade, which was becoming furrowed with shallow excavations cutting through the many ridges and elevations and exposing in many instances, curious weapons and implements that had been buried there since the decline and decay of the strange community of advanced barbarians who had one time occupied the place. As the work progressed and relic after relic came to light, and indubitable evidences of an ancient town daily accumulated, his interesting discovery became the all-absorbing theme with the enthusiastic young antiquary. He had neither time nor thought for aught else. The ears of Wessie Livers, more than willing to listen to themes romantic, were destined to have dinned into them a continuous stream of hoar antiquity, every moment she and the professor were together, to the exclusion of such other topics as are generally acceptable to young ladies of her age. And, to her credit it may be said, perhaps, she became interested in the professor's work; and listened with keen pleasure to his theoretical explanations of the ruins and his conjectural observations as to the manner of people who had designed and builded them. How much romanticism, as a result of the legend, was intermingled with her graver thoughts, of course, cannot be known; but her enthusiasm toward the closing days of the work, was scarcely exceeded by that of her scientific friend. One day she accompanied him to the field of his operations and was shown the results of his efforts with a zeal that caused his words to take strong hold upon her mind. His glowing eloquence, born of the enthusiasm of a scientist in the hour of his triumph, would have impressed one possessing less admiration for his pleasing personality, as he pointed out the lines of ruin and other evidences of the dateless city.

"Here," said he, "You will observe, are gentle swells of ground running parallel with one another—straight ridges so slightly elevated above the common level as to be dimly perceptible when covered with grass; but in my judgment, those ridges represent what remains of the adobe walls of magnificent buildings, long ages ago crumbled to ruins and dissolved and reduced to clay by the action of wind and rain and snow, and the freezing and thawing of many centuries."

"What do you mean by adobe walls?" inquired Wessie.

"Walls built with sun-baked bricks," replied the professor. "The bricks are made nearly square, in most instances, out of clay beaten and mixed until it was

very tough and then dried in the sunshine. In some climates they have proved very durable—lasting for centuries—but I do not think they would withstand the rigor of this climate very long. I occasionally find the dim outlines of a brick below the frost line here, but they are exceedingly rare and I have not as yet been able to remove one whole. The walls have practically melted back to clay and spread out over several yards of surface in width and are, therefore, only distinguishable by the slight elevation and the difference in the quality of the clay, from the adjacent soil."

"But see, Mr. Flynt, these ridges run in straight lines for many yards. Surely the houses could not have been so long."

"Indeed they were. They were what we call communal houses, or pueblos. These parallel ridges some twelve or fifteen feet apart represent the two walls of the house which extended around the four sides of a quadrangular court about two hundred and fifty by three hundred feet in dimensions, with an entrance perhaps twelve feet wide on the side next the street. Except this single entrance to the court, the outside walls were without openings, all entrances to the many rooms of apartments being accessible from the court only."

"What use had they for such large houses? I should like to know," inquired Wessie. "They must have been owned by some nabob with immense wealth and influence."

"Your notion is entirely wrong," replied Prof. Flynt, "The people were intensely democratic. Those houses were occupied by a single family each, as families were counted in that day. It meant a cummunity of relatives in a sense, and the older the social organization of a people, the more numerous, of course, were the relatives, and therefore the larger the house. When this city was built, the social fabric, such as it was, must have been very old, judging from the size of the houses."

"They must have been a loving lot," observed Wessie, "if any kind of harmony prevailed. Fancy a family of, say a thousand relatives, occupying the same residence and living in peace in this age."

"It would hardly be possible, I believe," assented he. "Our social condition is entirely different. With our multiplied wants and diverse tastes and accomplishments, we could hardly hope to get on with that condensed form of housekeeping."

"I am sure I would not like it," said Wessie smiling. "Suppose our house one of that kind and all of my relations —uncles, aunts, cousins and collateral kin near and remote, dwelt with us; and you were visiting us as you are, and would, therefore, feel obliged to be interesting to, say five hundred young ladies instead of one. I would probably be selfish enough not to be content with my one-five-hundredth share of your attentions and the other four hundred and ninety-nine would be equally obstinate and unamiable, and your visit, therefore, would be spoiled. Then, imagine yourself escorting a half thousand giddy gilrs about, trying to explain these ruins to them while they plied you with all kinds of frivolous questions!"

"If the pleasure would increase with the numbers," said Prof. Flynt, smiling just a little bit, "—if it would be five hundred times as pleasant as my present visit, I think I should die of happiness."

"Oh, thank you!" quickly replied Wessie, blushing hotly at her companion's more or less direct compliment. "Now I believe we had better pursue the ancients."

"Very well," said he, "Here is the grand plaza with the ruins of a great public building of some kind in the center. It was probably an armory or councilhouse, or both. We found many fragments of weapons here, and some very well preserved spear and arrow heads. The square or plaza was at the crossing of two broad streets formed by the continuous walls of compound houses."

"It must have been a curious town," said Wessie. "How I should like to explore it in its original condition!"

"It would look massive alongside of a modern town," said the professor musingly as he examined a fragment of painted pottery.

"The most puzzling thing we have found," continued the professor, "is a strangely wrought copper plate. It has

a well formed handle and one side is perfectly smooth. It must have been highly polished when made, as it has a fine surface even now, notwithstanding the corroding tendency of the damp earth. It was evidently used for signalling by means of some flash-light code, embracing in embryo, perhaps, the idea or cardinal principle of our modern heliograph."

'It was thus the conversation ran on until they had passed over the entire field and quite tired themselves out with the exertion. Selecting a grassy plat in the shade of a fine oak that stood aloof from its fellows, the young philosopher sat down to rest and watch the laborers at work near them, under the directions of Prof. Flynt. The professor took from his pocket an interesting work on the Ruins of North America and handed it to Wessie to read, while he busied himself with pencil and sketch book, making elaborate drawings of the ruins as found, and also, as he conceived they would be if restored according to the original design. Wessie began to read, while a multitude of collateral thoughts swarmed in her mind so that she had great difficulty in her efforts to keep separate what she was reading from what she had just seen and heard. Then it was a drowsy, dreamful atmosphere that pervaded the wood-bound little prairie. A restful quiet began to prevail, her subject seemed to recede and continually elude her grasp, the surroundings became less familiar and finally took on a semi-chaotic form of delightful, whirling, hazy forgetfulness. Presently there arose out of the mist the dim outline of a distant city which seemed to be slowly drawing near, becoming more and more distinct each moment—a strange, unreal, impalpable city, indeed, but wonderfully realistic to the enchanted consciousness of the weary young woman. Another moment and she was stepping lightly along a wide, unpaved street, surrounded on every hand by a bustling throng of quaint humanity. A more cheerful, healthful, happy, mono-typical people she had never seen. Small of stature, lithesome and swift of movement; brunettes, all—not a single exception—uniformity of dress and equality of appearance everywhere—such were some of the characteristics of the swarming populace that jostled good-naturedly the white-faced stranger within their gates. Instead of individual houses of various sizes and forms of architecture like those she had seen in other cities, the town seemed to consist of a succession of huge structures of what appeared from the streets to be walls of solid masonry inclosing about a square acre each, joined to one another in dreary, monotonous continuation. In and out of square apertures several feet in width at the center of these blocks, there poured constant streams of people. The walls were whitewashed so that she could not make out whether they were stone or brick; but of their heaviness there was no doubt. The streets had the appearance of walled lanes, broken in their uniformity only by the square entrances mentioned, and the occasional crossing of other streets at long intervals.

Following the street, she presently came to a great square in the middle of which stood a building differing from the others in dimensions and general appearance. It was not more than seventy-five feet square, and was several stories higher than the rest with a high turret upon the roof. There were four entrances to this structure; one from each side opening into wide hallways which extended through the building, crossing each other at right angles. Into this building Wessie walked, attracted thither because it promised some relief from the tiresome monotony through which she had been wading. No sooner had she crossed the threshold than a pleasant-faced, white-haired old man approached her and offered to escort her through the edifice. It was strange to her; very strange, indeed, that she could understand what he said to her; for he spoke in a monosyllabic language that she had never heard before; but it was even more marvelous that he seemed to be able to interpret most that she said to him. As he conducted her through the various apartments explaining the use of each, she was much surprised to note the enormous quantities of supplies of all kinds stored in the building.

Dried fruits and grain and meats and vegetables of all kinds were there in vast abundance. In another apartment she

saw great stores of clothing, furniture and utensils of various kinds. Then, conducting his visitor to the hallway again, the old man said:

"These are the dart chambers, on either side of the hallway opposite each other. In these two chambers are kept all of the weapons of the community. They are arranged thus that they may be readily accessible in cases of sudden attack."

On either side were vast rooms filled with bows and arrows, spears, darts, stone battle-axes, in convenient readiness to be passed out to the warriors quickly in case of alarm.

'The use of these," said the old man gently, "we would gladly dispense with if we could do so. Among our own people such things are not needed; but when the wild savages come out of the great forests to rob our fields and storehouses and murder our people, we are obliged to go to war in self defense."

"Do you not have strikes and riots to quell, or rebellions to put down?" asked Wessie in surprise.

"I never heard of the disturbances you call strikes, and as for rebellions, there is no one to rebel against. We are all equal in every respect; and observe our time-honored customs from force of habit and for their intrinsic beauty. We are practically all equal in authority. The only exception is the mild patriarchal power of our venerable chief and he is obeyed out of respect, and never through fear. The other functionaries exercise but temporary authority, which they promptly relinquish if their official duties do not appear to be satisfactory and others are selected by the people to take their places. There are no advantages to be had in holding office, for there are no emoluments of any kind; in fact, under our system, there is no such thing as individual ownership of property. Public office-holding is regarded as a plain duty which any citizen will perform if called upon, but none are ambitious to serve, since they bring neither profit nor distinction."

"Do you not have private disputes, sometimes?" asked she.

"Not at all," said he. "There is nothing to dispute about. We all have the same rights, which are respected by every one, and we all enjoy the same privileges and endure the same hardships in times of misfortune. There are no privileged classes."

"But in regard to property—traffic and business matters—it would seem remarkable if there should not be some disagreements," said Wessie, with deep interest.

"Every person is entitled to use what he needs; no one owns property. All have sufficient; none are permitted to enjoy more. The best is as accessible to one as to another. In our community the strong or crafty have neither the means nor the inclination to oppress the weak or unwise. Why should one person enjoy better things than another? The glorious Sun shines for the benefit of all."

"You are indeed a mild-mannered, generous people," said Wessie. "How do you prevent crimes or punish criminals? I should think the evil-disposed would become arrogant with your mild form or government."

"If you mean by crime, injustice to one another, we, once in a great while, have a case of that kind. But we have no system of punishment, whereby physical pain is inflicted; neither do we recognize the right of man to inflict pain and death by way of punishment. I am speaking, of course, of our civil and domestic relations; but when a citizen, influenced by the Priest of Darkness, presumes to profane the holy temple, or shows disrespect for the sacred priesthood, he is offered up as a sacrifice upon the bloodstone; not as a punishment, however, nor in a vengeful spirit, but to appease the Sun that he may not withdraw his countenance and permit darkness to come upon us."

"Well, but how do you deal with misdemeanors—small trespasses, not positively criminal or sacriligious, and yet too grave to overlook? Do you not have offenses of that nature?"

"Rarely; but when we do the offender s admonished by the Venerable Chief, and, if the offense should be repeated, he would suffer the ban."

"Pardon my inquisitiveness, but what do you mean by the admonition and ban of the Venerable Chief?" asked Wessie.

"Our wise men who are learned in the

science of the mind, as well as the human body, long since discovered that there is a cause precedent, either proximate or remote, for every human act or emotion; having existed, in most cases, long before the individual, even in the mind and blood of his ancestors. It is, therefore, manifestly unjust to punish an individual for a part of his divine appointment—that which came with him into existence as a part of his nature. Our motto is, 'Remember in mercy the frailities of others; for no man hath a voice in the selection of that which goeth into his nature. His soul cometh to him ready made, and he hath not been consulted with reference to the pattern thereof.' Therefore, when some unfortunate person goes wrong, he is requested to attend upon the Venerable Chief, when he is solemnly admonished, and, if it be the second lapse, the ban is placed upon him. It consists of a copper medal of peculiar fashion hung about his neck. While he is thus under the ban the gods are angry with him and no one will speak with him or take any notice of him—not even his own family until he seeks the person wronged and obtains pardon. It is not pleasant, you may be sure, to be in bad odor at one and the same time with your friends and the gods. That is our whole code and it is quite sufficient. We seldom have occasion to resort to it. But come, let us obtain eye-aiders and go upon the tower, whence you can see the city and the surrounding country."

Then passing into a small room, the old man continued:

"This is the lapidary's workshop where our skilled brothers cut and polish fine stones and make them into instruments of various kinds."

Taking up two highly polished greenstone cylinders about six inches long and one inch in diameter, through the center of which holes one-fourth of an inch in diameter had been drilled, shortly beveled or drawn in at one end until the holes were very much smaller, he handed Wessie one and, retaining the other, led the way to the tower. Here sat the solitary watchman scanning field and sky with his stone optic that he might not miss sight of an approaching enemy or an astronomical phenomenon. It was a grand stirring view to Wessie. She looked down with much interest upon the courts and streets filled with human life and activity. Happy voices ascended as the people hurried to and fro bearing upon their heads and shoulders baskets and loads of all kinds to and from the public storehouse. There were no vehicles of any kind, nor domestic animals, every burden being carried by the strong arms of the pedestrian citizens. Children played in broad courts and old men and women strolled about in the genial sunshine. Then she placed the stone instrument to her eye and directed her gaze far out upon the undulating prairie beyond the timber line, and became astonished at the power of the simple instrument when used as directed by her old friend.

"I see a line of dark objects way off toward the north," said she, "They seem to be moving this way."

"Yes," replied the old gentleman, "They are some of our huntsmen coming in from the chase."

"Over to the east," she continued, "Is another line, very much longer; and it seems to be moving this way, also, and faster than the other."

The watchman quickly swept the horizon and then struck a great tom-tom three resounding blows that could be heard for a long distance.

Instantly every man stopped and put down his load, and within a half minute from the sound of the tom-tom a double file of men marched into one end of the hall of the armory as citizens, and out at the other thoroughly armed and equipped as warriors. Men appeared to come from every street and court in an incredibly short time, and take their places in the moving column. As the van left the armory it turned toward the north at a single tap of the watchman's drum and hastened in double quick time to meet the coming lines.

"What is it?" inquired Wessie, as she witnessed the remarkable exhibition of discipline of the civilian soldiers.

"Savages," coolly replied the old man.

She turned her instrument again to the north and saw distinctly the approaching horde. She saw more; the huntsmen where about to be intercepted without knowing it. There was a rise of ground that prevented them from seeing

the savages and they moved along leisurely, unconscious of their danger.

"Gee-whip!" she exclaimed, "the savages are cutting off those poor hunters. If we could only let them know of their peril!"

The old man looked again, and then took up a burnished metal plate, caught the slanting rays of the bright sunlight upon its surface and flashed them toward the imperiled men. The effect was magical. They sprang forth with a concerted bound and ran like fleet-footed deer, followed by a yelling horde of savages. The timely warning enabled them however, to escape the flank movement of the enemy, and, out of breath, they came dashing up to the advancing columns of their countrymen. Very soon the battle began and waged fiercely for many minutes, when the old man remarked that his friends were giving away and the savages would soon be at the walls of the city. Then, in the eyes of Wessie, a most remarkable scene ensued. The watchman struck the tom-tom five raps in quick succession and several hundred beings, dressed in tight-fitting scarlet, with great wings protruding from between their shoulders, enormous dragon tails extending from the rear and a pair of buffalo horns upon the ugly mask they wore upon their heads and faces, appeared upon the walls of the buildings forming the outer walls of the city. Each of these odd looking creatures held in his hand a metal reflector like that used by the old man to signal his friends a few minutes before.

The defeated warriors were rushing pell mell toward the gates followed closely by the savage hordes. It looked bad for the town, Wessie thought, as she watched in silence the unequal fight. Closer and closer they came, a frightful compact mass of yelling savages. The watchman again struck his drum, when the masked creatures began a hoarse chant, swung their mirrors in the sunlight, and began to flash it among the advancing savages. By the dextrous movement of their hands they were enabled to keep up a constant, shimmering sheet of blinding, bewildering pyrotechnics in front of and among the astonished foe. The superstition of the savages asserted itself when they saw thousands of dazzling suns darting and dancing among them and they abandoned an almost won victory and fled to the woods in dismay.

"O, mighty, life-giving Sun," said the old patriarch, as he beheld the savages in retreat, bowing reverentially, "whose rays are soft and salutary when they fall upon thy children, we thank thee for teaching us how to make them frown fiercely upon our enemies! Blessed forever be the Sun, Earth, Air and Water; the vital elements, the life-giving combination! Wisdom concerning thee is more desirable than many warriors. Thy light is more powerful than the hosts of the wilderness!"

"Gee-whip!" exclaimed Wessie, as the old man finished his praise of the divine elements, "didn't those mock-devils give the savages a thrill! See them scamper like scared pigs!"

"Ah, me! ah, me!" groaned the old man, "You have called the sacred Sun-priests mock-devils! What sin! What awful sin, Daughter of Darkness!" said he sorrowfully, "You have reviled the holy priests and defied the great Sun-god; and you can only atone for it upon the sacrificial altar. As the Sun hides his angry face behind the western hills, you shall propitiate his wrath upon the bloodstone!"

"Whew! what a thrill that would give one!" she exclaimed, thoughtfully. Then, arousing herself, she added: "But say, Ancient Sir, I don't presume you will attempt to butcher an American citizen on your horrid old bloodstone while the Stars and Stripes float over this country?"

"More profanity!" exclaimed the old patriarch, horrified. "To the priests with her!" he said to the watchman. The man moved forward to obey. She felt a hand grip her arm. With a violent effort she shook it off, exclaiming fiercely, "Hands off, you bloody-minded pagan!"

"Beg pardon," stammered Prof. Flynt as he drew back, "I only wanted to arouse you. I fear we shall be caught in the storm."

"I—I—must have been dreaming," said Wessie, much embarassed. "What ever did I say to you, Mr. Flynt?"

"Your remarks were evidently addressed to some one you met in dreamland," replied Prof. Flynt, dryly, "I do not recognize in myself the qualities ascribed to him."

In the midst of her bewilderment, while rubbing her eyes and trying to collect her divided consciousness, she was startled and thoroughly aroused by a deafening boom! boom! boom! followed by a hollow rumble and a vivid flash of lightning.

"Come," said Prof. Flynt, "we shall have need of haste; the storm is upon us; I should have awakened you sooner, but I was enraptured with the magnificent display of the elements and could hardly throw off the charm. It was a spectacle too sublime to be overlooked—too splendid to turn one's back upon. The hoarse groaning and wailing of the trees as they were tossed and bent by the wind sounded like a Titanic chant in the galleries of the heavens, interrupted at irregular intervals by the stunning detonations of Vulcan's anvil; while the dark blue wall of clouds standing across the horizon was constantly draped with a lace of shimmering fire."

"I am glad that you did not arouse me sooner," said Wessie as she rose to her feet, "for a part of it, I am sure, was responsbile for, and was woven into, my romantic—I might better say, perhaps, my phantastic—dream. Had you done so, it would have left my visit with the Ancients, vague and incomplete; as it is, I have a very vivid recollection of their manners and customs, as observed in a general way. I believe I enjoyed more thrills than I could have gotten from your more realistic exhibition. I am very much obliged that you did not interrupt my visit."

Boom! boom-boom! accompanied by a rolling, rattling reveille overhead and a blinding zig-zag athwart the heavens, stopped the conversation and started them homeward in great haste. The sky darkened above, and then lowered its sombre curtains to the horizon. An interval of oppressive slience ensued—a sullen, sublime hush—during which the atmosphere seemed charged with a peculiar heaviness. Then there arose a far-off murmur which gradually deepened into a roar, not unlike the continuous tearing of strong cloth; and as it drew near it took on the voice of a distant cataract. The advance drops of a coming downpour began to patter upon the leaves and Prof. Flynt looked at his neat summer suit and gave a perceptible shudder.

"We are in for it," said he in dismay, as the drops began to fall faster and faster.

Wessie allowed a cruel, mischievous smile to play about her mouth as she noted her companion's distress and replied, "Yes, we are going to have the dismal refrain of the stirring drama just witnessed. For my part I could get along very well without it."

"Quite well," assented he, as he held his neck uncomfortably straight to keep the insinuating rivulets from entering at his collar and wandering aimlessly down his back. And, when the windows of the heavens opened and sheets of water began to descend upon the helpless wayfarers, he hitched up his trousers in disgust, and went splashing along in silence, while his little hostess' merry laugh rang out ever and anon above the din of the elements.

"This is awful, Miss Wessie," suggests Prof. Flynt as the water finally found its way through his clothing and gurgled blithely in his shoes.

Wessie cast a furtive glance at the woeful-looking professor, from under the drooping rim of her bedraggled hat, and, seeing how seriously he was taking his temporary discomfiture, repeated in roguish accents, her version of a verse she had seen somewhere:

"We love the gentle rain;
We hear its soothing voice;
The music of its soft refrain,
Makes all things green rejoice."

"Yes," said Prof. Flynt, smiling faintly as he tried to keep his trousers from clinging to his legs, "Things would have to be green, indeed, to rejoice at this."

"I am sorry—sorry for—us," replied Wessie, turning her head to conceal a smile. Her companion said nothing more and the two walked on as fast as they could, and the rain continued to pour down without signs of abatement. It was a sorry-looking couple that emerged from the woods and hastened up the

steps of the Livers mansion after walking two miles through the storm. The bounding spirit of Wessie would not permit her, no matter how uncomfortable, to become gloomy or cast down; but Prof. Flynt was not an optimist in such matters, and could not bring himself to regard as funny that which made him feel so very uncomfortable.

Dry garments, however, followed by hot coffee and luncheon, caused him to rally his despondent spirits and join in the general mirth of the household, provoked by the ludricrous figure he and Wessie had cut upon their arrival.

CHAPTER V.

THE FLOODS

The rains continued for several days, and every creek and brooklet was filled from bank to bank with turbid water which went rushing toward the larger streams, and it was evident that the annual overflow of the Kaskaskia River was at hand. The river, as yet confined to its banks, except at the low places, sent forth a subdued roar that warned the settlers who had built on the low grounds, or who used the timbered bottoms as a stock range, to look speedily and well to their cattle and effects if they would not have them caught in the folds of the watery monster. Billy Osgood had heard the warning and saddled his favorite horse and was leading him toward the barnyard gate. It was his purpose to drive to the high grounds such of his father's cattle as might not, of their own volition or instinct, heed the omnious threatening; and to assist his neighbors, if needed, in rescuing their property from the insinuating floods. From high-water mark it was near a half mile to the channel of the river. All of the intervening ground was subject to annual inundation, but the highest point after leaving the bluffs was but a few rods back from the current-swept banks of the stream. There was an oblong strip of perhaps two acres that was several feet higher than any other land before reaching the hills. This strip, while surrounded with heavy timber in the lower bottoms, had no trees growing upon its surface except a few branches of stunted spicewood—mere shrubs a few feet in height.

This strip of high ground was called the "Island" by the settlers because it was the last point to become submerged and, except at greatest flood times, it was not overflown. The lowest grounds outside of the river bed, were along the bluffs, so that, when the river left its banks a mile farther up, it followed the bluffs and spread out gradually toward the higher grounds nearer the banks until the whole bottom was covered. If man or beast happened to be in next to the river when the flanking current thus cut across, it would be but a short time until escape would be impossible.

As Billy Osgood led his horse through the gate, he heard a familiar voice calling his name, and Wessie Livers, out of breath, panting with exertion and pale with emotion, came running up to him and gasped:

"Oo—(huh) whip! (whuh) Billy! Oh, oh—"

Billy caught her as she was about to sink to the ground, supported her gently upon his arm, his heart bounding wildly; for never in all his life had he seen her so excited.

"What it is, Wessie? Heavens! What has happened?" he inquired eagerly.

"Mr. Flynt—(whee-up) is caught—(huh) on the Island! Go! Do go quick!" gasped the almost breathless girl.

Billy Osgood, without further questioning, leaped into the saddle, rode up to the fence to enable Wessie to get up behind him, and then galloped toward the river at a point where a dugout was kept in a slough near the bluff for just such emergencies. As they rode along at a rapid gait, Wessie explained that Prof. Flynt had been shut up in the house for several days on account of the incessant raining, and when the sun came up clear that morning he seemed greatly rejoiced at the prospect of getting out of doors once more; and when he heard the moans of the flood, started to the river, remarking that nothing was more sublime to him than the sullen roar of the angry waters. He directed his footsteps across the bottom toward the Island and she had no doubt he was unable to come away; for the intervening low grounds were certainly flooded.

"Heavens!" exclaimed Billy, as he lifted Wessie to the ground, "The canoe has gone adrift! Now what is to be done?" Then leaving Wessie in charge of the horse, he hastened to the old maple tree upon which was recorded the height of the many annual floods. He hurriedly examined the bark of the old tree up which the water was slowly creeping and turned his face toward Wessie to see if she was watching him. Thinking he had disguised his worst fears, he walked slowly back trying to think what to do. He dreaded to tell her the result of his observation, since she had displayed such unusual concern when she ran to summon him to the rescue. He thought he knew Wessie, and could depend upon her nerve in any emergency, but he was reluctant to tell her the worst.

"Gee-whip! Billy, what is the matter with you?" asked she in tremulous tones. "Don't try to deceive me, Billy; that's a good boy; I must know the worst. Is the water already risen above the Island? Is Mr. Flynt now in the water?"

"He is either wet or up a tree," said Billy, soberly. "The water is four feet above the Island."

"Oh, Billy, he has climbed up a tree. I am certain he has seen the floods approaching in time to go down to the lower grounds where there are large trees. Don't you think he is safe? I am sure he is too intelligent to overlook that means of escape."

"I doubt it," replied Billy, grimly. "Those uncommonly smart fellows haven't got much common sense as a general rule, in times of danger."

"Something has got to be done quickly," said Wessie, with set teeth, as she placed a hand upon the saddle horn. In an instant she had climbed upon the horse and turned his head toward the waters. Billy saw the move and started toward her, speechless with astonishment and alarm. She saw him coming, and, drawing the reins tight, the daring girl struck the horse a stinging blow and he bounded forward. Billy also sprang toward the horse with the agility of a panther and caught the reins before he had reached the water's edge.

"Let go!" demanded Wessie. "I will bring him out! I cannot let him perish; I would do the same for you, Billy Osgood! Now let me go!"

Without making any reply, Billy Osgood lifted her bodily from the horse despite her desperate struggles and unamiable observations, and stood her upon the ground. Hastily planting a warm kiss upon her trembling lips, he mounted the horse and deliberately rode into the water. After the first bound the horse began to swim and was soon in the mad rush of the sweep of waters reaching from bluff to bluff. As horse and rider disappeared among the great trees around and among which the flood was whirling and moaning, Wessie stood with beating heart and bated breath, looking after him; in her eye the gleam of admiration for the courage of the fearless young man, and in her bosom an awful sinking lest she had driven a brave life to its untimely ending with little hope of saving the other. The neighbors had begun to arrive upon the scene and when it was known that Billy had gone into the waters, much uncharitable, if not positively cruel comment was indulged in by the plain-spoken citizens who loved Billy Osgood and who did not admire the imperiled professor. One rough old fellow shook his head wisely and remarked that "Billy Osgood was too good a boy to be sent into them waters," "Yes," said a sharp-nosed woman, "I 'low he was coaxed into it by them as has more int'rest in that thar professor than they have in Billy, poor boy!" "He aint no friend of Billy's," said still another, casting a significant glance toward Wessie, "And if I was him I'd let that young city feller soak." "He aint wuth Billy's little finger," said still another, "an' it's too almighty bad if Billy gets drowned for the likes of him!" "Hit do seem to me, a edicated college professor orto have sense enough to come in when hit rains," added old Bobby Heenan, who, up to this time had refrained from comment.

Poor Wessie! It was the first time in her life that she had been without the hearty sympathy of these people, and she was both pained and puzzled. It began to dawn upon her that she was in some vague way made responsible for Billy's rash act, and it began to occur to

her, also, that they attributed to her a selfish motive. The brave girl, who, to do her justice, would have exercised the same anxiety and resorted to the same desperate measures, had one of her tormentors been in peril, stood in silence seeming not to notice what was being said, looking steadily over the waters and into the gloom of the wood. She could not explain her motive to these coarse people with their crude judgments and narrow prejudices, however painful and unjust their criticism, and she resolved to suffer in silence, conscious that her motives were pure, however reckless the act she had inspired.

"Tut, tut!" said Dr. Crocker who had been listening to the ungenerous criticisms of his neighbors. "Them there youngsters is both good enough to live—and—good enough to die; but they aint agoin' to. Billy'll fetch him out. Mind what I tell you; Billy Osgood 'll land him high and dry and no harm done."

Wessie looked at the good-hearted old man, and for the first time, tears came into her eyes. He, at least, was not willing to brand her as a murderess before the result could be known; and his hopeful words brought tears where the cruel stabs of the others had produced a blaze of righteous, defiant rage, along with severe heart pangs.

On and on struggled the good horse, plowing his way through the surging, rolling waters, bearing nobly his stout-hearted young rider on his mission of love and mercy—love for her who had inspired him to the brave act, and mercy to him who was the unhappy victim of the treacherous flood. The deafening roar and din of the waters, the boom and crash of the falling timber deprived of support by the corroding currents, the swash and splash of the restless waves against floating logs and driftwood, and groaning and grinding as the current washed them against the great trees, the vigilance required to avoid contact with the floating debris on all sides—all of these things were enough to strike dismay into the hearts of horse and rider, but the gallant Jack, urged by the unfaltering voice of his fearless rider swam steadily forward. Now he would pass over a point of high ground and for a step of two have a firm footing, only to plunge again into deep water and resume his laborious swimming. Sometimes he would be carried along with the swift current in spite of his great strength and skill and become almost hopelessly entangled in the vines and brushwood; but, aided by the skillful hand and cool head of his devoted master, he would soon disentangle himself and again battle faithfully with the current which was floating so that he was obliged to meet it quartering. At last the anxious young man came in sight of the spot known as the Island, and, as he had expected, found it swept by a swift current of water nearly five feet deep. There remained not a particle of land above the waters in all that broad sweep of rolling waste. As he slowly approached the place, his faithful Jack, nearly exhausted with buffeting the currents, seemed unable to make further headway against the oncoming waters, now flowing directly against his broad breast. "Courage, Jack, my boy! Courage, brave fellow!" said Billy as he cast about anxiously for the hapless young professor. While the horse was thus battling with the waters without making any progress, Billy saw a dark object rise up out of the water a few rods ahead of him, and, a moment later, he was able to distinguish the head and shoulders of Prof. Flynt as he again disappeared beneath the waves. His disappearance was but for a moment, and when he arose, Billy saw that he was holding to a small shrub near the middle of the Island, while the undercurrent was continuously carrying his feet out from under him. Billy called to him to hold on, but he did not seem to hear. No sooner would he struggle to his feet than the strong flow would sweep them out from under him and submerge him completely. How long this slow drowning process had been going on, Billy could only guess; but he could see that the professor was well nigh exhausted. He urged the brave horse to greater exertion and shouted at the top of his voice to let the young man know that help was at hand and thus encourage him to hold out, but his shout fell upon deaf ears. It nearly broke the great heart of Billy Osgood as he patted the neck of his

noble horse, to see the brave fellow expending his precious strength and yet coming no nearer the perishing man. If he could only get up to the Island he could rescue the professor and give his poor Jack a few minutes rest upon solid ground. It would be a great relief to Jack to get his feet upon the ground after so long a swim; but he was coming no nearer. If anything, he was drifting back. Oh! horror! Prof. Flynt, utterly helpless and unconscious, has loosened his hold upon the brush and is drifting rapidly down stream and will pass several rods to the right of where the jaded horse is laboring so faithfully and yet to so little purpose. The horse's head was turned across the current with a view to intercept the drifting man before he passed the point opposite; but the current hurried him along as though it took malicious delight in baffling every effort of man and horse to rescue the victim of its subtle treachery. Holding to a small piece of driftwood which he had grasped mechanically upon releasing his hold on the shrub, with barely sufficient buoyancy to keep him at the surface most of the time, Prof. Flynt, with deadened sensibilities, passed down stream several rods ahead of the horse and rider. Again Billy turned his horse's head, this time down stream, and the ease with which he was able to swim with the current, as compared with his futile efforts in the other direction, seemed to inspire the horse with renewed energy, and he began to gain slowly upon the receding professor. Billy's heart almost stood still; for well he knew that if the young man should relax his hold upon the piece of driftwood, he would sink at once in many feet of water beyond possibility of rescue.

Under such circumstances, how could he go back to Wessie? Might she not think him deficient in courage because he did not spring into the deep after him? Might not the people think he had a motive in letting the professor perish? Such thoughts went whizzing through Billy's head as he was chasing the floating man down stream. I have said he went to the rescue for love of Wessie —a peculiar love, withal, it must seem, that would prompt a suitor to the rescue of his dangerous rival, at the risk of his own life; but Billy Osgood, brave and generous by nature, knew full well that the strongest appeal to the admiration—yes, to the love itself—of Wessie, was broad humanity and unfaltering courage. That she could not abide a coward, he had seen manifest in her nature a thousand times; and he could do no less than he was doing under the circumstances, if he wished to win her, whatever might have been his inclination. I mention this to explain what might seem an anomaly to a more or less selfish person; but while Billy Osgood loved Wessie with a deep, manly love, his humanity and courage needed little prompting when there was a reasonable chance to rescue his fellow from harm.

The distance between him and the drifting man was gradually narrowing. He leaned forward upon the horse's neck and could almost reach the professor's arm. The suspense was terrible. He grasped the arm and at the same moment the horse reached the ground with his feet and began to wade upon still higher ground until the water struck him about half sides. Then he began to tremble and sank slowly down into the water. Billy sprang off holding to Prof. Flynt, and, grasping the rein near the bits, held poor Jack's head above the water with one hand and the head of the unconscious man with the other. He was in a state of doubt and awful suspense. Was Jack dying, or exhausted only? Was Prof. Flynt dead? Momentous questions, those! The answer could not be far off. He was in water to his mid-waist, supporting the drowned man with one weary arm and the head of the dying horse with the other, while the rapidly rising waters crept higher upon his benumbed body and mocked his helplessness by rude surges and violent uplifts that made it almost impossible for him to keep his feet upon the round. How could he hope to escape the fury of the flood, burdened as he was? An alternative occurred to him that seemed a trifle better than straight doom. It was a choice. A wretched choice, indeed, but it was a choice, nevertheless. He could abandon the drowned man and faithful

horse and swim from tree to tree and finally reach land; or he could remain and perish with them. To Billy it seemed a hateful alternative; but he must choose without delay if choice he meant to make.

After what seemed a very great time, but which was, in fact, not more than five minutes, Jack groaned, put out his fore feet and got up, shook the water from his main, looked toward the bluffs and neighed hopefully. He had taken a short rest, he felt revived, and took that way of announcing to his imperiled master, his confidence in his ability to complete the business in hand. Painfully Billy climbed into the saddle and drew the helpless young man up before him; and, without waiting for the command of his master, Jack started for the land.

The crowd on shore caught a glimpse of horse and rider among the trees as they neared the land, and a glad shout of encouragement went echoing across the watery waste. Men rushed up to the very margin of the waters in their eagerness to render assistance to the young hero.

As soon as the horse came out of the water, the professor was lifted from his back by the men and placed gently upon the ground. Billy Osgood climbed down wearily, threw the rein over the horse's neck and sat down with his back against a small tree, completely exhausted. Dr. Crocker began, at once, trying to resuscitate the unconscious young professor, and the crowd gathered about him, some eager to assist if needed, others out of morbid curiosity. Wessie stood where Billy Osgood had left her, a triumphant gleam lighting her eye, her face, with that exception, pale and anxious apparently stupified by the awful nerve tension she had experienced. Those who expected her to break forth and bewail, publicly, the fate of Prof. Flynt, and thus demonstrate what they had predicted, were disappointed. She made no movement toward approaching him as he lay upon the ground, and not a sigh nor tear escaped her. Those also, who believed the heroic deed of Billy Osgood would impel her to express a preference for him, or at least show some sign of awakened love, were not gratified. She stood in silence looking on.

TO BE CONTINUED

Not Twice

Some things will come again—
  The lightning, storm, and rain;
But never shall we know
  Again that depth of pain.

For you and I, we drank
  Down to the dregs the cup;
Not twice between the thieves
  Are victims offered up.

—*Ida Ahlborn Weeks.*

Loves

By A. B. LEIGH



THE noblest of all loves is mother love,
If be the mother noble and the world
Unites the words. No baser thought
Can the world hold or have
Than that of an ignoble mother!

A father's love! It may be glorious,
Splendid in its strong purity and help,
Guiding o'er places where a heart might fail,
Warning of dangers that his mind
With freer vision sees and knows.

A brother's love is holy; reaching out
In true protection, trust and strength,
There is the rare companionship;
The interchange of purest thoughts;
The mutual helpfulness and care;
The sweetness of an intimacy
That sacred is and happiest.

A sister's love is part a mother's love;
Maternal instinct gives it grace
And adds unto a beauty all its own.
It purifies, refines, uplifts
And is a brother's truest joy.
Her love rounds out, completes,
Brightens the circle of the days
And strengthens—as the intercourse
Of spirit unto spirit. Virtue springs
High souled from such a love and wears
Life's highest good attaining it.

The love of man and maid,
The lovers' love hath all of these,
It reaches loftier heights;
It gazes into deep eternity;
And builds its tower to defy
And battle with the blows of time,
It images its strength and power
In newborn souls. It lifts again,
(Thrice potent that it recreates),
Man's soul to happiest human heights,
And gives him an exquisite taste
Of things immortal.

Love's various degrees do take
Their weight and beauty from the soul,
Offering—accepting,
Their strength from every thought that gives
The world one better.





The TWENTY HARVEST HANDS

WRITTEN FOR KANSAS MAGAZINE

By GUIDO D. JANES

CYRUS CARR advertised in the Kansas City and Omaha papers for day-laborers until he was despondent. Yes; he appealed through the press for assistance to harvest his corn crop, and the only answers he received, were "statements" from said press.



Painting the Sign

"Martha," remarked Cyrus to his wife, after the rural mail carrier brought him a bunch of bills from the Kansas City Daily, "I have a fifty thousand dollar corn crop, and twenty thousand dollars in the bank. This latter amount, I have set aside for harvest hands. Guess the only thing left to do is to put a finis to my life by jumping into the Kaw."

The good lady did not hear the words of her husband, for she was busily engaged in reading the paper.

"Look here, dear," she cried, "those bank robbers over in Bourbon county are laboring over time, three safes in one night were molested. You—"

"Hurrah," yelled Cyrus, interrupting the feminine flow of talk, "I—I have a plan; a good plan, a plan to prevent myself from killing unnecessary time in a cemetery and to save the corn crop."

"What is it, Better-Half?"

"Wait and see. I'll obtain enough laborers to reclaim the fifty thousand. It will cost twenty, but what of that? I am hilarious even now, happy and beside myself with joy. Martha, we will not starve next winter, and you can go to St. Joseph if you wish and take in the millinery opening, this fall."



"Talk sense, Cyrus, talk sense."

"I am, dear; don't throw a damp blanket on my happiness."

"Well, I won't."

So the crop-stranded farmer put a flaring notice in the Omaha morning paper, stating that twenty bank robbers were wanted at once, and requesting them to apply to Cyrus Carr, ——— County, Kansas, by return express, mail or through train; that said robbers would be treated as ordinary law-abiding citizens, and would be immune from arrest or imprisonment.

This notice was run in the Monday morning issue. On the following Wednesday, "Red" Larry and his gang of Chicago safe-blowers answered the ad in person. With them, they carried, in concealment, dynamite, nitroglycerine and side-arms.

"We are here," said "Red" as Cyrus rushed out to meet them. "I hope your advertisement is not a fake." Here he poured out a small quantity of explosive into his hand to show his credentials.

"No fake, I assure you, gentlemen," was the laconic reply. "I am no grafter, and you shall not leave this place empty handed. You shall pursue your vocation and be well paid, provided, beforehand you will help me harvest my corn crop."

"Well, if such is the case," returned the leader, good-naturedly, "we will stick." At this juncture, he poured the explosive back into its receptacle. "Now, farmer; where is the corn-on-the-hoof, as it were."

"Yonder," and Cyrus pointed to a sea of tasselled brown, waving impatiently in the Kansas breeze.

"On boys, to battle, then," commanded "Red," and removing his coat, he became an innocent farm-hand boss, in a second. The others followed.

The farmer removed his coat, too. He did not go into the harvest field though. No, he picked up a hammer and some nails, a trowel and saw, and; aided by a number of carpenters, masons, and others that he had previously secured at the neighboring town, erected a fine, substantial building, two hundred feet from his barn. While the bank robbers perspired in the field, Cyrus sweat in the barnyard.

Finally, the crop was harvested, two days ahead of schedule time, and out of the generosity of their hearts, "Red's" gang helped with the finishing touches on the building. After this the delighted proprietor produced some red paint, and painted the following inscription on one side of the structure: "CARR PRIVATE BANK. DEPOSITS; $20.000. SURPLUS; A GOOD DEAL."



"We are here!"

"Now, gentlemen," he remarked, wiping some of the paint off his hands and onto his trousers, "There is the bank with money in it. You can rob it whenever you get ready. Blow it up. It is for you in return for your assistance."

"Thanks," said "Red" laughingly. "Come boys, let's—"

"Wait, please," interrupted Mrs. Carr coming out of the house, "Come into supper, before you return to your old practices. I have some fried chicken and biscuits."

"We are planning to blow up the place now," said the leader, "but seeing that you have been so thoughtful as to cook us a nice lay-out, we will defer the job a half hour."

"This way, men."

The twenty-one men thereupon, fell into line and followed the good lady into the house, and sat down at a bountiful table and partook of a sumptuous feast.

"Now, men," said Cyrus, with a smile, after the band began to pick their teeth, "get busy." The sheriff will not bother you, neither will the police detain you. You have saved my corn crop from ruin; I'll protect you, now."

"Thanks," observed all of the men, sauntering out. "You are all to the good."

Fifteen minutes passed; fifteen minute of silence, then suddenly there was an explosion, and one side of the improvised bank building was blown apart. Through the opening, the band rushed; a scramble followed, while the air was filled with exclamations. Out of it all though, merged twenty-one happy individuals, each carrying with him, $900.00, and waving a kind farewell to their two farmer friends, took their departure.

"And you suggested the plan," said happy Cyrus in a most affable mnner.

"How so, Cy?"

"Don't you recollect, when you read about those safe-blowers over in Bourbon county?"

"Why, so I did."

The Afterthought

Give me the sunshine in your heart
And the gold that is in your hair
And I will buy for my own sweetheart
The world and its kingdoms, part by part
And its jewels, rich and rare.

Your red, red lips were wine to me,
And your eyes were my heaven's blue
But the things are dead that used to be
When I builded my castles in ecstacy
For none, little girl, but you.

R. D. Ross.

The Prairie Fire

THE PRAIRIE STRETCHES MILE ON MILE
WITH SHORT AND MATTED GRASS,
LEFT SEARED AND YELLOW BY THE BREATH
OF SUMMER AS IT PASSED.

HIGH IN THE WEST THE AUTUMN SUN
GLOWS BLOOD RED THROUGH THE HAZE,
THE VAST EXPANSE OF TREELESS PLAIN
NO SIGN OF LIFE BETRAYS.

DOWN FROM THE DISTANT, UNSEEN HILLS,
THE RESTLESS WEST-WIND SWEEPS,
AND OVER ALL, THE BUZZARD WHEELS
AS PATIENT WATCH HE KEEPS.

ALONG THE PRAIRIE'S DISTANT RIM
A PILLAR OF SMOKE-CLOUD CURLS,—
THEN LARGER GROWS, AND ON THE AIR
A BREATH OF BURNING WHIRLS.

ERE LONG THE SUN IS ALMOST HID
WITH SMOKE-WREATHS DRIFTING FAST;
THE TIRELESS WEST-WIND SWIRLS ALONG—
AN ANGRY, ROARING BLAST.

GREAT FLOCKS OF BIRDS SAIL SWIFTLY BY,
AS BY SOME FOE PURSUED,
WHILE ALL AROUND, DART SKURRYING FORMS—
THE PRAIRIE'S STARTLED BROOD.

THE DAY IS CHANGED TO SOMBRE NIGHT;
BENEATH THE BLACK SMOKE PALL
A LINE OF ANGRY LEAPING FLAME
COMES ON, DEVOURING ALL.

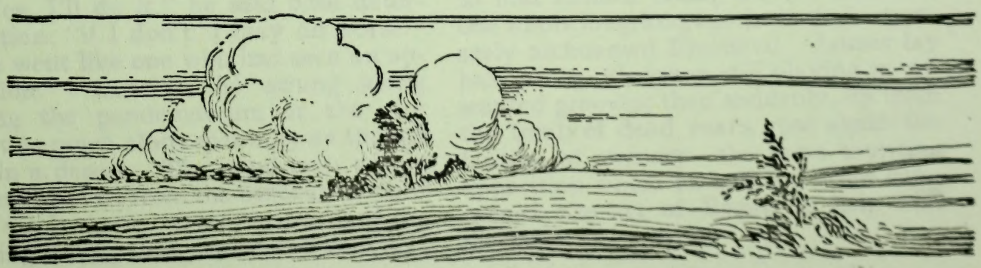
A FIEND IS LOOSE UPON THE PLAIN,
A FIERCE, RESISTLESS KING—
WILD REVEL HERE TO-DAY HE KEEPS
AND HAS HIS FEARFUL FLING.

HE LAUGHS, HE ROARS, HE SHRIEKS, HE HOWLS,
AS UPWARD FROM THE GRASS
GREAT CLOUDS OF SMOKE HE HEAV'NWARD HURLS
AND RIDES THE RAGING BLAST.

THEN ON HE WHIRLS, IN MAD CAREER,
ACROSS THE DEATH-DOOMED PLAIN;
AHEAD—A TERROR-STRICKEN HOST,
BEHIND—BUT CHARRED REMAINS.

A VAST EXPANSE OF BLACKENED EARTH
LIES WHERE THE GRASS-LANDS LAY—
THE TIRELESS BIRD, THAT WHEELED ABOVE,
DESCENDS, AND CLAIMS HIS PREY.

—Imri Zumwalt



Sundown

By George Warburton Lewis
Author of "The Whip Hand," "The Ruling Passion," Etc.

HUNDREDS of times before, Lomer had lain as now and rested his bored eyes on the cool white wainscoting of the wall that flanked his cot. Hundreds of times before, too, had he lain as now in distracted thought, idly going over the details of a giant revolver that hung in dark outline against the immaculate background of the wall. But just now as he lay wrapt in fancy, gazing out between half-closed lids at the familiar hound-built fire-arm, the weapon suddenly grew to fascinate him as a thing of dross and metal sprung into palpitant life. Lomer sat up and stared wide-eyed, and so staring, beheld, to his utter astonishment, nothing whatever in the immobile piece of steel to account for the queer start it had given him. After an hour of mental groping, however, he had grappled with the secret of his mystification. An idea no less absurd than horrible had taken root in his mind. The cause of its existence there was beyond the powers of his reason. It had come unbidden and uninduced but it was there, and it was a ghastly, terrible thought that would not go away.

"My God!" cried Lomer, "my God!"

His hand trembled as he brought it to his wild-staring eyes and turned his face from the wall. For a space he lay motionless, then all of a sudden he sat up on the edge of his cot and reached for his hat.

"Yes, I'll do it," he said with determination; "if I don't, I may do worse."

He went like one who has seen an apparition. Outside, he swung along among the pandemonium of the city street as much alone mentally as though lost in a desert. The mind-man within him still shrank from the hideous thought that dwelt there. Over the heads of the shifting throng that jostled and stared at him, his gaze traveled with devouring eagerness far down the jammed street whither the sub-stream of humanity tacitly held itself aloof, and there it met its object, a great gilded sign, a single possessive noun in tawdry decoration proclaiming "REGAN'S." To the casual eye the sign meant little; to Lomer it bore the unique relationship of a straw to a drowning man. To the drowning man, however, the straw looked hearteningly like a life-buoy, and with breakers booming in his ears he threw himself upon it confidently.

Lomer felt his way back along a dark, deserted street, later—much later; so late, in fact, that it was beginning to be early. His hat was a dust-coated, shapeless thing that tilted forward over his eyes at a precarious angle, his coat was begrimed and torn and his gait was so absurd as to suggest the means by which it had been acquired. Lomer had gained the goal of the luring life-buoy, but he was conscious that he was drowning still. Disillusionment was his. Nor had he, with the aid of Regan's popular panacea, achieved forgetfulness. By lurches and contortions he flung himself into his narrow room and got partly into bed before deep, relaxive slumber stole upon and conquered him.

Next day's sun was slanting down the west ere Lomer came back from the realm of dream-fantasy. He opened his heavy eyes and was at once soothed to find himself facing an old comrade, one whom long, long ago, he had affectionately nicknamed Bluedevil. Lomer lay half awake, his fancy still playing in unwonted grooves; then suddenly, up from the tomb of dead years, rose again the fantom of memory—the same taunting apparition which he had too often summoned the art of Regan to help him dissipate.

"This has become a mighty big trouble, but I'll trust to you, Bluedevil, to see me through it. You'll do it, won't you, ol' pal? You'll be square with me, just as you al'ys have been, won't you?"

He went on in musing monologue, addressing his appeal to the long revolver, Bluedevil, smiling coldly back from the wall.

"You know how much I've had to put up with, an' you know I've been game an' stood it all like a man, don't you, Bluedevil? You're the only one that knows, an' you know, no matter how hard this thing's pinched, I've never once whimpered. You saved my neck in a stampede once, Bluedevil, but it ain't a matter o'horns an' hoofs this time—it's a matter o' mind an' maybe you can't help me much. Ha! it's a great game, this life, ain't it, Bluedevil? * * An' say, ol' partner, ain't it after all a losin' game? Come, you ol' rogue—you frown as if you'd never been up ag'inst the thought before, as if you hadn't long ago figured it all out. You know an' I know. Bluedevil, we've gone the gait together through thick an' thin. You've whispered sometimes when maybe you thought I was asleep, that you was my friend. I've watched you, an' I believe I've interpreted you right. You've told me in more ways than one that you'd stand by me to the last gun. 'Member that time in the Mohave—sand an' sage brush ever'where an' a wind blowin' straight from the furnaces o' hell, an' no water for three bakin' blisterin' days? Well, you know what you promised me then. You kept sayin' over an' over distracted-like: 'Fierce! fierce! But it's all right, Lomer. If we don't get to water by sundown, I'll do it—I owe it to you as a friend. Hate to do it—hate worse'n hell to do it, but it's no time to show a white feather now. Yes, I'll do it, for you're sufferin,' Lomer, you're dyin'.' You talked kind o' queer, I recollect, like the heat had got into your brain. An' then you remember what happened jest when the white flame o' the sun burnt up the rim o' the horizon? Say, I've believed in—in Providence ever sence, honest. 'Member how that water-hole laid right out on high ground 'thout a sprig o' green near it, an' how amazin'-ly it looked like it'd jest been *put there* about five minutes 'fore we run onto it? All that same afternoon, cause you was my friend, an' I was up ag'inst it hard, you was promisin' that you'd do me the friendly turn if it come to that. An' then right in the last act a water-hole moved up on the stage an' stopped the play! That was seven years ago, come June eight. T'day, Bluedevil, I'm up ag'inst it ag'in, harder'n ever, harder'n life, harder, I'm convinced, than death; an' now, ol' boy, I'm goin' to put your friendship to the test. Understand—to the test; an' somethin' says to me there won't be no water-holes this time to stop the play in the middle o' the last act."

He rose and laved his swollen face with water from a tin basin. The corners of his straight mouth were drawn up in a half-whimsical smile. He stood long before a small mirror, apparently rather pleased with the intermediate state of wreck in which he had succeeded in escaping from Regan's the night before.

On the papered wall above the mirror and serving no obvious purpose, was tacked up a square of blank cardboard. As Lomer finished his ablutions in the tin basin his eyes slowly rose, as though resisting an effort, to the blank piece of cardboard, and there they stopped and stared as though challenged to minute analysis. He must have gazed a full minute ere his thoughts took the form of words. "One more look," he murmured, "one more an' the last!" There was something almost sinister now in the smile that still abode at the corners of his mouth. From a littered table he took up a long hunting knife and with it drew out the tacks that pinned the square of cardboard to the wall. Then he turned the inscrutable pasteboard in his hands and on the reverse side met the frank, almost childish gaze of a girl who looked half-wistfully out at him from a photograph artistically done in slate and gold-bronze shades. The picture showed a girl under twenty in a buckskin riding raiment that was unmistakably of the big free West. She seemed rather more of a child than a mature woman, and her beauty had in it a quality of sweet child-innocence that

was like the appeal of a nun. Withal it was a beauty to startle and fascinate the eye.

The man studied the fresh girlish face and reminiscence again fettered his thoughts.

"You never thought you'd bring regrets and bitter things into anybody's head, did you little un? Not that you was ever or ever could be intentional mean. Nosiree, little flower, nature jest made you sort o' supreme innocent an' unconscious-like o' the sufferin' o' them that loved you. I had to turn your picture to the wall, little un, but if you knowed what forced my hand maybe you'd think what I done was the lesser o' two pieces o' foolishness. Anyhow I reckon I've come out o' the spell now, an' jest for ol' times' sake, little un, I'm goin' to give your picture the place o' honor in this here room—a place where you c'n look down when you're of a mind to an' see the wreck o' your no-account friend, Jim Lomer."

High on the bare white wall of the room, above the dirt and squalor into which the big, freedom-loving Westerner himself fitted so incongruously, the picture found a place, facing now the moving tragedy in which it played itself no minor role. And the sweet, childish face, with its eyes that were at once the epitome of tenderness and surprised innocence, seemed to shrink in vague distrust from that nameless *something* in the room that was become a harbinger and a menace.

Fifteen cents bought Jim Lomer more supper than he could eat, but it took two dollars' worth of whisky, later in the evening, to drug his mind from the same ghastly contemplation that had driven him to Regan's the previous night. His pilgrimage homeward might have been a satirical mimicry of his return in the small hours of the preceeding morning.

He awoke next day a little before noon, vainly trying to evolve from a jumble of fantastic thoughts the identity of a face which he had seen at Regan's or somewhere, the night before. He recalled that he had tried to follow the face that haunted him so strangely, but it had flitted away chimerically and vanished, leaving him sprawling half-unconscious over an object which had trapped him in his blind pursuit. But the face abode in his memory with the persistency of an evil dream.

That evening, from the narrow little porch that bordered his third-story room, Lomer watched the sunset. The view was unobstructed and the spectacle was gorgeous. The faint tinkling of the city below came up from the thronged streets like a fairy accompaniment to the royal pageant of coloring that moved in majesty down the flaming west. Dropping like a great glowing balloon, the magnified sun-disc slipped at last below the horizon. The western world went rapidly from gold to purple and from purple to slate; and then the solitary watcher leaning from the railing of the narrow porch, stirred as one in slumber. "*Sundown*," he whispered, as though addressing someone in confidence, "*sundown*—the end o' ever'thing." There was something akin to awe in his wide eyes, but the uptilted corners of his mouth shaped a smiling semblance of contradiction.

" 'If we don't get to water by sundown, I'll do it. Ha! I can hear Bluedevil yet, pledgin' his eternal squareness by me in that Mohave hell. Naturly, bein' jest a gun, he can't know, but here we are—*sundown, an' no water!* Are you still game, Bluedevil—an' you, Jim Lomer? You've jest seen all the glorious color fade out o' day an' felt the thick smoke o' night stiflin' your wind; an' Jim, you never used to be a coward. What you goin' to do, Jim?"

He went quietly into his room, lighted a small lamp on the table, and threw himself upon his cot facing the wall. His eyes closed, but opened almost immediately in a curious survey of Bluedevil, the giant that hung before him in servile waiting, always submissive to his bidding, always coldly smiling. Thought winged back to other days—other and better. The man put forth a hand and slipped Bluedevil from the rawhide sling, laying the weapon down on the coverlet by his side. A softening light came slowly into his eyes as he gazed at the weapon. Somehow he was being made to feel anew the mountain of comradeship on which he had coasted down through the meaningless, vacant years with this worn lump of steel, Blue-

devil, a well-tried friend speaking a wordless yet potent language, whose prayers and whose blasphemies, alike strangely endearing, had reached the inner ear of his soul through the wonderful idiom of psychology. He remembered a little bitterly that this service-worn weapon was about the only loyal friend he had ever known. Often amid the wilds of the untrodden West it had answered the call of gnawing hunger, and oftener still had it stood between its master and evil men. Sometimes its unerring accuracy had awed its enemies, and again the rivets of its detonating speech had laid them waste. The man fell into a sort of retrospective study of his dumb companion and stirring episodes came thronging out of the blur of his past. Back somewhere in the realm of aspiring youth he saw the big six-shooter in the hands of a boyish bank-teller, fighting desperadoes for the bank's money. Again he knew the pleasing shocks of its recoil in a minute western town and beheld a ruined street littered with the twisted bodies of panoplied warriors; and then he caught glimpses of tropic greenness and beauty, made hideous by vast slaughter, as through the film of crowding years he witnessed again the thrilling spectacle of a ragged line of men charging pell-mell up the red-dyed slope of a hill—and there amid the crash and flare of the fight, protesting in a language of fire, was the same swart veteran of lean hound build, Bluedevil. And now at last was come the time for its last act of friendship.

The Westerner rose decisively with the weapon clutched in one untrembling hand and stood in the middle of the room. His mouth was as straight as a ruled line, except at the smilingly lifted corners that could treat suffering only as a joke. After months of vague contemplation, a morbid sub-consciousness of purpose dominated by power, the repulsive crime from which society cringes was nearing execution.

"If I'm doin' wrong I want to be forgiven by two people—Her an' God. I've fought this thing that's on me as I never fought man or devil, but there's a power that's mightier'n anything I can put up, an' it's foscin' my hand in a sneakin,' life-stealin' kind o' way that makes my resistence as footile as a day-old kitten fightin' a roarin' landslide'."

His calm eyes traveled up to the picture on the wall, then quickly fell, and Bluedevil's chill muzzle seemed to spring joyously up and kiss the brown temple. Then a pause. Queer thing indeed! At the edge of life the man was thinking of *that face*. The face that he had seen and recognized in the Indian summer haze of his first night at Regan's. Now that it had been out of his mind for a space his halting conception received a fresh impression of the features, and the question of identity instantly became a fact. It was in this way that Jim Lomer came to know at a crucial moment in his life that the strange face at Regan's belonged to the same mysterious man of manners who had come out to the West from a nebulous, congested place called the East, and there married a girl. The incident wouldn't have mattered to Jim, had not the girl chanced to be the one whom he had taught as a child to ride perverse young bronchos and rope steers, and whose broken wrist he himself had once set and splinted with marvelous success when there wasn't a surgeon within two days' hard riding of Golden Gate Ranch. These facts made a difference which, however, the cowboy couldn't explain. His philosophy was simple and direct. He saw but one thing to do—go away and forget it. He achieved the former. The defeat he faced in the latter was a defeat which others have known. The story is about as old as the world.

Bluedevil went with Lomer out into the deepening twilight, already falling like mural draperies of velvet down upon the lighted and vivacious thoroughfares of the great west coast city. For the first hour of the cowboy's aimless wandering the great firearm was as a balm to his silent suffering, but its soothing presence could not longer beguile his chaotic fancies, nor swerve his listless footsteps from the gilded portals of Regan, where, under the merciless lash of the Thought that would not Go Away, he steadily drank to drunkenness—drunkenness so complete and overmastering in its effect that the torpid victim finally forgot to administer fur-

ther to his sodden condition, and so lapsed back gradually to that sphere of dream-haze midway between the real and the fantastic.

From where he sat, solitary and inert, half-sprawling over a beer-washed table, the Westerner commanded the wide doors through which men often entered with sturdy tread and went out later rolling like floundering ships. The cowboy's position of watchfulness was one of chance rather than choice, but presently, oscillating in the wide square of the back-swung doors, his foggy gaze met the identical object with which his confused brain was busy—*the face!* The watcher noted the features and knew that the strange call that had come to him at the edge of life had indeed called him back to truth. The face belonged to the mysterious man of manners who had come out to the West—his own West, and—but never mind * * * * Why, *her* family believed her to be living happily with this man some where in the—the East. Yet here on the alien shores of the Pacific was the little understood person who had blighted the one great hope of his own life by the hypnotism of a well-told tale. Maybe, though, *maybe* his unexpected appearance here meant nothing wrong. The West that Lomer knew always presumed a person to be innocent until found guilty. Somehow, though, to the quietly-listening ear of at least one of Nature's connoissuers, the fine mannerisms and big talk of the pompous alien had never rang true. They did not ring true to-night. Moreover, bitter thought, the 'little un's' own self-chosen husband was drunk! Mentally the Westerner said to himself that he would a million times rather see his own immaculate 'kid' brother so disgraced.

The watcher at the table, rather dully recording incidents, saw the new-comer gain the bar in tipsy gyrations; then a moment later he heard the inebriate's voice rise in thick-tongued harrangue. The honeyed tone, once so cleverly affected, had been thrown off like a disused garment, and the lie he had lived stood boldly forth.

"Yessir, Dan, ol' hoss, I fool 'em all. I'm a studen uv psychology an' an exponent of the butterfly life right from the word cuccoon. That's me—Flanders!"

"You're all right, old man," assured Regan after his studied policy of patronage. "You're the real McCoy all right, Flan. What'll you have?"

"Nev' mind," protested Flanders thickly, " 'tson me—an' call up the house. Make it champagne, Dan; what d' I care for money when the Palace Royal runs all night an'—"

Regan winked covertly at the boaster and the latter broke off with semi-understanding.

Flanders treated all round, and Lomer to avoid detection, drank at a remote angle of the bar, his hat tilted down in true Bacchanalian fashion over his eyes. Regan reciprocated, and the slouch-hatted hanger-on again drank aloof. Then Flanders came back with another round and, waxing maudlin, would clink glasses intimately with each of his only too glad beneficiaries. Seeing a crisis approachlng, the Westerner, his faculties now revived, gave way rather suddenly under the two goblets of champagne he had drunk and, as Flanders waveringly steered toward him with raised glass and dull-staring eyes, he flopped over on the reeking bar, apparently in the last throes of intoxication. The ruse succeeded; and when Flanders tottered into the street later and began his zigzag pilgrimage homeward, the recuperative powers of the slouch-hatted hanger-on might have elicited his admiration had he been capable of guessing that a certain shadowy figure that dogged his steps with sober circumspection was that same inconsequent person.

As Flanders passed under an electric light, a flashily dressed man, obviously of the sporting set, came up and interrogated him in low eager tones, the while glancing about him with uneasy, restless eyes. Under the glare of the bright light the two men talked, and he of the slouch hat studied them narrowly from a contiguous doorway. His appraisement took in every detail of feature, dress and manner; and at last he was sure he knew them both as being of that breed of human vultures which feasts upon the abasement of souls mortgaged to satan. After a moment Flanders' raucous voice drowned the others protestations.

"I tell you, nev' mind them fellers. You're the business man'ger uv the Palace, McIntire, an' all you got t'do is run them games an' see that the house rakes off. An' if *they* don't like it, have 'em trun out; but git the money—hic—'fore you do it. Understan' Mac? Git the cush."

McIntire would have said more, but Flanders lurched forward and resumed his irregular course. "Gotta git home," he croaked back, half-inarticulately, "the prairie lily'll feel outraged by my ridic'lous conduc'."

From a rather pretentious brick structure in the residential part of the city, notwithstanding the lateness of the hour, broad shafts of light streamed out to the empty street. Evidently something unusual was in progress. Before this lighted dwelling, Flanders, still gloriously drunk, turned off the street. The bright light dazzled his inflamed eyes and made him wonder in a vague way, but he did not sense the presence of the extraordinary until a servant met him on the landing with a story whose abrupt horror swept some of the cobwebs from his muddled brain.

"You see, sir," the English maid was explaining hysterically, I was pawsin' 'er room w'en Hi smells a awrful scent. I knocks an' calls, but never a hanswer. I tries the door, but Gawd! Hit's lock tight as wax an' a light inside. Ach, sir, Hi was frightened speechless, Hi screamed!"

With an oath of disgust Flanders struck the maid on the mouth with his fist, and staggeringly traversed the stairs to his wife's room. He found the door broken open. The electric light was still on and showed the contents of the room to be undisturbed. Something lying on the floor, however, fixed Flanders' attention. It was a small vial. It contained about a teaspoonful of a crystal fluid and to all appearances had been dropped by accident where it lay. Some of the spilled contents had moistened a rug. The fluid gave forth a pungent, all-pervading odor when Flanders held the vial to his nose, which caused him to drop it as he might have dropped a live scorpion. The flush of intoxication died out of his face. "*Poison!*" he exclaimed, "she's done it—sure as hell!"

His mind became very active.

"An' I s'pose they'll be blamin' me * * * I wonder if that dog of a cowboy's been writin' t'her—an' if she's told him about—about—"

With palsied tongue, incapable of keeping pace with his whirlwind of thought, he stood staring straight before him, a sober man. The nipping fumes from the bottle were in a measure responsible. Hand in hand with coherency came alarm.

"They'll blame me all right, an' hell'll be to pay. The world's big, though, an' Joe Flanders knows it like a primer—an' Mac could run the Palace an' send me—it's a go!"

He slid into an adjoining room and began stuffing articles into a suit-case. When he rose from his hurried labor, the figure of a man, regarding him silently from the doorway, gave him an unaccountable start.

"Oh!" he said, after a quick scrutiny, "it's only you, is it?"

He recognized the fellow who had run after him drunkenly at Regan's, mistaking him in the exaggerated reaches of his fancy for an acquaintance. He recalled how he had cleverly put a pool-table between himself and the loafer and nearly broken the latter's neck. He remembered the man by his sleazy, washed-out, look and his deep-sunk eyes. The intruder impressed him somehow as one who had suffered torture other than that of a physical character.

"What *you* want?" demanded Flanders, when the interloper continued to keep silence.

"Nothin'," now came the answer in a bewildered way; "got the wrong number."

"Git the *right* one then—an' fade!" snapped Flanders, with sudden heat.

As the fellow turned to obey, his cavernous eyes, deeply blue and penetrating in their expression, swept the other curiously. At the same time Flanders had a side view of the man's face, and with it something came up chokingly in the gambler's throat and his eyes grew wide with incredulity. His face was chalk-white as he dived for the revolvers he had just packed in his suit-case; but already the man's footfalls sounded from the stairs.

After a few minutes, Flanders' choppy breathing becam emore normal and a semblance of color crept back into his face. He had always been accounted a man of nerve. The unexpected, he persuaded himself, had shattered his courage only for the moment. He knew he could fight. His mind harked back to his disillusioned wife. He investigated and found that nobody in the house had seen her go out. Presumably the deadly draught had not at once been effective, and his deluded sweetheart had gone out in search of a convenient place to die—he feared it might be the gutter, of all places the most public and unsuitable. The girl's family and friends, he recalled a little unpleasantly, were of the West. He wondered if a boat were leaving.

Once in the deserted street, the blue-eyed intruder who had acted so strangely on Flanders, took from his pocket a small vial. This he uncorked and placed to his nose, lowering and replacing it many times ere he seemed satisfied as to its contents. At least, with a shake of the head, he murmured: "Carbolic acid—the same poison stuff ol' Hargis used to put in his hoss remedy."

He replaced the vial in his pocket and his eyes stared into the infinity of black night as though they sought there the guidance of a wisdom beyond his ken. Then he examined his surroundings to see if he were observed. The lighted canyon of the street was as vacant as the heavens overhead. He crossed to the farther side of the street and dissolved into shadow, where, with impulses that clashed and strove within him, he awaited the appearance of Flanders. Presently he saw a shadow move out tentatively on the lawn opposite. It hesitated, stopped and crouched. The figure had appeared from the rear of the watched house. Again the shadow moved and swiftly. In a trice it had crossed the lawn to what had seemed a side entrance, and here it disappeaerd through the yard fence into the darkness of an alley. Ten minutes later the watcher had quitted his post of espial and was shadowing the shadow along an alley five blocks distant. He could make out that the mysterious person ahead carried a goodly bundle of luggage. Another block, and then the shadowy figure slipped through a rear gate and ascended the back stairs of what he behind knew to be a great hotel. Up stairs and far along a dimly-lit corridor the pursuer skillfully dogged the pursued. By a half-open door that let light into the corridor, the shadow was met by a woman; and despite traces of suffering on her features the man who watched would have known her anywhere. It was the child-flower of long ago at Golden Gate Ranch, the "little un'," And the surreptitious figure that had led the man through the gloomy alleys was another woman, one whose clever artifice had deceived her brutal master, and whose bruised lips bespoke her woman's loyalty to her mistress.

And before Jim Lomer came reverently out of the shadow to proclaim his identity, and to offer himself and Bluedevil in sacrifice if necessary, he heard the faithful maid, forgetful of her bleeding lips, chuckle sweetly to her mistress: "'E thinks hit's poison—the moth-killer you upset on the floor!"

Late in the afternoon of the following day, one of the big coast steamers was swinging away from its dock when a man with a traveling-case, shouting and gesticulating wildly, dashed onto the wharf. "A boat! a boat!" he cried. His appeal was to anybody or everybody. The steamer had only her forbidden life-boats, and there was only one other at hand. A Negro in a small row-boat was just pulling away from the wharf, and seeing one of the steamer's passengers about to be left behind, he reversed his oars and gleefully yelled to the belated one to jump. The leap from the dock to the Negro's boat was not great, but he who leaped proved a wretched judge of distance. He fell short of the stern by a full yard and shot under the gray-green wash like a leaping porpoise. His traveling-case went bobbing on the lapping swells under the wharf floor. The crowd was the usual one. It harangued the Negro to sieze the luckless one when he should rise to the surface. To the surface the drowning man came half a minute later, gasping and strangling, but some ten yards beyond the Negro's waiting clutch;

and then before the frantically tugged oars could drive the rescuer within reach of him, the struggling man sank from sight. He rose once more on the in-rolling swell, but only the top of his head showed above the water for a moment. Then he was gone—forever.

The red-blushing sun that had seemed hovering above the horizon, dived into the sea as if to hide the shame of a curiosity now glutted. The western world once more went from gold to purple and from purple to slate. And there was one who watched it all with eyes that saw from a changed and wonderful view-point. He had watched the twin of to-day's sunset from a high back porch. Almost had a life faded into eternity with that sunset, faded had a life with this one. And he had known the man. Yes, he had known the man. Suddenly he felt a little queer. But he remembered there was always a subtle and mysterious quality in the air at sundown. Ha! *Sundown!* The end of all things.

The out-pointing steamer, like a basking leviathan, lay motionless upon the water, her propellers still. The spectacle of a man drowning always carries its awe. The crowded vessel heeled over to starboard with the ill-distributed weight of hundreds surging to the rail, morbidly curious to view the fighting finish of a fellow creature. Among the crush of on-lookers aboard were three passengers bound up coast and thence inland to a certain ranch. They had been caught in the rush to the rail and thus made unwilling spectators of a tragedy that had variously thrilled them. Of these, one was a woman of a flower-like, spiritual beauty. There was that of pallor and indefinable anxiety in her face which sometimes distinguishes an invalid seeking better air. One of her companions was a man of perhaps thirty, about whom there was nothing striking, unless a firm, straight mouth can be so classified. The lass was a stout young woman, whose face was as rich with health and color as her speech was proclamatory of her alien birth. Her full lips, one might see, were bruised and broken as from a heavy blow.

The propellers churned again, the coast-liner shot forward and the starboard rail was cleared. Then it was seen that a woman had fainted. A thin, hollow-cheeked man with a mouth that turned up half-whimsically at the corners, was giving orders.

That night when the trim coast ship was dividing the swells fifty miles on its journey, a man lay at the verge of slumber in a neat state-room and mused.

"Jest a ordinary man can be a mighty big fool once in a while. After all though there's somethin' seems to kind o' reg'late things. I — reckon — that — nigger — in the — boat — was some — clever — at settlin' — divorce — suits. An' — Bluedevil— why —you — ol' chump! Bluedevil — you came — purty — near — leavin' — yourself — a orphan."

The sleepy voice died away into silence. The muser's lips still moved, but the muser slept.

To My Wife

Help me, my Goddess of Good Cheer, with the inspiration of your love, to fight a fight that will make me honored of men.

Be with me in the hours of doubt, when a cruel world views with tolerant pity my efforts to wrest from it an unwilling existence.

And in the end, as a reward greater than all else that life can give or death can take away, put your arms about me, and whisper the words that make life possible: "I love you."

LAURENZ R. HARRIS.

Some Prickly Pears

By Mack Cretcher

It takes two to make a bargain; usually three to make a divorce.

You can't keep a good man down. The whale tried it on Jonah and failed.

Kind words are a good deal like life insurance. You have to die in order to win them.

Nearly every man is an optimist when it comes to telling of the size of the fish he caught.

The man with brains is usually generous with his praise. Any old barnyard mule can kick.

Even if you do not know how to handle the oars you can at least sit still and quit rocking the boat.

It would be a hard matter to convince the fly on the "tangle-foot" that sticking to it brings success.

The closer a man's nose gets to the grindstone the better the stand-in he appears to have with the stork.

There are things that money will not buy. The very best it would do for your uncle John D. was a wig.

If all men were as industrious home builders as the pesky sparrows there would soon be no renters left.

The expected happened. Everybody knew that when Teddy landed in Italy he was sure to make Rome howl.

These are the days when the society woman in a peek-a-boo waist is shocked to death on meeting a man without a coat.

It may hurt mamma worse than it does me when she spanks me" said wise little Willie, "but I'll just bet it's not in the same place."

Here's hoping that when the earth passes through the comet's tail this month the comet will behave itself and not get its tail over the line.

We can't help but admire the man who gets out and fights in the open, but "drat" the coward that roosts on the fence and stabs in the back.

Failure hates nothing so heartily as success. If you are climbing you may expect the failures to try to knock the props from under you.

Our Point of View

A QUESTION OF COLD TYPE

The Stubbs-Wagstaff republican free-for-all is beginning to make the old-time political campaign of opposing parties look like child's play. The opposing factions are rapidly warming to the fray and additional recruits are being added to the ranks daily. The present indications are that the only weapon used in this conflict will be the lead pencil. The "Press Agent" output has already become voluminous to an enormous degree.

The method of procedure used on either side affords an interesting study to the onlooker.

Governor Stubbs has two employees on his press agent force; they are both heavyweights,—Bill and Dave. If he should rake through every newspaper office in the United States with a fine toothed comb he couldn't obtain a more competent team of dopesters. There's no use talking they're smoother than the finest oil of the olive in its most refined state.

They began their press program by denominating the Wagstaff meeting at Topeka, "A Futile Demonstration of The Old 'Machine' Crowd." No one knows better than these gentlemen that there was a conspicuous absence of the "Old Machine" men at that meeting and that there were in fact over 500 young republicans present who had never attended such a function as a state convention. This is the one fact however, that must be obscured and there is certainly no more effective way to accomplish this end than to declare repeatedly and persistently that the performance WAS put on by the ancient and well-known actors who have appeared repeatedly upon the Old Machine Stage during the last quarter of a century.

That word, "Machine" how it stirs the fighting blood of the voter in the rural district! It makes him fairly ache to get at 'em. No wonder it is being flaunted wildly in the face of the fellow it "riles."

The present system employed by the Stubbs Press Agent Department is a thing to be admired. A more effective and complete organization is indeed hard to find. There is not a country weekly nor city daily in the state of Kansas that will lack for editorial matter or straight news during the next four months. An abundance of it will be furnished absolutely free and without cost, ready to hang on the hook. Boiler plate in liberal quantities, express paid, will also be laid on the editor's desk.

The Wagstaff managers are sadly deficient in press equipment and thereby hangs a very short tale. The majority of men in their headquarters would not know a quad from a slug. The press game is new to them and they will not begin to get familiar with its workings until the conflict is ended. By actual measurement, the favorable "news" and "editorial" matter appearing in the Kansas newspapers from April 21st (date of Wagstaff meeting) and May 1st, totals 108 feet, single column. The alleged "machine" dope has reached the meagre limit of 57 feet. Thus it will be seen that the present governor has over three rods the start of his competitor.

Kansas has many things of which she may justly be proud, but there is one thing she has abundant reason to be ashamed of; we refer to the hotel accomodations of two of her largest cities. We take it that every traveling man who makes our state will readily recognize the towns we refer to so we will not take the trouble to mention any names. Honestly, our hotels—barring the hotels of the city of Hutchinson and possibly one or two other towns in the state—are becoming a byword and a joke. Also they are the cause of much profane language. Why wouldn't it be a capital scheme for some enterrising citizen to build a first class hostelry in the Sunflower state?

There are a number of voters in Kansas who are making it a point to boast publicly that they intend to vote for the "other fellow" at the primary. The majority of these individuals are probably not aware of the fact that they are likely to be called upon to make an affidavit which reads. "I am a member of and affiliated with the *..... party." Their attention should be called to the following section under Penal provisions of the Primary Election Law, to-wit:

Section 20, Paragraph 5: If any person whose vote is challenged or any witness sworn under the provisions of this act, shall knowingly, willingly, and corruptly swear falsely, he shall be deemed guilty of perjury, and on conviction thereof shall be punished accordingly.

With Kansas Bards

THE RENAISSANCE OF THE HORSE

We drove straight into the westering moon,
My heart's dear love and I;
And the wealth of the midsummer night's perfume
Rose from the hedge hard by,
The crickets and katydids chirped their love
From every flower's chalice
For it made for them a leaf above
And a bloom below, a palace.

It was not in an auto that we sat,
But behind a staid old horse—
A wise old horse, so sleek and fat,
Who will never know remorse
For needing care when the moon, eclipsed
By dearie's face, was hidden,
And a lover's long caress he kissed,
And yet was scarcely chidden.

Oh, motor cars for the boulevards,
When fashion's parade passes,
Or where electric glare retards
The loves of lads and lasses,
But when true lovers ride by day,
Or at night and day's sweet marriage,
Give me the good old-fashioned way
Of Dobbin and the carriage!

EMMA UPTON VAUGHN.

THE VISITOR'S OPINION

I've been visitin' out in Kansas
With my daughter's husband, Ned,
An' it 'stonished me the way th' folks
Is pushin' things ahead,
For every chap around th' town
Was workin' with a will,
A-tryin' to get more people there,
Or start another mill.

I've lived in Indiana town
For well nigh forty year,
An' every spot looks just th' same
As when I moved in here,
For no one ever thought about
A-tryin to start a boom,
Or bring in competition
To throw Bingham's store in gloom.

I 'spose it is some better
For the folks to push an' shove—
But then it spoils th' landmarks
That a feller's learned to love,
An' when th' boys has grown to men,
An' childhood's passed away,
There won't be nothin' left of where
Th' children used to play.

Why they're buildin' elevators,
An' they're layin' railroad tracks,
An' a-grindin' up alfalfy
An' a-storin' it in sacks,
An' they're loadin' hogs an' cattle
Where th' enjines puff their steam
Till it makes an old time Hoosier
Feel like he was in a dream.

Yes, I 'spose it would be better
If we'd learn to push an' climb,
For they make old Indiana
Seem away behind th' time;
But it does seem like a pity,
For to rush, an' push, an' shove,
An' rub out all th' landmarks
That a feller's learned to love.

But you just will like old Kansas,
With it's hustle an' it's winds,
Where the haystacks fill th' meadders,
An' th' yeller corn in bins;
Where th' folks is hale an' hearty,
An' their greetin' warm an' kind—
I believe I'll sell my farm
An' leave old landmarks far behind.

HUGH A. MCCORD.

SWEET SCENTED HONEY-SUCKLE

A trailing branch of honey-suckle
Finds its scented way
Nodding at my window;
And, at break of day
When the dew is heavy
On each creamy, fringed flower,
The sweetness of their perfume
My senses overpower.

At early morn, and in
The evening's dusky gloom,
The fragrance of the blossoms
Permeates my room—
Stealing o'er my senses,
Fairly wrapping me in bliss,
The intoxicating odor,
Of the honey-suckle's kiss.

But when, just at the peep o' day,
The wood-thrush comes to woo,
And bathes and sips, and revels
In the honey-suckle's dew;
Then, swaying on the scented branch,
He pipes and calls and trills,
Canst wonder, that twixt bird and flower
My heart with rapture thrills?

M R. MCCABE.

THE FLOWERS OF YESTERYEAR

O, golden clime of youth's fair time,
O, days that ceased to be;
I will forgive the long sad years
If you'll come back to me.

No Mays nor Junes nor Autumn noons
Thro' life's December thread;
The flowers that bloomed a yesteryear
Like withered hopes lie dead.

But tho' Time keeps the day that sleeps,
And leaves are left to me;
The fragrance from the flower of Love
Lasts through Eternity.

—Clara Humphrey Crowder.

THE OLD SOD HOUSE

Once Grace and me got awful mad at her mean, cross old ma
And ran away from home, and the queerest place we saw!
'Twas just about a mile from town, and right on top a hill—
And everything was solemn like, and it was awful still.
It was a crumbled old sod house without no roof on top,
And one wall was all tumbled in, so low that we could hop
Right over it and land inside on a nice pile of ground,
And when we climbed the other side, we just saw all around!

And all within was spider webs and holes and jimson weeds,
And two old horse skulls which we knew had once crowned fiery steeds;
And where the fire place used to be was just a heap of bricks—
So we left the house to go and get some good strong sticks
To dig beneath the stones with; Grace said our fate was sealed,
Cause she had read 'bout "gems of price, 'neath rugged rocks concealed."

We dug about for near two hours and found a broken plate,
And then we thought we'd better go, cause it was gettin' late;
And when we scaled the wall again the sun had clear gone down;
We saw a wagon comin' then and caught a ride to town.
And the man we rode with told us that was Old Man Bonnie's place,
That long ago he built it when there wasn't any trace
Of postal routes or railroad trains and everything was wild,
And Indians roamed and buffaloes strayed and nature always smiled—
Until war crossed its borders and everything was changed,
And this was "Bleedin' Kansas" and all folks got estranged,
And everything was fightin' and everybody poor,
With blood on every doorstep and the wolf at every door.

And Grace and me was pretty glad we live now 'stead of then,
And so we crossed our hearts we never would run away again—
'Cause life is mighty pleasant now to what Old Settlers saw,
And we got awful good then and forgave her mean old ma.

Nell Lewis.

MY FATHER AND I; WE LOVE YOU

My Father and I; We love you,
We love you, my little girl,
But the soul doth fast,
For the heart at last,
For the heart of a little girl.

My father and I; shall love you,
Shall love you, my little girl,
Until day is done
And life's setting sun,
Is gone with my little girl.

R. D. Ross.

THE MOON'S MAGIC

I gaze on the moon in silence,
I freeze with its magic cold,
And the mystic gleams of silver beams
Wrap me with soft enfold.
A spirit draws me upward
To the far free region of night,
And I rise unseen from earth's demesne
To bathe in the moon's cold light.

My soul is as light as ether,
I roam as a spirit free,
Nothing of earth nor feeling of dearth
Can ever ascend to me;
For the mystic moon's cold magic
Has entered my very soul,
Till I feel as a part of its secret heart,
And mark not the years that roll.

Clyde Muchmore.

THE TWO CALLS

There is a call from grove, and hill, and stream,
A call for me, borne by the fresh'ning breeze,
Which softly whispers to the budding trees
That spring is here; attraction all unseen.

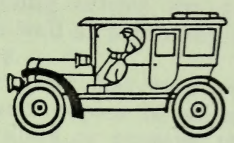
There is a call for me to rove and dream
Where earliest flowers are springing up,
The fragrant violet and buttercup,
In chill, damp woods, a miracle 'twould seem.

There also is a call from duty stern,
A ringing call from trodden ways of men;
A call from surging crowds; a call to learn
From musty brooks—decadent products of the pen,
'Twixt fresh young spring and withering cares decide,
Which call in thee the stronger do abide.

George Lee Brown.

Motor News.....

By JAMES A. WHITTY



WILL the Santa Fe railway please furnish the name of the passenger engineer who was given a ten-days' fine for racing against automobiles? John Kirkwood, distributer for the Overland automobile, Wichita, would like to meet him and pay his fine. Mr. Kirkwood says: "It's a shame to race a locomotive against an Overland-Marion. The locomotive would remind you of the hare."

Ayer & Barnes, Wichita, have added to their large men's furnishing store a department fully stocked with a complete line of motorists' clothing in showings of Linen, Mohair, silk, catardine, and triple-ply materials. If you are looking for something new and nifty, in motorists' furnishings, it surely can be found in their store.

IN KANSAS

I had invited a friend from Kansas City to spend Sunday at my house on the Hudson. The trip was made in a car I had borrowed from a friend of mine who was trying very hard to sell it, even though he was always loud in his praise of its perfect running.

A mile beyond Yonkers the expected happened. With a sigh I flattened myself out under the machine and tried to mend it. The Kansas City man stood in the middle of the road and leaned against the fence, alternately. I gave up after an hour of perturbation and profanity and sent a wirefull woeful message to the nearest shop for aid. Meanwhile my guest and myself occupied a seat in the car and discussed transportation.

"I never was in love with this sort of thing," I said, "but barring accidents of this character an automobile gets you there quicker than anything else. Me for a flying machine when it is perfected."

"Anything that goes by wind is too uncertain and erratic for me," replied the Kansas Cityan.

"Did you ever try that brand of travel?"

"You people in the east think you have solved the transportation problem," replied my guest. "Why, then, we had flying machines in Kansas when you folks were lumbering up and down Broadway in omnibuses."

"That was a long time ago."

"I know it was. I can give you the exact date—1853. Mind you, I don't say that the machines got up in the air to do business like your Wright ones do now. But the one I am talking about was run by wind. We call it a dry land navy. It was constructed to navigate the plains when everybody was trying to get to the gold fields, and when hay motoring was the only way to get there. Horses and oxen were too slow for the fellows who had acute cases of gold fever.

"A genius, of what is now a suburb of Kansas City, figured and worked until he finally turned out a wagon which was to do on land what a schooner does on sea. He rigged it up with sails and an upper deck. The navigator navigated the sails from the deck, and the mast was twenty feet in the air. The wagon was of ordinary dimensions. When the wagon was completed, the inventor—his name was Thomas—gave an exhibition of its powers. A lot of

people followed him in his venture.

"The machine operated beautifully. It went out on the prairie and returned. Thomas couldn't get away from the people. Edison in his greatest triumph was never as big a man as Thomas was that day. The Santa Fe Navigation Company, composed of capitalists, wanted to buy the thing and offered him a big sum. Thomas was not quite ready to sell all his interest, but he let enough of it go to help him get out an improvement on the first wagon.

"When the second machine was turned out there was another exhibition. The Santa Fe people came up to blow themselves. It was the talk of that part of the country.

"Then Thomas got smart. He had a lot of fancy stunts which he said the wagon could do—surprises he called 'em—and he turned the wagon loose. It started off all right. Thomas was at the wheel.

"'Watch me!'" he yelled to the Santa Feans, as he undertook to run the machine in the face of the wind.

"You've seen a ship shiver when it struck something unseen? Well, this wind-wagon of Thomas' did more than that. It leaped like a frightened gazelle. It climbed like a stirred-up rattler. It butted, it went zig-zag, it went ahead, then back and veered. It jumped a gulley and went over a rail fence. One of the Santa Fe crowd who was a doctor had gone out on a mule to see the machine go. When the wagon disappeared the doctor started his mule to overtake the wind-jammer. The others remained to wait Doc's report. Late in the day they spied him coming across the fields leading the mule. In his effort to overtake Thomas and his wagon, the mule had broken down.

A few weeks later Thomas got back to town, a dejected man. The Santa Fe Navigation Company disbanded and the first and only attempt in that country to get along without horses failed."

"Then you think I had better stick to the automobile?" I said.

"I think that is what we are doing now," said the Kansas man and I agreed with him.—Herbert Jewell Bertram, in Motor Print.

AUTO SUPPLIES

The Hockaday Motor Supply Company is beginning to make Wichita look like a jobbing center for automobile supplies, as well as a jobbing center for automobiles.

This Company has just mailed out five thousand copies of advance auto supply circulars or posters, throughout Kansas, Oklahoma and Texas. They are getting many good returns from this method of advertising. A large auto supply catalogue will soon be put out by this enterprising firm.

The Hockaday Company has now on the road three salesmen. These salesmen report a very active market throughout the Southwest. Several additional salesmen will be added to the Hockaday Company's "road" men soon.

F. W. Hockaday, president of the new company will be among the Wichita Boosters on the trade trip, May 9th, in the interest of the auto supply business.

The above named company has the southwestern distributing agency for the Vesta auto lighting systems. Automobiles lighted by electricity are fast becoming the fad and are very popular.

AUTO BUGGY MAKES GOOD RECORD

Ole C. Peterson, his wife and two children, passed through Wichita, last month, in their International auto-buggy, on their way from Yankton, South Dakota to Las Vegas, New Mexico. They were just nine days in making the trip to Wichita, a distance of 450 miles,—an average of fifty miles a day.

This certainly was making good time, considering the bad condition of roads in Nebraska and the heavy load carried, which consisted of a heavy canvas tarpaulin tent, four camp cots, four chairs, and three days provisions, ten gallons of oil, 250 feet of rope, saws, spades, guns and ammunition, and a bird dog. The trip to Wichita was made without a mishap which is remarkable and speaks very highly of this class of car.

ACROSS THE CONTINENT

V. E. Davis, vice-president of the San Francisco Motor Club, passed through Wichita, April 17th on his cross-continent run, from San Francisco to New York. Mr. Davis left San Francisco February 5th, and has been delayed a great deal on account of the bad conditions of roads. So far he has traveled about 2900 miles. His trip was taken for pleasure and recreation. He rides a Twin Indian 5-horse-power motorcycle and was using the same tires, Morgan & Wright, with which he started on the trip. When he reached Wichita there was still San Francisco "air" in the front tire.

Mr. Davis expects to arrive in New York about May 15th. On his return trip he will endeavor to make a record.

The Wichita Motorcycle Club has set May 19th for the motorcycle races at Wichita. A good program has been arranged consisting of twelve races, from one to ten miles. The admission will be 25c and everybody should attend as it is for a good cause. Receipts will go to the Good Roads movement.

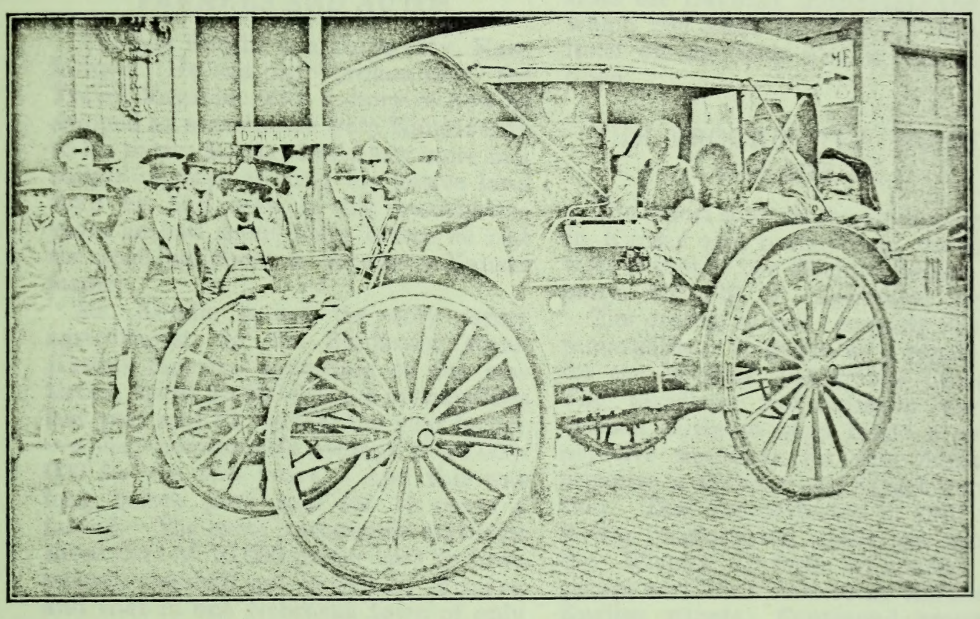
COMING AUTO EVENTS

MAY

May 2—Flag to flag endurance contest, Denver, Col., to City of Mexico.

May 3—Second annual Delaware Valley endurance run, Mercer County, N. J., dealers.

May 5-7—Spring meeting at two-mile motordrome of Atlanta, Ga., association.



OLE C. PETERSON AND FAMILY
In their Auto-Buggy on their way from Yankton, S. D. to Las Vegas, N. M.

May 9-11—Fourth annual reliability contest, Harrisburg, Pa., club.

May 18-19—Endurance run from Norristown, Pa., to Scranton, Pa.

May 21-22—Challenge endurance match of Long Island and Crescent City Clubs, on Long Island.

May 27-30—Three days' race meet, Indianapolis motor speedway.

May 28—Initial hill-climbing contest, promoted by the Amateur Automobile Contest Association, on a hill in the vicinity of White Plains, N. Y.

May 28-30—Decoration day races, Kansas City Automobile Club.

May 30—Annual hill climb up Sport Hill, under the auspices of the Automobile Club of Bridgeport, Conn.



JUNE

June 4—The sixth annual hill climb, under the auspices of the Automobile Club of Worcester, Mass.

June 11—Annual hill-climbing contest up Giant's Despair Mountain, under the auspices of the Wilkes-Barre (Pa.) Automobile Club.

June 13 to 18—Provisional dates for the 1910 Scottish reliability trials.

FARMERS AND AUTOS

Thomas Keddle is a Hays City, Kas., farmer. He has just "broken into" the Travel Magazine with a story of how he shipped an automobile from Kansas City to his native Scotland and saw more in a couple of days touring his native land than he had seen in the twenty-five years he had spent there before he had the good judgment to become a Kansas farmer.

Mr. Keddle is not the only canny agriculturist, in the Sunflower state. Kansas farmers, according to the statistics, spent $3,200 000 for automobiles last year and $2,750,000 the year before—a very comfortable average of $3,000-000 for the two years. And this was long before pork sold for 10 cents a pound. The same automobile statistics show that of 10,000 motor cars in Iowa exactly one-half are owned by farmers, and that in one Nebraska town of only 800 population forty autos were sold last year to farmers near the city and to retired farmers living therein. A careful estimate by experts places the number of motor cars owned by farmers throughout the country at more than 76,000. One of the strong arguments being made by the automobile makers and dealers in going after the agricultural trade is that the horseless carriage will stop the influx to the city and keep the boys and girls on the farms. The argument is not only plausible, but apparently sound.

Population figures show that almost half the people in the country—48,000 000, to be exact—live on farms or in towns of less than 4,000 population. About half of this half are young people, for whom the parents used to buy melodeons, in the case of the girls, and buggies in the case of the boys. The automobile answers the demands of the entire family, and is "filling a long felt want" in more ways than one. What means of transportation except an automobile, for instance, would enable a farmer to leave home Saturday night and go forty miles to the hunting grounds returning Sunday night with a deer or two thrown over the radiator? This is a typical instance reported in the news from the Dakotas, illustrating the place which the auto has already made for itself on the farm and in the country town.

THE PROGRESSIVE WICHITA GARAGE CO.

The finest and most complete garage in Kansas and probably in the Southwest is that of the Wichita Garage Company, 233-239 N. Lawrence Avenue.

The growth of this company has been remarkable. It began as a repair shop for the Wichita Automobile Company. The excellent workmanship and increased business, soon made it an imperative necessity for this branch to organize a distinct and larger corporation. This was perfected in 1907 when it was incorporated under the name of the Wichita Garage Company, with garage and headquarters at Market and English streets. Continued growth of business soon made it necessary for the management to seek still larger quarters, so the present big home was built, of sufficient capacity, it was thought, to provide ample room, and with a completeness of that of an automobile factory.

This spacious building has a 100 foot frontage by 140 feet deep, giving it a floor space of 14 000 square feet, with a capacity of 75 cars, and is as near fire proof as is possible to make a building. It is built of brick, concrete and steel, and is equipped with fire apparatus consisting of a large chemical engine on wheels, and 20 smaller chemical extinguishers; in fact, every convenience and precaution has been taken to insure absolute safety for its patrons. On the main floor of the garage is the stock

room, storage battery department, complete Bowser gasoline outfit, valued at $1,000, supplied by a six-hundred gallon underground tank with a self-measuring pump, five oil tanks, capacity two barrels each; also three large rectifiers, the only ones in the city, used for charging electric vehicles.

In the rear of the main building is a repair shop, 40 by 100 feet., and surely no automobile factory is more fully equipped in the smallest detail than is this repair shop. It has five pits, with a capacity of fifteen cars.

The company employs fifteen men the year around and twenty to twenty-five men in season. Most of these employes have been with the firm for over three years, which, indeed, speaks well for the employers. Mr. E. C. DeLong, manager of the company, is a man of years of experience in the automobile business and for the past ten years has been associated with the Schollenberger Brothers, of the Wichita Automobile Company.

AUTO TIRE FACTORY

One of the most interesting concerns in the automobile industry in Kansas is that of the tire repair plant of the Auto Supply & Tire Company, Wichita. This repair department is a very creditable adjunct to the commercial value of the Company. Here can be seen a most competent corps of employees, busily engaged in the repair and re-construction of tires and tubings of all sizes and descriptions. Every plan is specialized with such exact nicety as to give the shop an appearance of up-to-dateness, seldom witnessed anywhere in the country.



REPAIR TIRE FACTORY OF THE AUTO SUPPLY & TIRE CO., AT WICHITA, KAS.

Expert workmen are employed, men with years of experience, and so deft is their skill that one can seldom believe his own eyes, when he beholds the exceptionally fine work turned out. Tires seemingly past all "surgery" are brought to this repair house; tubings, whose usefulness is apparently ended,—these are worked over and placed in such perfect condition, as to satisfy the inspection of the most careful observer. The vulcanizing process used in the repair at this plant is one of the best, and insures



safe and sound tires, such that will last equally as long as new ones.

In adition to the repair work, an observer is given an opportunity to examine in what manner and methods the different types of tires and tubing are built. Their "take-down" process, enables the management to find out, just in what respect and to what degree, they must meet competition in other brands of tires, etc.

The Auto Tire & Supply Company started in the tire business two years ago. Since that time, they have built up an enormous tire business. They sell the popular "Firestone" one of the most practical and popular tires on the market.

The Auto Tire & Supply Company will have an official representative on the Booster Trade Excursion, May 9th. They are doing their part in helping to make Greater Wichita one of the best jobbing and wholsale centers in the country.



JOHN M. KIRKWOOD

John M. Kirkwood, distributer for the Overland automobile in Southern Kansas, came to Wichita February 1, 1910, with a contract for two hundred Overland cars to be delivered during the ensuing year. Although this was at a time of year when agencies should have been established and arrangements for the delivery of cars perfected, Mr. Kirkwood did not have a single order nor an



agency in any part of his territory, still he had unbounded faith in the Overland car, and specified shipping-orders on seventy-five cars for Wichita, to be delivered in the months of February and March. Before he was in business a month, he realized the demand for the Overland was beyond all expectations, so in addition to the order for the seventy five cars, he gave a second one, to include the one hundred and twenty-five cars remaining to his allotment, for delivery from March 1st to June 15th.

While the writer was interviewing Mr. Kirkwood, he learned many things about the automobile. He is a practical motor man, and admits that it is not because of salesman-ship on his part that the Overland car has such a demand and is so popular, but solely on the merits of the Overland. Mr. Kirkwood has had considerable experience with automobiles and before opening his salesroom in Wichita (claiming this city and territory to be the best in the country), visited many factories in the east and decided that the Overland was *the* car of quality. As Mr. Kirkwood said, "A satisfied customer is the best advertiser," is examplified in the history of the Overland car. "It's a good car," is always coupled with the Overland when the subject of automobiles is under consideration.

It's an undisputed fact among automobile men that no factory is more complete than the factories of the Overland Automobile Company. And surely such must be the case, for where they had one plant a few years ago they are operating five to-day—really ten, as they are working day and night, and this company manufactures twenty different models and one-fifth of the entire output of the United States.

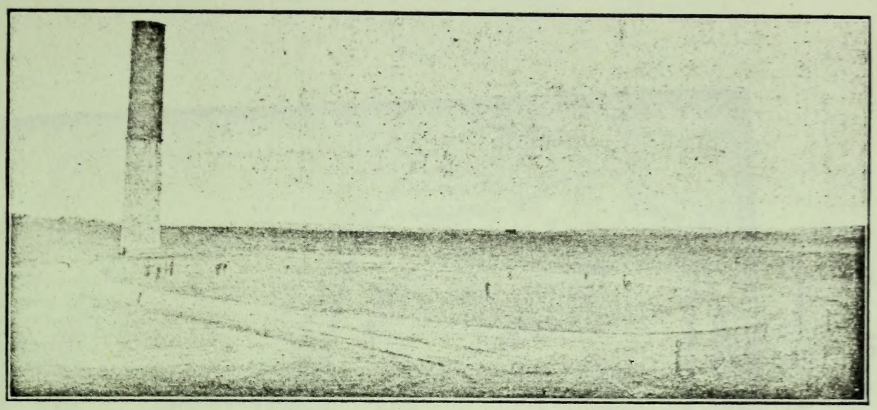
It is indeed interesting to visit the plants of the Overland company, where the regularity and discipline is equal to that on one of Uncle Sam's men-o'-war. The first essential of The Overland Automobile Company is perfectness, as the visitors will observe by the motto: "Quality Counts," which hangs over every mechanic's bench and desk.

Without doubt, The Overland company manufactured the first practical automobile at a popular price. These prices range from $1,000 to $2250. And there *must* be something to the Overland, for where they used to manufacture 380 cars a year, it has increased to 25,000 cars a year. To give the reader an idea of the magnitude of their business the Toledo factory, alone, turns out 60 cars per day.

¶

"I am for good roads and willin' to do my part," is what you hear on every side. But why is it—it does not go any further. It's like everything else—it needs the start. And to get that start, the automobile dealers must be the boosters, heart and soul, not only talk, when selling a machine, but be physical and financial supporters. You can bet the farmer will do his share, for it is the farmer in this part of the country that buys the motor car.





WATER TOWER AND TRACK FIELD

Florence, Kansas

By James A. Whitty

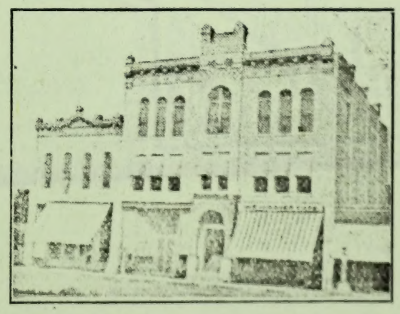
FLORENCE, Kansas, was named after Florence Crawford, daughter of Samuel J, Crawford, third governor of the Sunflower state. This estimable lady is now Mrs. Arthur Capper. The "fair" name was appropriately given, as the little city of Florence is one of the most picturesque towns of the entire state.

Florence has a population of 1500 people. The city is located on the main line of the Santa Fe railroad. and is only 132 miles west of Kansas City.

The surrounding country is especially adapted to stock raising. Rich soil and numerous creeks supplied with fine clear spring water the year around, afford unfailing advantages for agriculture and the raising of stock. The fact that Florence is only eight hours run from the Kansas City and St. Joe stock markets is also a big item to those engaged in this occupation.

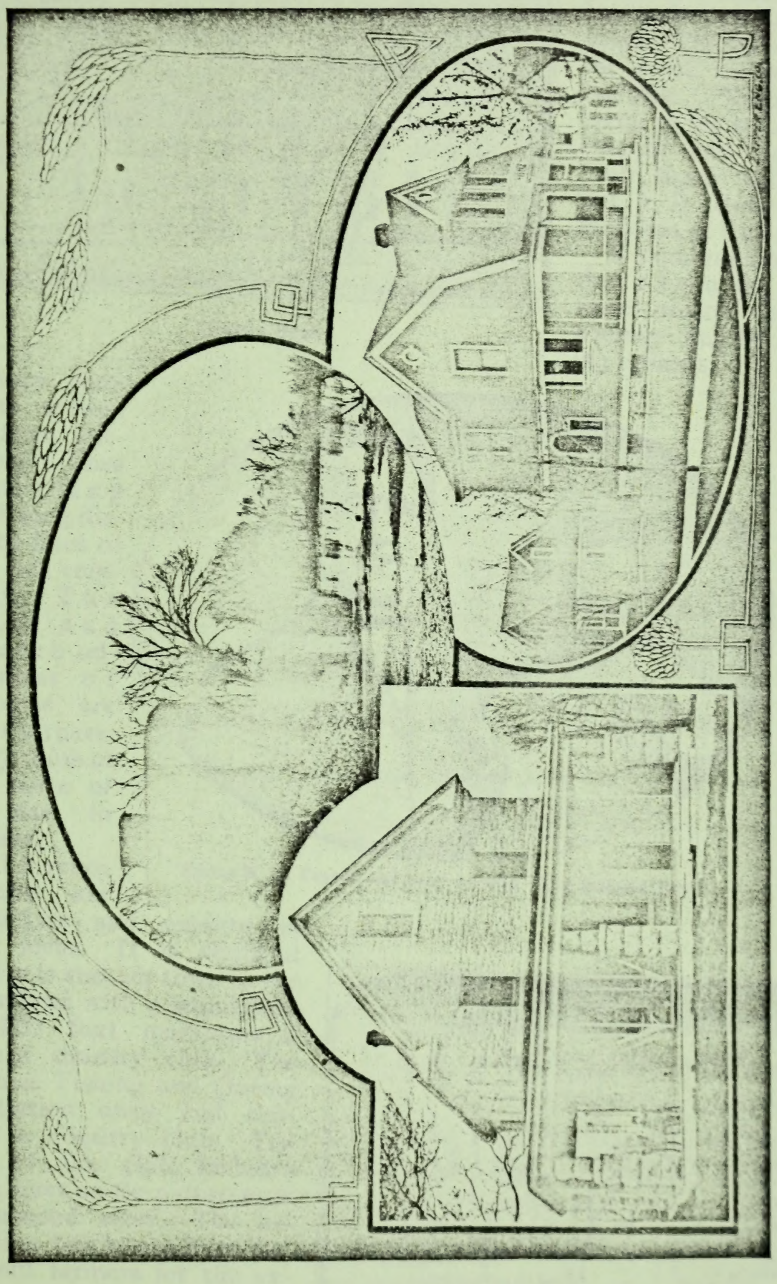
Extensive business interests, affording steady employment to scores of laborers and skilled mechanics, insure for the inhabitants a continuous prosperity. The Santa Fe round-house and repair shops provide a monthly payroll of $8,000. Three regular train crews run out of Florence.

Extensive stone quarries and crushers maintain a regular payroll of $19,000 per month. Their capacity is 40 cars per day, and the entire output is always contracted ahead by the Santa Fe. Practically all the streets of Florence are macadamized and there are over seven miles of four-foot cut-stone sidewalk within the city limits. These with other general improvements are largely due to the fact that men of wide business experience and conservative judgment are invariably elected to the city offices. The town has no bonded indebtedness.



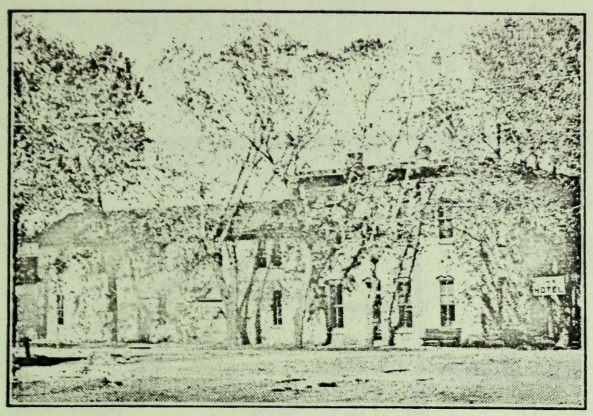
Marion County Bank, Florence, Kansas

The Fire department is modern and completely equipped. The water supply for fire protection is inexhaustible. The town has rural free delivery of mail and



A. F. Battey's Residence Mill Race R. K. Graham' Residence



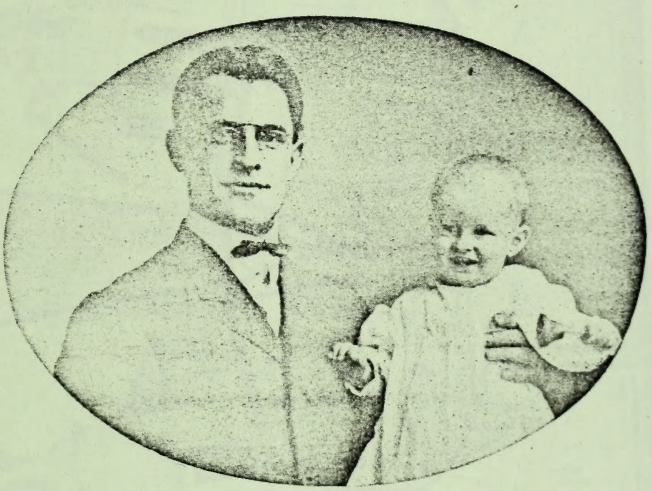


Florence Hotel

a very complete system of farm telephone lines connecting with long distance lines of the Bell company. The school and church advantages of Florence are unsurpassed by those of any town of its size in Kansas.

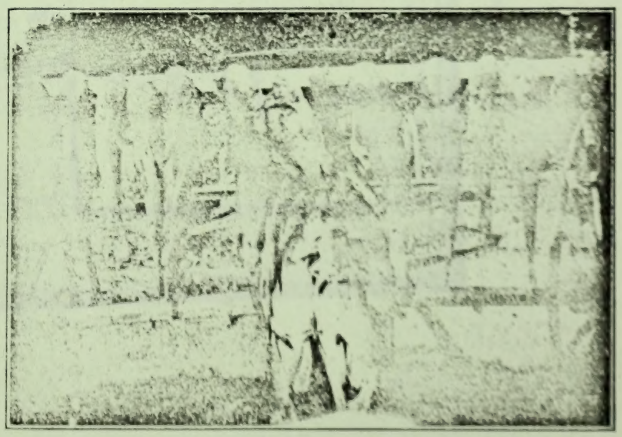
Florence citizens are up-to-date and modern in their ideas. It is doubtful if there is another town in the entire land with a population of 1500 that maintains a modern country club. The Florence Fishing and Outing Association owns and supports a country club. The land of the club includes seven acres on the picturesque Cottonwood river. The association has leases from the adjacent farmers for the exclusive use of the river and banks thereof for fishing and boating, for a period of fifteen years from May 12, 1907. Three acres of the finest timber in the state affords the members a delightful picnic ground. A boat house with a capacity for five motor boats and twenty row boats is another valuable adjunct. The leases cover the river for seven miles, giving ample boating. There is no better water in the state for black bass, crappie and catfish. A fine Club House will be completed. Col. A. F Battey is one of the founders of this club.

It stands as a matter of course, that a town like Florence would have really more than the average number of "enterprising citizens."

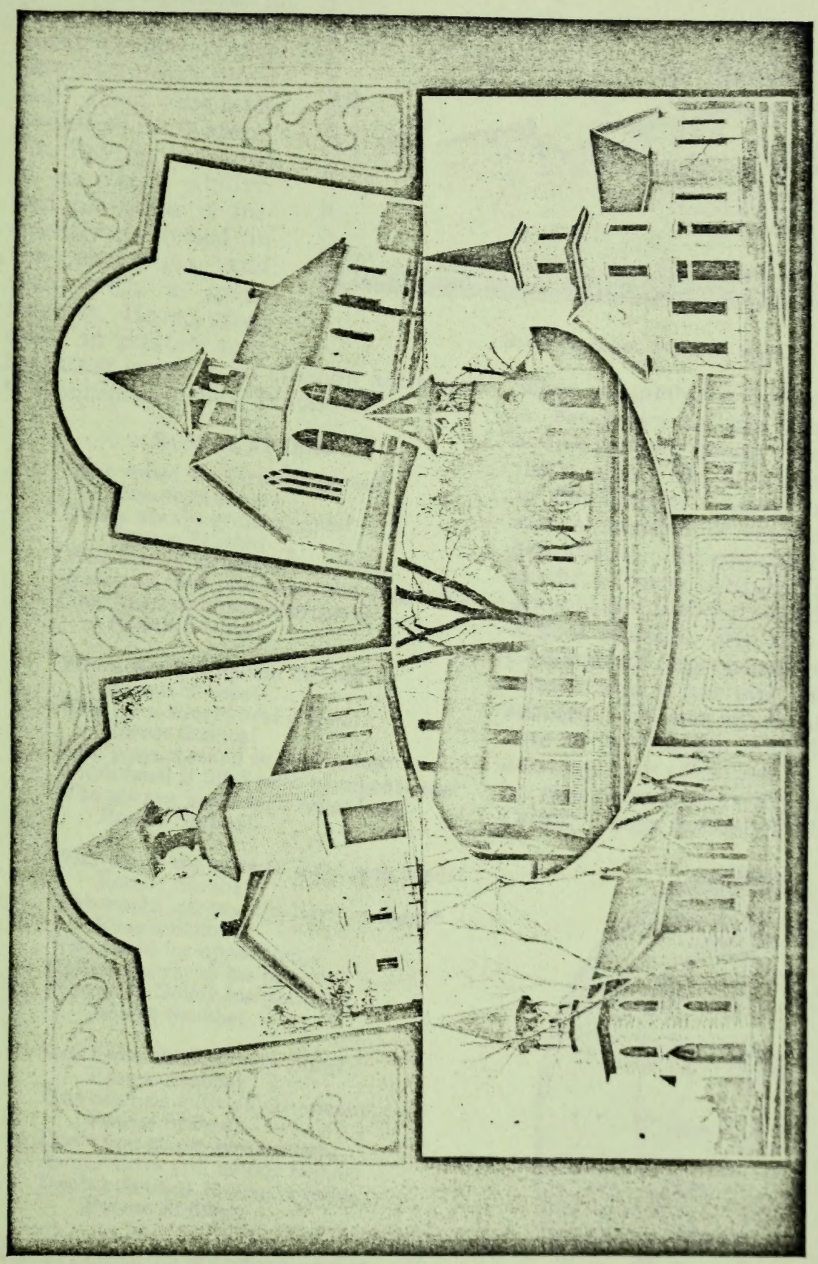


Editor W. E. Payton and baby Antone, "The Bulletin Boys"

W. E. Payton, editor and owner of the Florence Bulletin, is a native Kansan. He was born in Butler County. He served as a private soldier in the Phillipines from 1899 to 1901, in Company A, 32nd U. S. V. I. He was editor of The Burns Citizen from



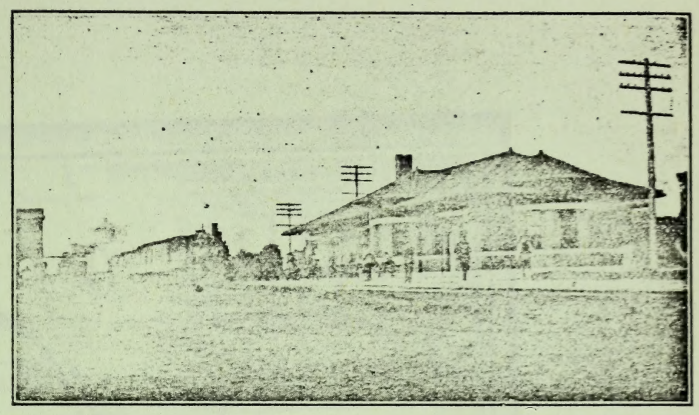
A half day's catch at The Country Club.



Christian Church
Methodist Church
Catholic Church
Baptist Church
Presbyterian Church



1904 to 1908. He then purchased the Florence Bulletin and under his editorship and management it has come to be recognized as one of the very cleanest, neatest and most readable weeklies in Kansas. Mr. Payton is a poet of no mean ability, and his verse is frequently published in the exchanges and read with a great interest. He is a "regular" in politics and his latest poem is an effusion addressed to Governor Stubbs. It follows:



Santa Fe Depot, Florence, Kansas

ROSCOE STUBBS

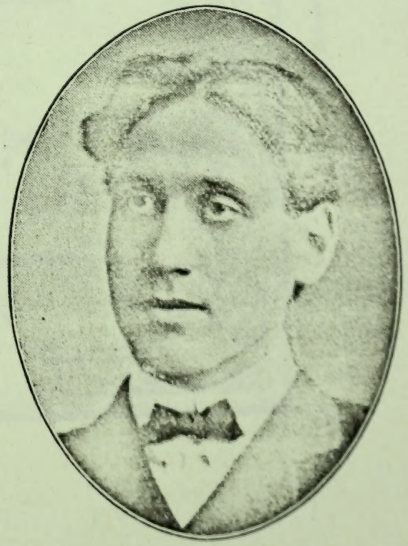
Who raised the farmer's taxes?
Roscoe Stubbs!
Who's always grinding axes?
Roscoe Stubbs!
Who busted up the old machine,
Built one with patronage and long green,
The finest you have ever seen?
Roscoe Stubbs!

Who's worth a million dollars?
Roscoe Stubbs!
Who for a square deal hollers?
Roscoe Stubbs!
Who plays a stand to Democrats?
Who's head is filled with insurgent bats?
Who always wears high roller hats?
Roscoe Stubbs!

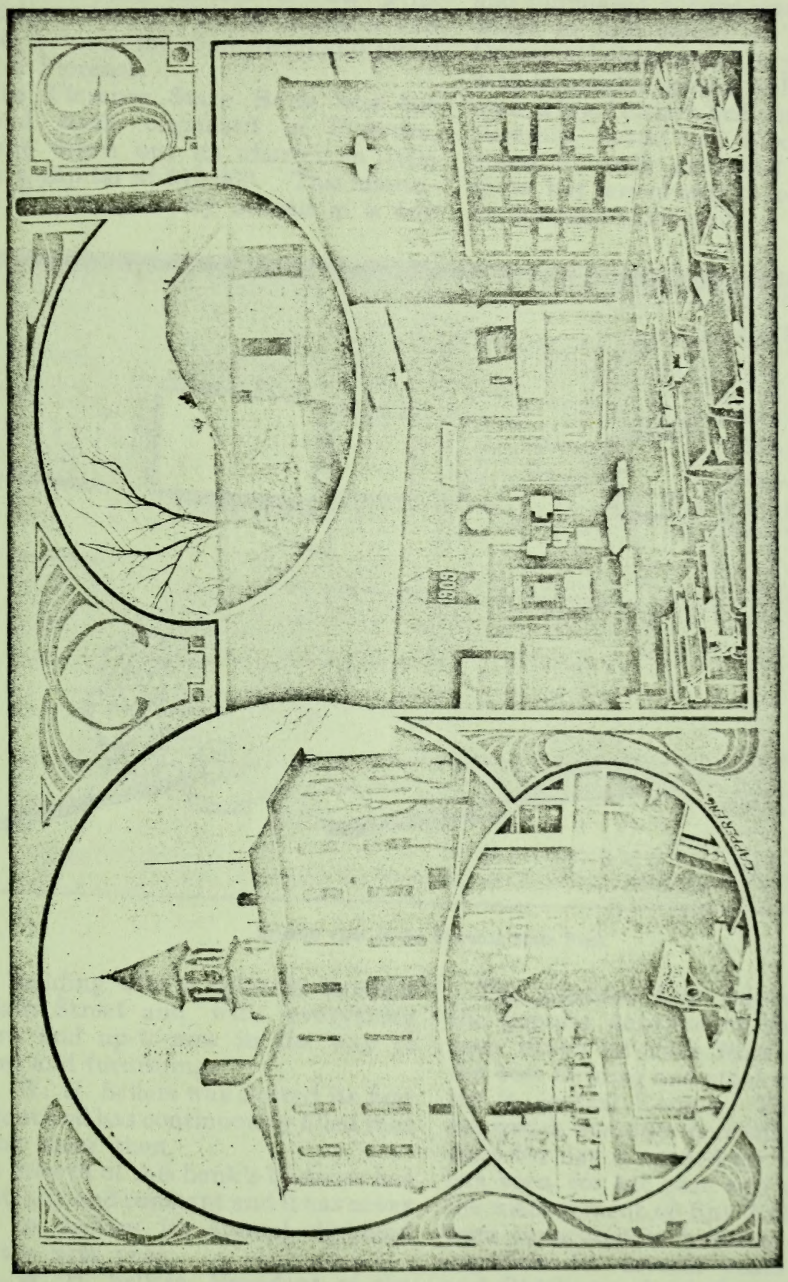
Who wants the state to build rock roads?
Roscoe Stubbs!
Who would increase the high tax loads?
Roscoe Stubbs!
Who pined for opposition,
Got an answer to his petition?
Who gave Dolley his position?
Roscoe Stubbs!

Don't you think it very funny,
Roscoe Stubbs!
How we part with all our money,
Roscoe Stubbs!
Don't you think we ever tire,
As our taxes still mount higher?
Don't you think it time to retire,
Roscoe Stubbs?

The remarkable standard and standing of the Florence public school is due almost entirely to the energy and ability of Prof. H. E. Clewell. Although he has been superintendent for only two years he has established a course of study that when completed will enter a graduate as a Freshman at the State University, accrediting all grades earned in the home institution. He is a regular instructor in the Marion County Institute and is also a member of the county board of examiners. He compiled and published the first Course of Study for the Florence schools and also published the first High School Annual. He also established a Commercial department in the Florence schools and it has met with remarkable success. He has made athletics a feature of school life, and because of his activity and efficiency in athletic lines he was chosen secretary for the Marion County High School Athletic and Ora-



H. C. Clewell, Supt. Schools

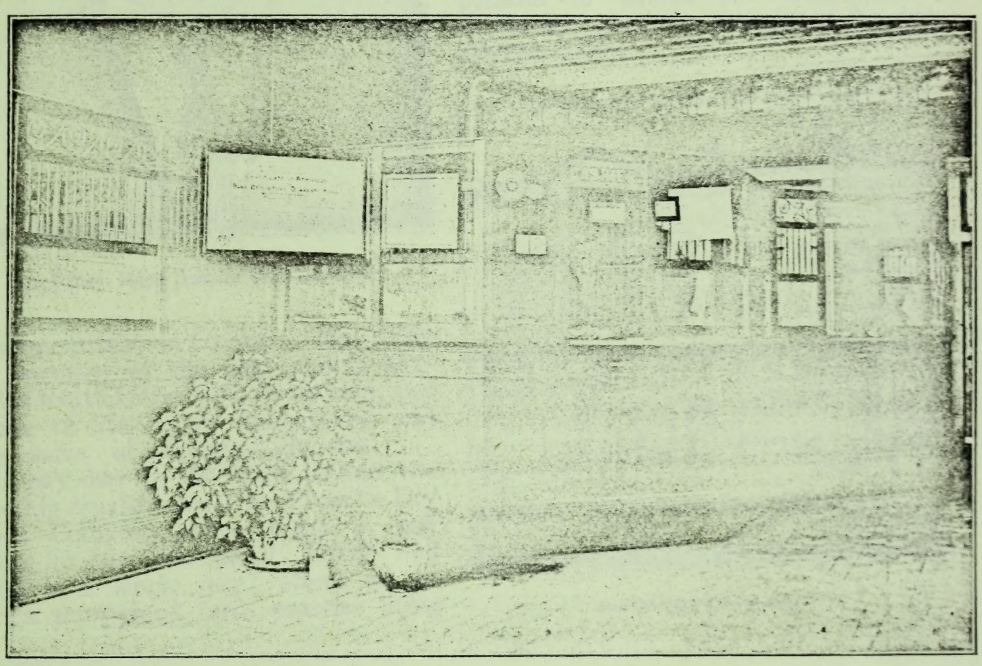


High School, Heating Room, Reading Room, Supt. Clewell in Laboratory



torical Association. He was one of the organizers of the Florence Business Men's Association, and served as its secretary. Mr. Clewell is superintendent of the Sunday School of the First Christian church. He is indeed a valuable factor in the commercial and social life of Florence.

The Florence State Bank was the second bank organized in Florence, having taken out its charter in 1905 with a capital of $15,000. This institution is commodiously housed in a fine brick building with a splendid location on Main Street and with everything modern and up-to-now in the way of fixtures and furnishings.



Interior view of the Florence State Bank

Col. W. H. Sellers was elected its first president and has continuously filled that position since then.

The growth of this bank's business has been steady and constant and it has never failed to declare its annual dividend from the first year.

Col. W. H. Sellers, President of the Florence State Bank, was born in Anderson County, Kentucky, sixty-seven years ago. He fought in the Confederate army during the rebellion, in the Kentucky infantry, under Breckenridge and was in all the principal battles of the West, and was twice wounded. He moved with his family to Kansas in 1887 and purchased a farm west of Florence which he still owns. In politics he is Democratic-insurgent, in personality he is an honorable, genial, well-read gentleman, a loyal citizen and the four years of hardship, battle and bloodshed he endured in early manhood left no sore spots, but served only to round and ripen his splendid character.

The Coombs Dry Goods Company, the popular department store of Florence, draws its trade from a portion of the best farming and stock-raising country in central Kansas. This store has enjoyed a steadily-increasing patronage since the day it opened for business. It has been, for the past two years, under the management of Roy Kelly, who has been connected in business in different capacities for several years in Kansas and Oklahoma, having started when a youngster as bookkeeper in a small general store in Oklahoma and gradually working his way until he was given his present position as manager of this large





Roy Kelley, Mngr. Coombs Dry Goods Co.

department store in Florence. Mr. Kelly is a member of the city council, having led the ticket at the last election, and is one of the most enterprising and progressive of Florence citizens.

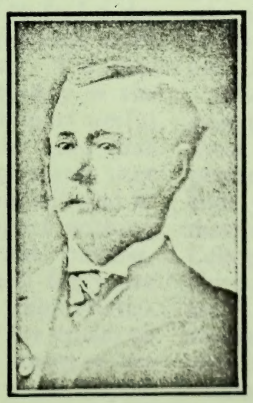
On pay day for the Santa Fe and the three big crushers here, the Coombs Dry Goods Company often takes in pay checks to the amount of $2000 and $3000 in a single day. Many of the store's prosperous farm patrons bring their produce to market in automobiles, but not much butter is marketed now-a-days, as the farmers are too prosperous to bother with it and sell their cream instead, but as high as nine hundred dozen eggs are marketed here in a single day.

Mr. Kelly is a Kansan and like all Kansans is progressive and up-to-date.

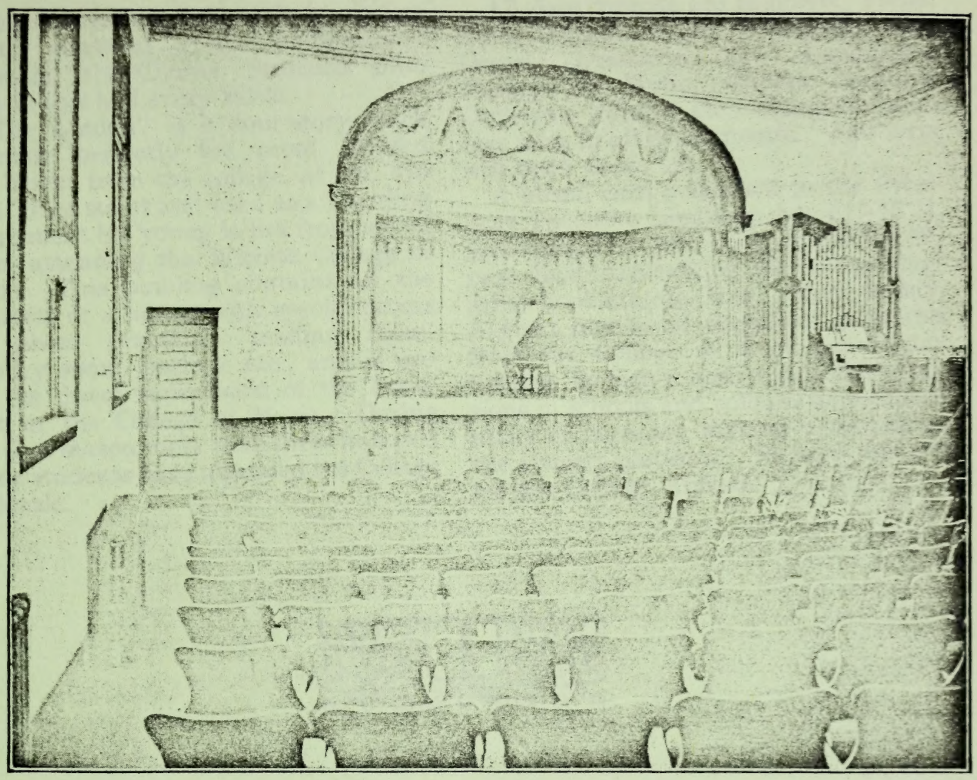
Mayor Hastings of Florence was for forty years an engineer on the Santa Fe railroad. He retired from the service a year ago and the company he had served so long at once put him on a life pension of $46.00 per month. Immediately after his retirement he was elected mayor.



The Coombs Dry Goods Co.



J. W. HASTINGS
Mayor of Florence



PARTIAL VIEW OF PHILHARMONY HALL, WICHITA COLLEGE OF MUSIC BUILDING, SEATING 700 PEOPLE

Music Graduates from the Wichita College of Music are in Demand as Teachers and Concert Artists

DO you care to improve your condition musically and are you progressive enough to feel a desire to do the best possible work or service in your vocation? The successful music teacher of to-day is the one who has the ability to impart useful and practical knowledge, the kind that gives results and the kind of result that is visible or tangible to yourself and to your friends. You can impart nothing which you, yourself, do not possess. Why should you study music for years and not be able to play or sing artistically. If you possess an ear for music to distinguish one tune from another, or one interval from another and if you have a feeling of rythm or time, careful guidance in your musical studies is all that is necessary to become a proficient performer on any instrument. You can not afford to spend your valuable time experimenting with inexperienced teachers. the best is what you want.

The Wichita College of Music is prepared to offer the music student the most thorough instruction from experienced artists and teachers at prices that you can afford to pay for reliable instruction. The main building of the College of Music is located at No. 217-19 North Lawrence Avenue, Wichita, Kansas. This building contains music studios, reading room for students, office and the splendid Philharmony Hall, which has a seating capacity of 700 people, complete stage equipment, pipe organ, etc. This hall is used for all

students' recitals, faculty recitals, visiting artists, rehearsal of the Philharmony orchestra, the Chorus, Students' Club meet in this hall every week.

"The Linden" is a four-story brick structure perfectly fire proof, located two blocks from the college, at No. 315 East Third street and used as a boarding department for young ladies from out of town, attending the Wichita College of Music. This building contains all the comforts of a home, with special rooms for piano practice, reading room, laundry room, parlors, etc., and is under the direct supervision of the President of the College of Music. During the past season more than three hundred music students have attended the College of Music.

All departments are complete, Piano, Voice Culture, Violin, Violoncello, Pipe Organ, Dramatic Art, Languages, Theory of Music, Chorus training, Orchestra training etc. Complete summer term in all departments. Fall term will open Sept. 1st.

A postal card addressed to the President Theodore Lindberg, No. 217-19 N. Lawrence Ave., will bring to you the 60-page illustrated catalog, the College Magazine, booklets, etc., free. Write to-day. A great number of successful graduates from the College of Music are to-day holding lucrative and responsible positions in schools and colleges as teachers, many of them are making a success on the concert platform. Be sure and ask for our College Annual.

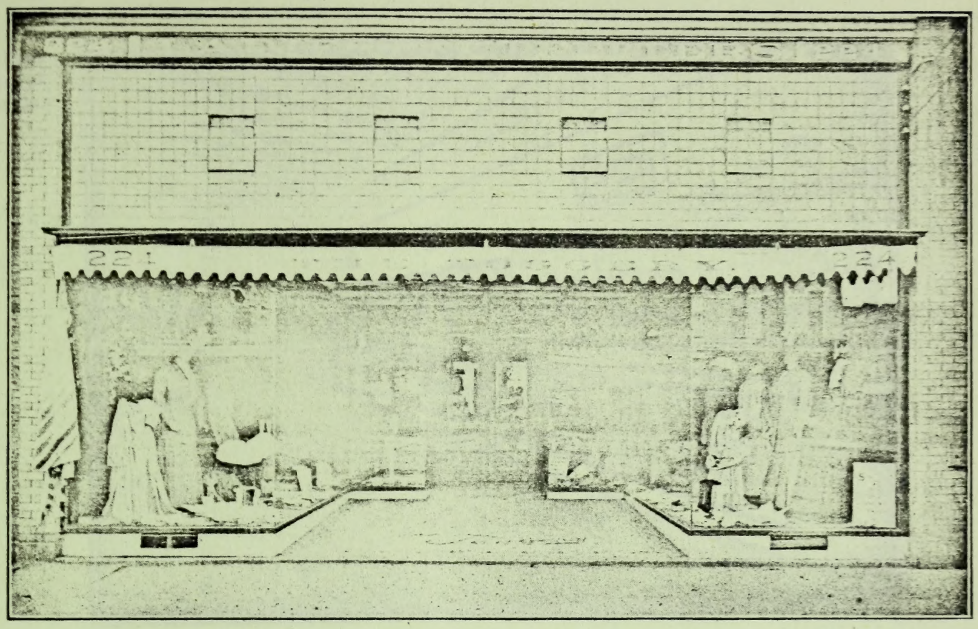
Spring

Redbird carols in high branches,
Rising sun his coat enhances,
Jaunty minstrel he;
Pioneer of Nature's seasons,
Laughs he now at prophets' reasons
And sings cheerily.

Tulip bulb and sweet narcissus
Wooed to life by South Wind's kisses
Push up from their lair;
Buds with anxious sap a-bursting,
Souls of things for light a-thirsting—
Spring's breath in the air.

Souls reborn with purpose swelling—
Open hearts with praises welling,
Unto kindred skies;
Dreams renewed, life's loom runs faster,
Bound with hopes are man and Master—
Spring's light in the eyes.

MURDOCK PEMBERTON.



HANDSOME SHOW WINDOWS OF "THE TOGGERY"

THE TOGGERY

WICHITA is rapidly becoming one of the most metropolitan cities in all the Middle West, and one of the best evidences of this fact is the attractiveness and modern appearance of her retail stores. The most conspicuous of these, without question, is "The Toggery," a very capacious establishment at 224 East Douglas, devoted exclusively to the selling of Ladies' Furnishings, and fine millinery. The broad marble-tiled entrance, with large trapezoid show windows of French plate glass on either side, immediately attract the attention of all passers-by. In fact, it is generally conceded that The Toggery has the handsomest and most striking front of any retail store in the state.

The interior of this modern store is no less attractive than the display of the front. When inside, the close observer is at once impressed with the harmony of the decorative arrangements. The floor is beautifully carpeted from the elegant entrance to the immense plate glass mirror at the rear. The ceiling and side paneling are artistically finished in beaver board

The managers of this progressive house were among the very first in the west to establish a business devoted exclusively to ladies' furnishings, and ready-to-wear garments. That this venture has been an eminent success is shown by the splendid equipment in evidence.

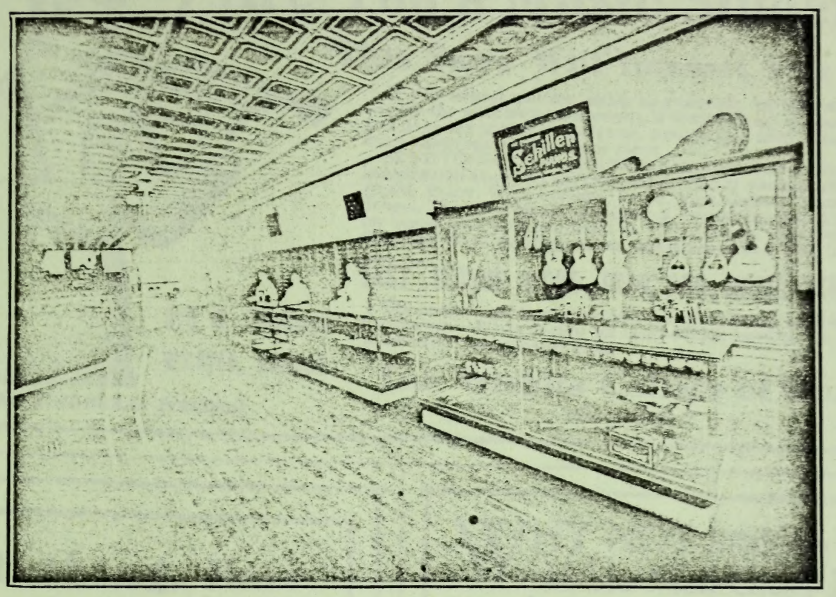
A more ample or convenient retail store is rarely found in any western city. Over 100 feet of French plate glass show cases are constantly in use and the entire west side of the store is occupied by elegant French booths, mirrored in front. At this season these booths are filled to overflowing with fine gowns, tailored suits, skirts, linen suits, silk petticoats, opera suits, capes, silk and lingerie dresses.

In the French plate show cases up front are liberally displayed a large showing of neckwear, belts, combs, hand-embroidered waists, jabots, hosiery, and a hundred other accessories essential to milady's apparel.

This very modern store is managed by Mr. and Mrs. L. K. Brown, whose courteous and genteel bearing is largely responsible for the remarkable success of the establishment.

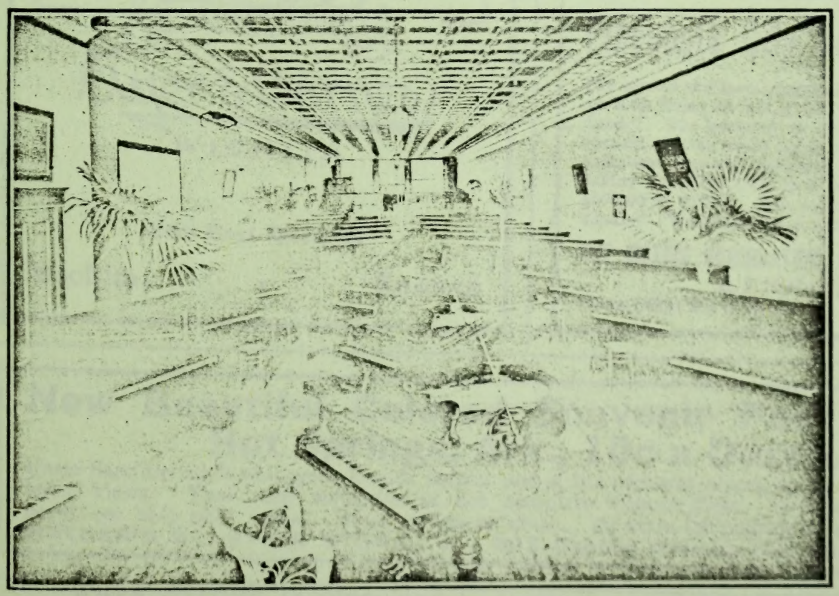
A Progressive Music House

View of First Floor, Berryman Music Co.

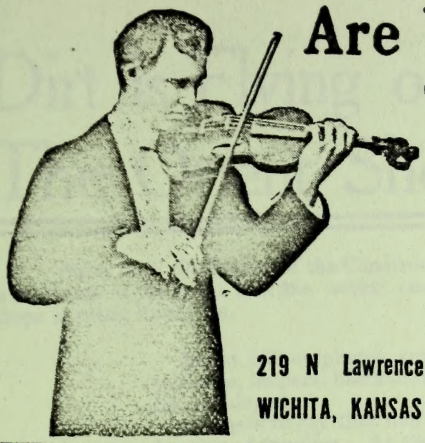


Wichita is the largest distributing center for pianos in the Great Southwest. There is a very active movement the year around, both in the retail and jobbing establishments.

THE BERRYMAN MUSIC COMPANY at 323-325 E. Douglas Avenue, is the largest and most progressive Music House in Wichita. This firm has earned its wide popularity by carrying instruments of Fine Quality and offering the same at prices that are remarkably reasonable. The company does the only piano jobbing business in Wichita, and its retail sales are also rapidly increasing. The home of this large Music House is commodious, conveniently arranged, and modern in every detail.



View of Second Floor, Berryman Music Co.



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This Story Will Interest You

If you expect success either as a teacher, performer, or just to play for your own amusement, it is absolutely necessary that you have the proper preparation; you cannot teach Music without a thorough knowledge of same.

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Wichita, - Kansas

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Uncle Sam has made this great Health Resort one of the prettiest places on earth. Over 200 different Views. Your card collection is not complete without them. Write to-day. You may never see this offer again. Send stamps or silver. 2c extra for postage on every dozen cards.
WALKER'S SOUVENIR STORE, 602 Central Avenue, Hot Springs, Arkansas

Dirt is Flying on The Grounds of The Orient Shop Site at Wichita

Supt. V. E. Stolbrand of the Construction Co. of Westinghouse, Church & Co. of New York, is in charge of the work, and the actual construction of the half million dollar car and repair shops is going busily on.

About 500 employes, such as laborers, engine wipers, car repairmen, helpers, blacksmiths, machinists and boiler makers will be employed.

It is safe to say that half of the men employed in the shops will be men of families. As the average family consists of three persons, it is a safe estimate that when the full quota of men is employed in the shops the population of Wichita will be increased by 1,000 persons. The average monthly payroll of the shop employes will be around $50,000.—Wichita Eagle, April 23, 1910.

What Does This all Mean, Mr. Investor?

It means that property in West Wichita will increase in value by leaps and bounds during the next two years. There is no other logical building place for the army of men employed at these shops.

Regardless of This Great Advance Movement in West Side Real Estate Values Our Bonus Lot Offer Remains the Same

Our Offer: TERMS—18 month's subscription to The Kansas Magazine and Hammond's 1910 Atlas of the World for $18, payable 50c weekly, and a full warranty deed to the bonus lot in Orienta Park goes to the subscriber without further cost. Perfect titles, no taxes, no interest, deferred payments in case of illness. Any questions cheerfully answered by return mail. One bonus lot given with a purchase of a pair or more. We do not require the purchaser to immediately build or make improvements on this lot. We give it as bonus, charging cost of same to circulation expense.

Building Loans By co-operating with a well-known interstate trust organization the Kansas Land Improvement and Development Company, owners of Orienta Park, are now ready to aid you in buying or building your own home. We loan you the money at a nominal 5 per cent interest charge to build upon building lots you purchase in Orienta Park. We loan the cash in every instance, as we are not in the house-building business. $10.00 per month will pay back an $800 loan and interest in 108 months.

FREE INFORMATION COUPON

Date.....

Bales & Conklin,
Barnes Building, Wichita, Kan.

Dear Sirs: Send me FREE full particulars of your offer in Orienta Park Addition, together with colored views, art posters, Etc.

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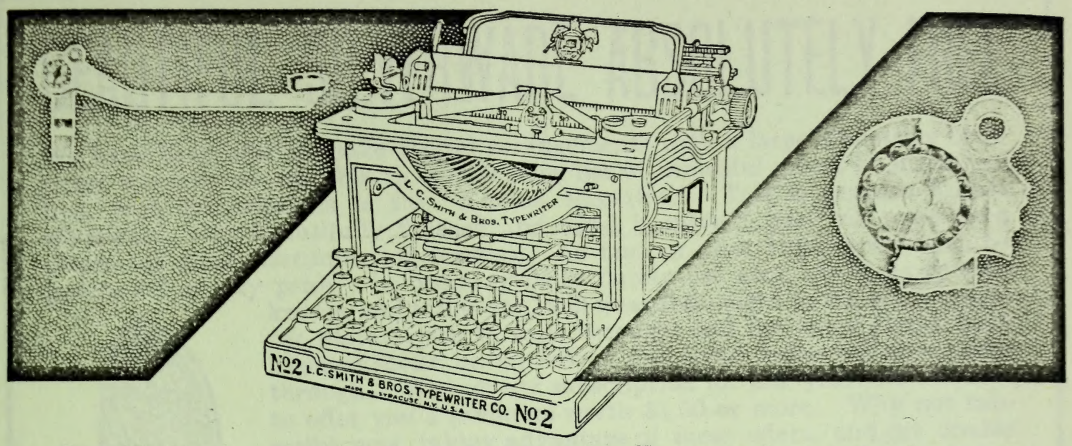
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Our ball-bearing carriage solves the problem of free-running combined with absolute rigidity. Our ball-bearing typebar segment permits a capital shift, the easiest known, yet thoroughly positive. Our Gardner ball-bearing typebar joint insures, with least resistance, the accurate imprint of the types, *in their proper places*, always.

The ball bearings of the L. C. Smith & Bros. Typewriter, serve exactly the same purpose as the jewels in an expensive watch. A cheap watch, with pinion bearings, may keep good time at first, but the jewelled bearings keep on doing their work for a life-time. Write for the book. It's free.

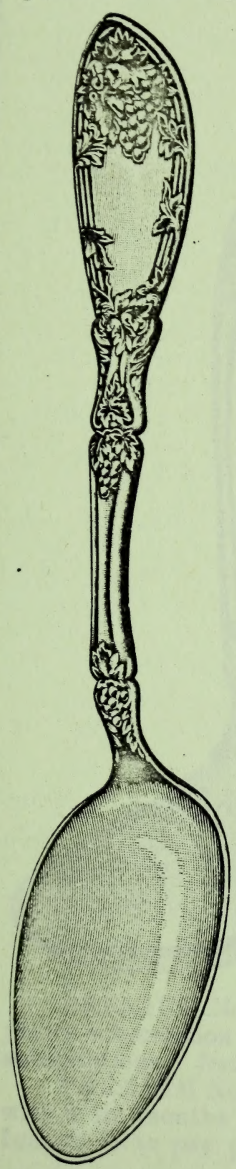
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Address Dept. K, The Kansas Magazine, Wichita, Kansas.

BEAUTIFUL SILVERWARE ABSOLUTELY FREE

We have been able to make special arrangements with a large silverware company, whereby we are able to offer a large list of beautiful pieces of silverware free, with subscriptions to the "Kansas Magazine." This is genuine Rogers silverware, very beautifully finished and hand burnished, and will more than please the most discriminating persons. No finer or nicer looking ware can be purchased at any price. In ordinary daily family use such pieces as spoons, knives, and forks, etc., will wear from eight to ten years before the plate begins to wear through, and the fancy pieces, such as sugar shells, butter knives, and cream ladles will never wear through. With every subscription for one year, we are able to offer you a premium worth $1.50 or more. Why not subscribe now, taking advantage of these offers, and get double value for your money. If your subscription has not yet expired, send your subscription anyway, and we will extend it for whatever period you subscribe. Tell your friends about these special offers. You will do them a favor, and help us make the "Kansas Magazine" the best, biggest and most interesting magazine ever published.



When ordering premiums always state whether you want bright or French Gray finish ware. French Gray is very popular now days.

PREMIUM No. 1. Six La Vigne tea spoons, either bright or French Gray finish, full size and weight. Regular retail value $2.00. Given with one year's subscription to "Kansas Magazine, at the regular price of $1.50. Include 10c to pay postage on spoons.

PREMIUM No. 2. One dozen La Vigne tea spoons, same as described above. Given with a two year's subscription to "Kansas Magazine" at regular price of $3.00. Include 20c to pay postage on spoons.

PREMIUM No. 3. Six large, or table spoons, La Vigne pattern, full size and weight, regular retail value $3.25. Given with a two year's subscription to the "Kansas Magazine" at regular price of $3.00. Include 18c to pay postage on spoons.

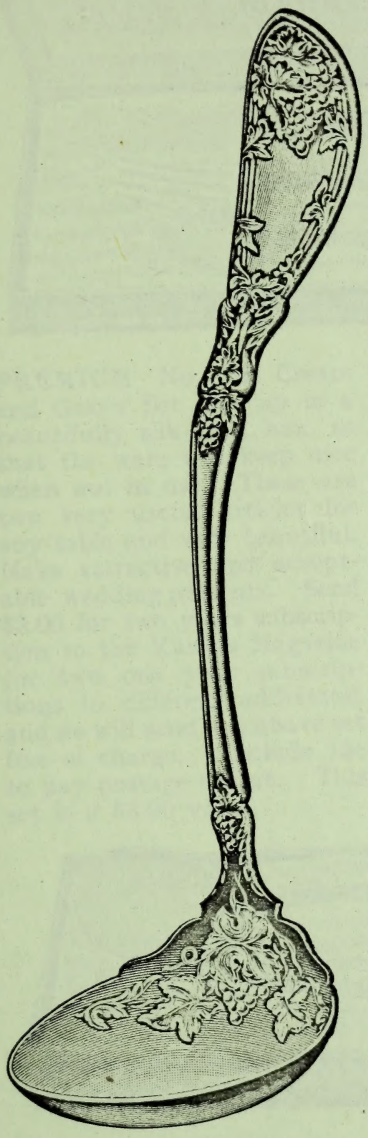
PREMIUM No. 4. Three table spoons, La Vigne pattern. Given with a one year's subscription to "Kansas Magazine" at regular rate of $1.50. Include 10c to pay postage on spoons.

PREMIUM No. 5. Six La Vigne coffee spoons, full size and weight, given with a one year's subscription to "Kansas Magazine" at regular price of $1.50. Include 10c to pay postage on spoons.

Every Housewife Can Have Beautiful Silverware

This ware is very beautiful for wedding or birthday gifts. Anyone receiving this ware would be more than pleased.

PREMIUM No. 7. Cream Ladle, in a very beautifully lined box. Retail value $1.50. Given free with a year's subscription to "Kansas Magazine" at regular price of $1.50. Include 5c to pay postage on ladle.

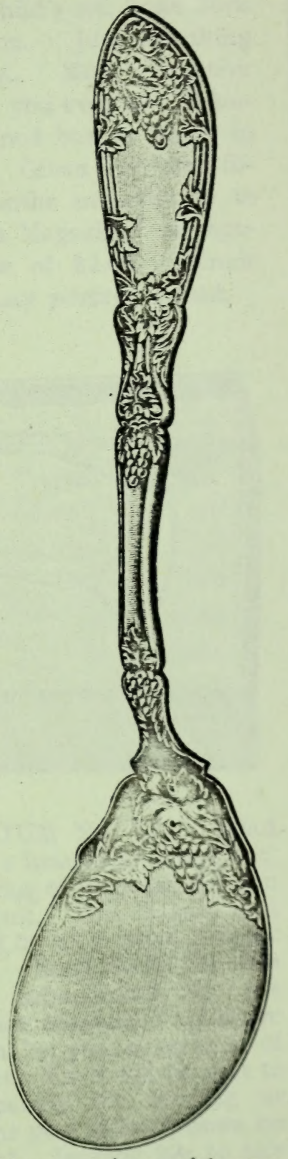


PREMIUM No. 8. Gravy Ladle, put up in a beautifully silk lined box, full size, weight, and fine finish. Given with a year's subscription to "Kansas Magazine" at regular price of $1.50. Include 8c to pay postage on ladle.

PREMIUM No. 9. Cold Meat Fork, large, in a beautiful silk lined box. Given with a year's subscription to "Kansas Magazine" at the regular price of $1.50. Include 8c to pay postage.

PREMIUM No. 10. Pickle Fork, long, in beautiful lined box, full size and weight. Given with one year's subscription to "Kansas Magazine" at regular price of $1.50. Include 5c to pay postage on fork.

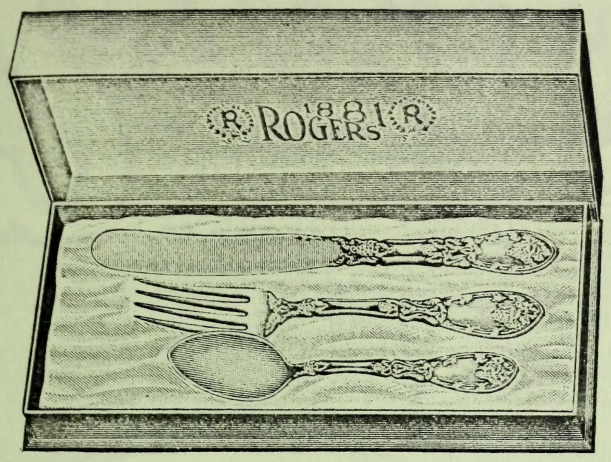
PREMIUM No. 11. Butter Knife and Sugar Shell (see illustration) beautifully lined box. Full size and weight. Given with a one year's subscription to "Kansas Magazine" at regular price of $1.50. Include 10c to pay postage on set. This set generally retails at $2 and is worth it.



PREMIUM No. 12. Six full size forks. La Vigne pattern. Given with one year's subscription at the regular price of $3.00. Or given with two one year subscriptions. Include 18c to pay postage on forks.

PREMIUM No. 13. La Vigne sugar shell, in beautiful silk lined box. Given with a six months subscription to "Kansas Magazine" at regular price of 75c. Include 8c to pay postage.

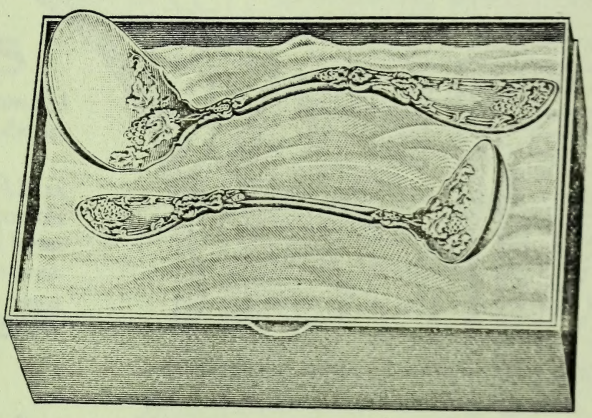


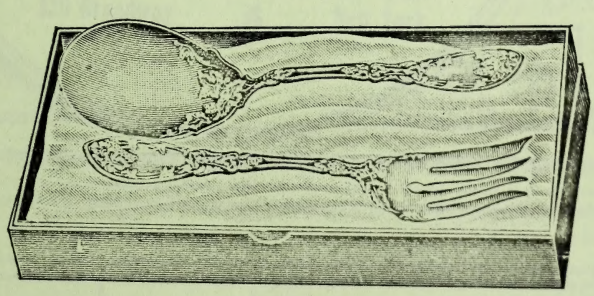


Don't Forget Baby

PREMIUM No. 15. La Vigne 3 piece child's set, knife, fork and spoon. Just the thing for baby. Most attractive baby set you ever saw. Beautifully lined box in which to keep it. Given free, with fifteen months subscription to "Kansas Magazine" at regular price of $2.00. Include 15c to pay postage on set.

PREMIUM No. 16. Cream and Gravy Set, put up in a beautifully silk-lined box, so that the ware will keep nice when not in use. These are two very useful articles for any table and very beautiful. Make attractive and acceptable wedding presents. Send $3.00 for two years subscription to the Kansas Magazine (or two one year subscriptions to different addresses) and we will send you above set free of charge. Include 15c to pay postage on set. This set is a $3.00 value.



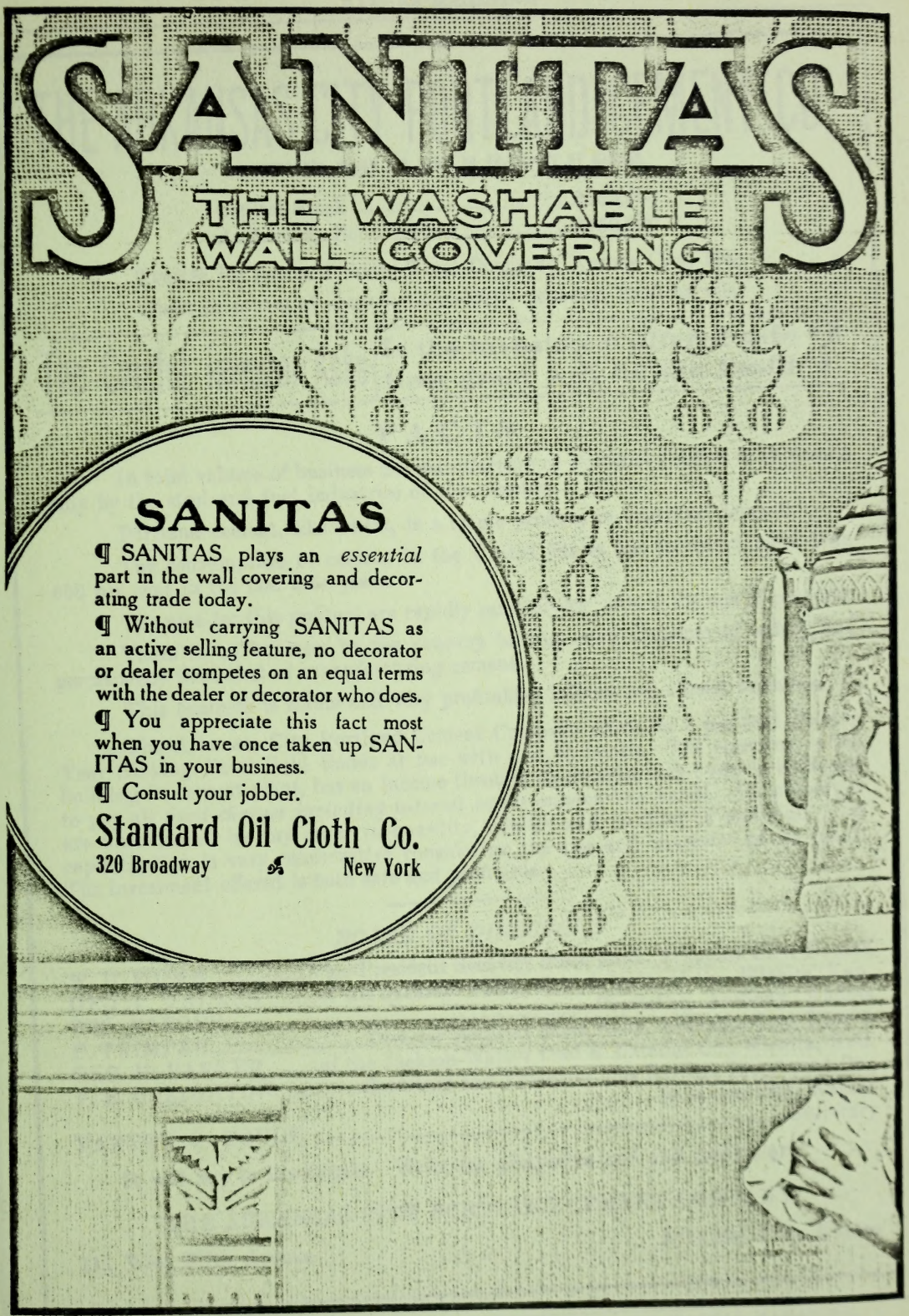


PREMIUM No. 17. Salad Set, in a beautifully lined box, consisting of large salad spoon and fork. This would cost you $4.00 at a retail jewelry store. Send $3.00 for two years subscription to the "Kansas Magazine" and we will make you a present of this set. Or it will be sent to any person for sending us two one year subscriptions, no premiums to go with subscriptions other than above set. Include 20c to pay postage on set.

Avail yourself of these magnificent premium offers to-day. Mail P. O. money order, check or stamps to

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The uses for this product are rapidly multiplying; this is the age of concrete.

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This business is stable and very profitable; failures are almost unknown.

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It will pay to investigate. Write for prospectus and full particulars.

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111 West Fifth Avenue Arkansas City, Kansas

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IF you are thinking of attending some school this summer or fall, you will be interested in learning how to tell the best school from its imitators and inferiors. To gain such knowledge is an easy matter as we have prepared a booklet that gives the points of difference and an easy way to test them.

Having for a great many years, maintained the best business college in the West, we naturally are anxious to have prospective patrons protect themselves against those inferior schools that try "to close the deal" by means of life scholarships, notes, or contracts before the leading schools have been visited and information for an intelligent decision obtained.

You will find this "K" booklet very interesting so drop us a postal at once. Don't put it off until tomorrow. Tomorrow is always one day ahead and the tomorrow-man at least one day behind. We are anxious to send it to you because you will enjoy reading it. You are business-like enough to write for it immediately, aren't you?

WILL G. PRICE, President.
114-116 North Market, Wichita, Kansas

WICHITA BUSINESS COLLEGE

WICHITA BUSINESS COLLEGE

To Investors---In Mortgages or Land

DURING the last 5 years I have loaned over $200,000.00 in Comanche county, Kansas, and adjoining counties. Of these loans only 20% will be renewed. The loans in most cases being taken up on or before maturity. Titles are absolutely good and abstracts are furnished to date with reliable attorneys' certificates attached. Loans are based on 25% to 40% of assessed valuation with affidavit of County Clerk attached. I guarantee interest and principal and I have not a delinquent borrower on my books. I shall be pleased to represent Individuals or Corporations who wish to place money. Loans closed through any bank desired or through Peoples State Bank, Coldwater, Kansas, from whom you may get reference. I also have bargains in farms and ranches from 160 acres to 6000 acres and up.

WRITE OR SEE

MARSHALL BARLOW, Coldwater, Kans.



A Soft sponge,
A little water, and

The Zona Face Pomade

Will give YOUR complexion that clear, healthy tone, that refinement of appearance, so much desired, so difficult to obtain by other means.

You will be delighted with the results. **It is not obtrusive,** gives no hint of its presence, no suggestion of the artificial. **It is economical** requires but little, cannot spill or muss. **Its effects are lasting.** Applied before leaving home, there's no need to worry as to your appearance during the most trying evening.

Why not give the **POMADE** a trial? If it does not fulfil every claim, if it does not please you so well that you will continue to use it, your money will be promptly refunded.

Made in three shades, to suit all complexions

Flesh, White and Brunette

If shade is not specified we send Flesh

THE ZONA TOILET CO., Wichita, Kans. Date.....

Gentlemen—Enclosed find 50c for which send me one jar of **Zona Face Pomade** .....color. If for any reason I am not pleased with the goods after thorough trial, you agree to refund my money on request.

Name.....

Address.....

The Zona Toilet Company

Makers

Wichita, - - - Kansas

COLONIST RATES *to* CALIFORNIA *and the* NORTHWEST

FROM	On Sale March 1st To April 15, 1910	TO
Denver Colorado Springs Pueblo Canon City Leadville Glenwood Springs Delta Grand Junction Gunnison Montrose	$25	San Francisco Los Angeles San Diego San Jose Santa Barbara Sacramento Fresno Portland Tacoma Seattle

A daily line of Pullman Tourist cars will leave Denver via the

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runing through to San Francisco and Los Angeles without change

For information regarding Train Service, Pullman Reservations, etc., etc., call on

THE RIO GRANDE AGENT

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Steiert Knit Underwear

We are Manufacturers, Jobbers and Retailers of FULL-FASHIONED and TAILOR-MADE KNIT UNDERWEAR; in Silk, Linen, Wool, Mercerized, Lisle and Cotton

If your merchant does not carry **Steiert Underwear** in stock, write to us for samples and prices by return mail. Cash must accompany the order unless the customer wishes to bear the additional expense of having the goods shipped express C. O. D. ¶ We carry a **Large Stock** in our store in all regular sizes for men from **$1.00** per suit and upward.

We also make a specialty of Made-to-Measure Underwear for men and women in any style you may direct or any weight of fabric, and are guaranteed to fit perfectly or your money refunded

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122-124 S. MARKET. OPPOSITE POSTOFFICE

Bell Phone 1138 WICHITA, KANSAS

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Peerless and without rival in the requirements for the perfectly regulated cusine. Superior and unexcelled for every kind of cooking and baking—without a peer for pastries. The chef who knows uses "Peerless Princess" Try a sack and be convinced of its excellence.



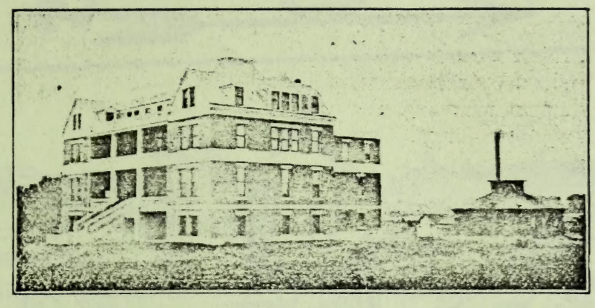
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Wichita, Kans.



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Medical and Surgical

Lighted by Electricity



Steam Heated

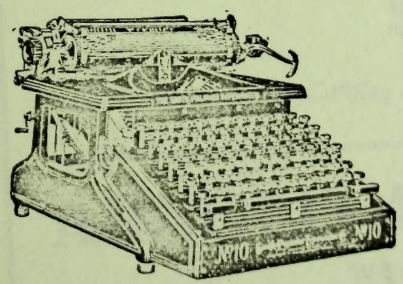
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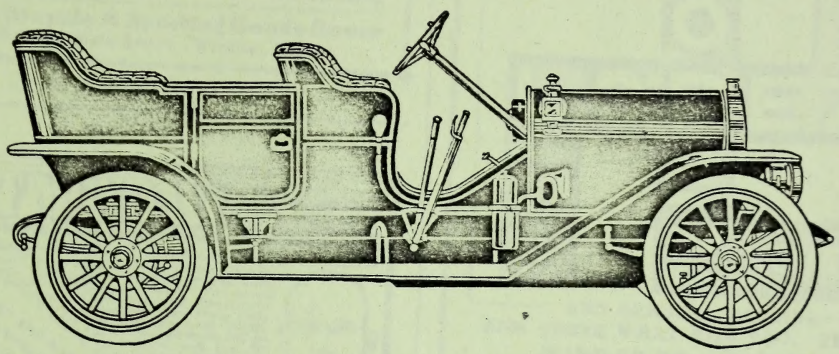


Write for Information

THE SMITH-PREMIER TYPEWRITER CO., Inc.

714 Deleware St. Kansas City, Mo.

Inter State



Everybody is talking about high-class automobiles at popular prices, but what is meant by popular prices, "Less-than-the-cost-of-manufacture" or the price that buys "less-than-a-motor-car"?

Look around, we don't mean look at the paint, or the size, or the shape, but look at the real motor car—the motor. the transmission, the axles, the bearings—and see if you can find what you will call a high-class motor car for much less than $2500.00.

There may be some but they are certainly few.

The *Inter-State* is not an assembled "bunch" of what-ever parts could be cheaply or conveniently obtained, but it is composed of hand made, home built parts, made of the finest material obtainable and based upon the best principals of construction.

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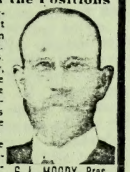
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We ask only, that, when writing for these free samples, you will mention the name of your regular dry goods dealer, and say whether he sells Suesine Silk or not. Please be sure to give this information in writing to us.

Suesine Silk IS Silk. We cannot emphasise that too strongly. Do not confuse it with the scores of "look-like" silks. Suesine is real silk. Woven inside the pure silk is a fine, strong, silky filament of Egyptian cotton—giving double strength and double wear without detraction from the exquisite beauty and fineness of the silk itself. That is the "Suesine Idea." It is ours. Nobody can copy or imitate it. That is why Suesine, while costing much less than Jap or China silk, gives better service and holds its beauty longer. It proves its value better, not only at first sight, but by actual wear Suesine will not crack or split at creases, nor will it develop pinholes like adulterated silk.

Once you see Suesine Silk you will not be able to resist its charm—that is why we want you to see it. Send at once for the thirty-seven free samples, showing the cheerful, dainty, brilliant shades, and these new colors so much in demand:—**Mulberry, Wistaria, Taupe, Catawaba, Sapphire, Peacock, Lobster, Emerald.**

Suesine Silk is a fabric for dressy uses or for constant wear—for every week in the year and for every day in the week.

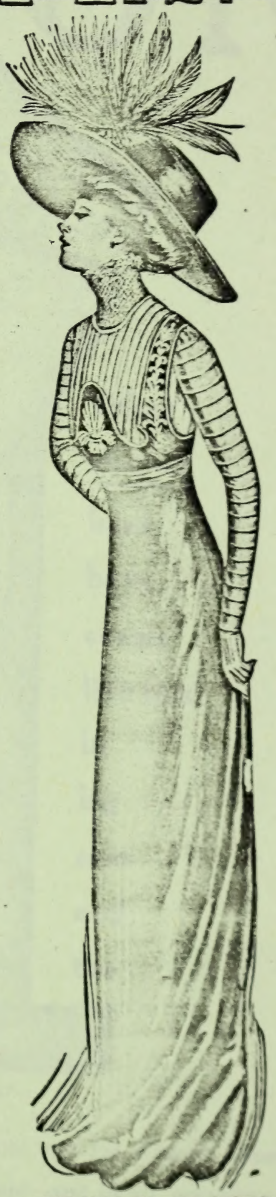
If your dealer hasn't Suesine Silk—with the name on the selvedge—don't be talked into buying a substitute or you will be sorry. Suesine Silk has tempted scores of stores to offer cheap flimsy stuffs masquerading and treading on the reputation of Suesine; these imitations are adulterated with tin, glue and iron-dust which make them quickly fall into pieces—don't be coaxed or persuaded into buying them, for you will sure regret it if you do. Insist upon the genuine Suesine with the name SUESINE SILK stamped along the edge of every yard. The fact that we stamp the name on every yard of Suesine Silk proves that we are certain that Suesine will please you.

If your dealer has not Suesine Silk, write to us (mentioning your dealer's name and address) and we will make it easy for you to examine and buy Suesine Silk—as easy as if you stood at the counter. We do not sell Suesine Silk except to dealers—but if we cannot send you the name and address of a dealer in the city who has Suesine Silk, you may send us the money—47 ½c a yard—and we will see that your order is filled by a reliable house. Suesine Silk will thus cost you no more than if you bought at a store in your own city. Write for the thirty-seven FREE samples today, NOW.

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NEW YORK CITY

Always, when writing, be sure to mention the name and address of your Dealer, and say whether or not he sells Suesine

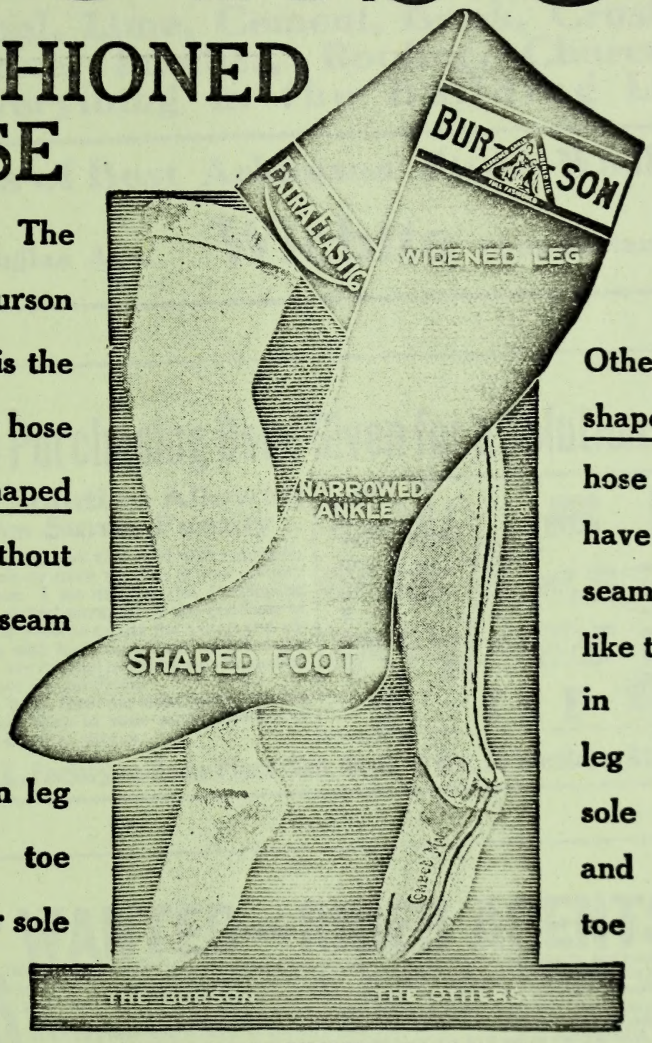


2718-2926—This costume develops to advantage when made of Suesine Silk. To make it, use for waist 3¼ yards Suesine (1.73) for size 36. And Butterick Pattern No. 2713. And for skirt, 6¼ yards Suesine (2.97) for size 24. And Butterick Pattern No. 2926.

BURSON

FASHIONED HOSE

The Burson is the only hose shaped without a seam in leg toe or sole



Other shaped hose have seams like this in leg sole and toe

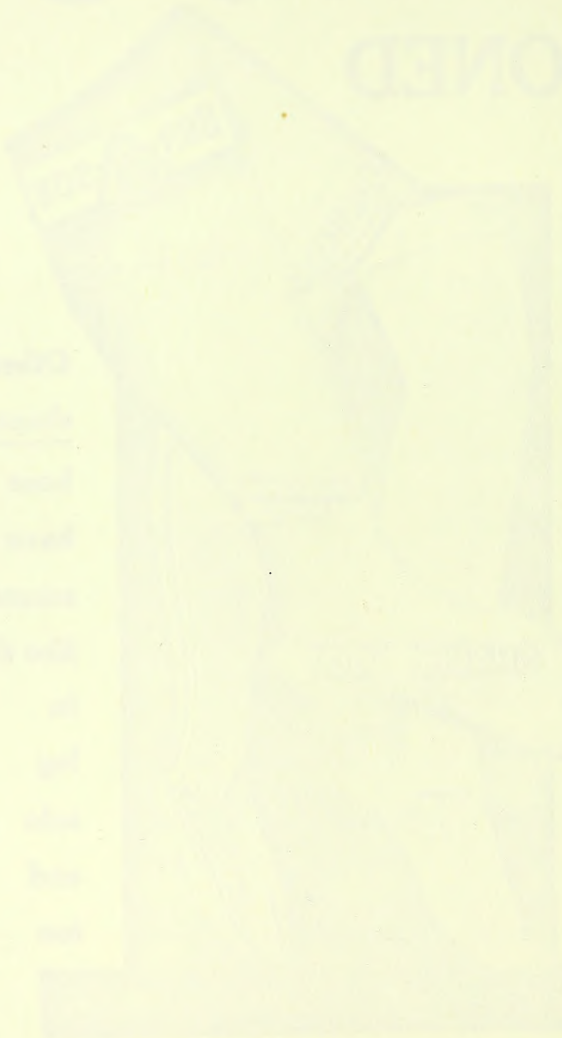
Above we show the BURSON and the "others"—turned inside out. Note the difference.

The Burson stocking is knit to shape in leg, ankle, heel, foot and toe without seam, corner or uneven thread anywhere. It keeps its shape.

Burson stockings can be had in *Cotton, Liste and Mercerized*—and in all weights—a complete line of Women's Hose in all sizes and qualities. Made in Rib tops and out sizes also.

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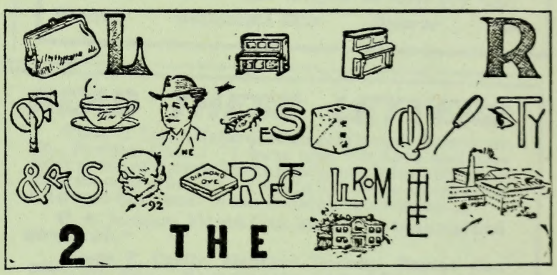
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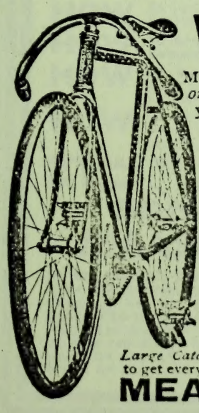
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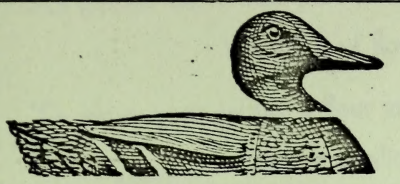
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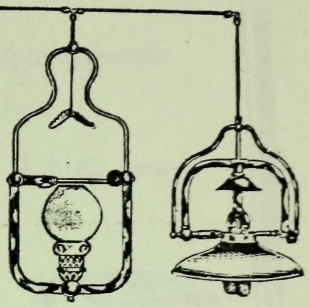
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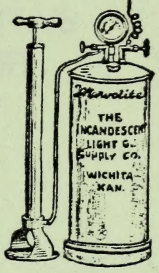
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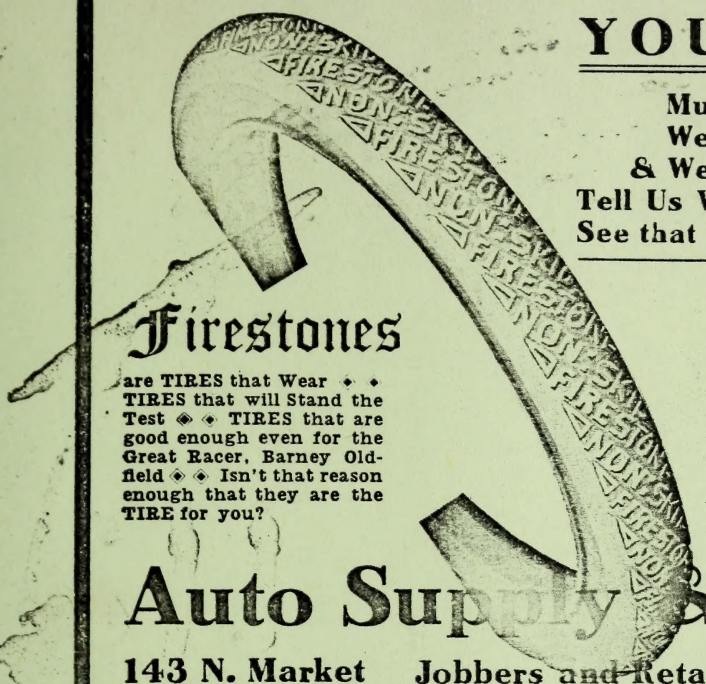
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